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ENCHANTED WANDERER



CARL MARIA VON WEBER
Painting by Caroline Bardua

ENCHANTED WANDERER

THE LIFE OF

Carl Maria von Weber



BY

LUCY POATE STEBBINS

AND

RICHARD POATE STEBBINS



G · P · PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

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TO ELIZABETH POATE FLEMING



Preface

This book is not a treatise on Weber's music, but the biography of a man whose life as virtuoso, conductor, journalist, lover, romanticist, and wanderer would still fascinate though not a note had survived him. No previous biography of von Weber has been based on so wide a range of material, and consequently many legends have been discarded and many facts newly interpreted; but the reader may be assured that our arguments are carefully segregated and cannot interfere with his enjoyment of the narrative.

For him who values his right to verify or to disagree, however, it may be added that every statement which deviates from the traditional account—as contained in Baron Max von Weber's monumental biography of his father—rests on evidence fully set forth in the notes. Exception is made only for what is readily traceable in books of general history or in the standard English and German reference works. The bibliography, designed to assist other students, contains only what we believe may be of use to them; and a list of recently published Weber music takes the place of the usual complete catalogue.

The romantic verses heading each chapter have been selected from the works of Weber's contemporaries, and translated with an eye rather to the sense of the original than to independent poetic merit. All quotations which have previously appeared in English have been freshly translated. Our equivalents for various sums of money are subject to the usual reservations concerning metallic content and purchasing power. Illustrations unlikely to be familiar to American or English readers have been given the preference. For assistance in procuring illustrations we are particularly indebted to Mrs. Kathryn M. Achuff, Curator of the admirable Robbins Print Collection at

Arlington, Massachusetts; to Professor Dr. Georg Schünemann, Director of the Music Division in the Prussian State Library; and to the descendants of Baron von Weber.

Funds for the necessary European research were generously contributed by the Oberlaender Trust; and much of our work was done in the great libraries of Berlin, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, and Munich, and in the British Museum. It is pleasant to record that we were everywhere received with the greatest cordiality and helpfulness. Without the use of the Boston Public Library, however, and the freest access to the collections of the Harvard College Library, the book could not have been written.

We are deeply grateful to our friends in all these institutions, and to many others, for facilitating our access to indispensable material. Praise or blame for the use which we have made of this material is exclusively ours.

Lucy Poate Stebbins

Richard Poate Stebbins

Newton Centre
Massachusetts
December, 1939



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ENCHANTED WANDERER

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CHAPTER I

Noisy Webers

*Dem Schnee, dem Regen,
Dem wind entgegen,
Im Dampf der Klüfte,
Durch Nebeldüfte,
Immer zu! Immer zu!
Ohne Rast und Ruh! **

—GOETHE

EVEN TODAY EUTIN IS SUCH A LITTLE TOWN THAT TOURISTS FROM Hamburg never visit it; never see the lovely lake and the long gardens with staked roses whose foliage is cut away until the flowers bloom economically without leafage. Eutin looks now much as it did toward the end of the eighteenth century, with solid German Renaissance houses and a charming château girdled by a moat where swans sail the livelong summer day. The trees in the linden alley were young then, and the gardens in the English style newly laid out.

But now the ducal family is exiled, and the palace of the Prince Bishops of Lübeck is shown to rustics for a ten-pfennig piece. In 1785 the Prince Bishop, who was also Duke of Oldenburg, used his Orangerie for theatricals requiring the services of numerous artists—among them Franz Anton Weber, an old employee of the

* "Through snow, wind and rain
They struggle with pain;
Through the grotto's death-cold
Where the chill mists enfold;
Will the journey ne'er cease?
There's no rest! There's no peace!"

Court musical establishment, who had just returned from Vienna with his newly married second wife. The position he came to fill, that of Town Musician, poorly suited his extraordinary talents.

The Eutiners, whose stares today are rather bovine than malevolent, must have gaped at sight of the bride; may even have anticipated, daringly, pursuit by an outraged father. For Genofeva was younger by thirty years than the battered, handsome husband whom they well remembered. She had a mass of fair hair, great blue eyes, a wild and reckless beauty. But no one troubled to come after her; and presently the stolid neighbors, forgetting how she looked, took her for what she was, at least in part—a girl subdued by ill-health and homesickness, exhausted by the dashing exuberance of the Weber family into which she had married.

Two stepsons older than herself, two grown stepdaughters, bride, and veteran husband crowded the four-roomed flat in the house of stucco-covered brick near the head of the Lübeckerstrasse. There was a plethora of Webers in the apartment; but the house itself, with broad curved stair and garland carved above the wide doorway, was far from squalid. Though Eutin is the Rose Town of Germany,* the blight falls early in the north. Autumn is cruel; December freezes the very heart. The young bride pined for Vienna and for Italy, where as a child, half-naked and starving as she had been, she had not felt such cold.

Her son was born on the eighteenth of December, 1786. He was the ninth child of the father, for whom the occasion presented no novelty.† But even that experienced parent was not used to greet so frail a morsel as this latecomer. The Catholic Webers thought it wise to hurry on the christening, and the child was named Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber. The grown brothers and sisters took a realistic view of the infant: probably he would die; but if he lived he was not likely to improve the family fortunes.

The Webers did not know that Carl Maria was born with con-

*Eutin is pronounced "Oy-teen."

†A semi-official poster displayed in Vienna in the summer of 1938, recommending an increased birthrate by the motto, "But for the fertility of our masters their immortal compositions would never have been created," inadvertently portrays Genofeva—at nineteen—as the mother of ten children by Franz Anton.

genital hip disease; probably they did not realize that Genofeva was already tubercular—facts, nevertheless, which did not improve the prospects of Franz Anton's youngest son. No one knows what Genofeva thought of her little boy. But the gifted, erratic old father knew perfectly well that a genius lay on the languid arm of the girl in the corner room.

So the wailing child was destined to become a prodigy. His lame feet had been set to travel a world already at its last gasp—unquiet, darkened by tyranny, weighed down beneath an oppression already crumbling before the onslaught of new forces which would destroy prisons and monarchies, flaunting the forked banners of brave words signifying little; but would be powerless to liberate the human spirit or end the enslavement of man by men. What place in this Europe tottering on the brink of chaos for a lame boy and his German operas? Vienna, the city for which his mother's slow tears fell, was gorged with music—a temple where Salieri, the high priest, served the great god Gluck at the altar; whose gates were kept by Haydn and by Mozart; where Beethoven, Bear of the Mountain, growled beyond the walls. Elsewhere, in every capital city and in every petty Court, Italian classicism was entrenched.

But if we are to understand these Webers, we must go back to their beginnings, which were ludicrously unlike what Franz Anton told his son, and what his grandson, Baron Max von Weber,* recounted in the family biography. The great-grandfathers of the child in the corner room upstairs were a peasant, a huntsman, a wig-maker from Brittany, and a miller of the Black Forest. So much for the noble ancestry of Europe's most aristocratic composer! Of the miller's grandchildren, only Franz Anton, his brother Fridolin, and his sister Adelheid concern us. Fridolin made no pretense of being well born; but Adelheid, in spite of her marriage to a man named Krebs, was buried as the Baroness von Weber.

None of the Webers were lucky; and Fridolin, though an able

*Max Maria von Weber (1822-1881), the composer's son, a distinguished engineer and railway administrator, wrote the standard life of his father. He is not to be confused with Max Weber, the sociologist.

man and an excellent musician, was unfortunate in his patron; in his scolding, drunken wife, Cecilia; and in having a family too large for his means. His children were all daughters and all accomplished, but when Mozart met these Webers in Mannheim in 1777-8 they were in wretched circumstances. He fell in love with Aloysia, the eldest girl, and wrote Italian arias to display her fine soprano voice. A year later she was appointed a prima donna in the German Opera at Vienna. She took the family with her, and Fridolin died there of apoplexy, a mere ticket seller in the box office. Aloysia married Joseph Lange, the famous actor, and in 1782 Mozart, much to his father's vexation, married her sister Constanze. In her portrait in the Mozart Museum at Salzburg, Constanze's haggard face expresses the worn sharpness of an impoverished lodging-house keeper; but the long chin and aquiline nose show a resemblance to her cousin Carl Maria.

Franz Anton was the one who ennobled the Weber family. In that disturbed period the official class copied closely the aristocracy as a means to social and professional improvement; an ambitious man frequently pirated the prefix "von." Franz Anton fabricated a descent from an Austrian family which had run itself into extinction and adopted an armorial crest of somewhat shabby design.

It is easier to find what is not true about Franz Anton's early life than to establish the facts. As a boy he showed less stability than his brother Fridolin, who for some years held steady employment as a bailiff. In 1754 Franz Anton matriculated at the University of Freiburg, but soon drifted to the brilliant Court of the Palatine Elector, Carl Theodore, at Mannheim. His assets were a viola, an excellent voice, and reckless good looks. The Seven Years' War broke out when he was twenty-two, and he seems to have done a bit of soldiering, received a wound, and left the army. Brief as was his service, it colored his conversation for the next fifty years.

At twenty-three he was in the old picture-book town of Hildesheim, where we are on firmer ground with more reliable witnesses than this singularly unreliable young man. Clemens August, Prince Bishop and Elector of Cologne and Bishop of Hildesheim, was a patron of music and favorably disposed to Franz Anton's

indisputable talent. For the moment an obscure administrative post was found for him. Within a few weeks his superior, Court Financial Councilor Fumetti, died; and the Bishop bestowed the office on his handsome daughter, Maria Anna, with the stipulation that she marry someone adequately qualified to fill it. Plausible Franz Anton persuaded the girl and the authorities of his fitness, and before a year had elapsed succeeded to all that had been Fumetti's—daughter, post, and money-bags.

The height of Franz Anton's career was its beginning. From that point it was downhill all the way. He was peculiarly unfitted for the post which he occupied, and it was probably owing to the Bishop's love of music and his feeling of fatherly compassion for the unlucky girl his favorite had married that he kept it as long as he did. The couple seem to have been devoted to each other in spite of Maria Anna's grief at the deterioration of their fortunes. Eight children, three sons and five daughters, were born in Hildesheim. Fridolin, the oldest boy, showed signs of becoming an infant prodigy, and the prospect transported the young father. The fame of little Mozart excited him; he would match Wolfgang Amadeus with his Fridolin Stephan Johannes Maria.

It was more than greed in Franz Anton which cried for satisfaction. He was past thirty, his compositions were slight and few in number, and in spite of talent—there was scarcely a better violist in Germany—he could not hope to astonish Europe in his own person. To be the father of a genius is the sweetest consolation for not being a genius oneself. Franz Anton flew upon the unfortunate little Fridolin like an eagle mistaking a robin for the family fledgling, cramming the small gullet with food beyond its capacity. Perhaps that is why Fritz was always such an ugly-tempered fellow. Edmund, the second son, was also gifted. After discovering this, Franz Anton left the duties of his office to his subordinates; he had more important affairs. When he was not teaching one or another of the children, he was making music himself. It was a diverting occupation of Hildesheimers to cluster at window or street-corner for a glimpse of Franz Anton fiddling at the head of a line of children which lengthened yearly. Laborers in the lonely fields which

girdled the quiet city paused in their toil to stare meditatively at Franz Anton enthroned upon a mound of hay blissfully making music, oblivious of the cares of office and the reproaches of his haggard wife.

His patron died in 1761, but he was not relieved of his post until 1768, when various disputes with his fellow bureaucrats led to an investigation which revealed his slipshod methods. Maria Anna was granted an annual pension of two hundred thalers * for the use of her children, but unless other means were forthcoming, the Webers would be on the verge of want. Franz Anton's restless and ingenious mind busied itself with possibilities. Hildesheim was not a theatrical center, but in 1770 and 1771 two of the finest theatrical troupes in North Germany gave performances in the old granary which served as a theater, although it was so dilapidated that snow sifted in during the winter and the sun shone hot in summer. These and later performances quickened Franz Anton's latent passion for the stage and suggested a means for improving his own circumstances. During the next few years he went on a series of concert tours with his viola, and in Lübeck published a group of songs with clavier accompaniment. A gifted though unveracious letter-writer, he applied for the post of Kapellmeister † at Eutin, and his name was placed on the waiting list.

For a couple of years we lose track of him, until in 1777 he reappears at Lübeck as director of music, ballet, and chorus of a large theatrical troupe. How the other members of the family lived we can only guess. Three daughters had died in Hildesheim. Whatever education had been denied the survivors, they had not been neglected musically; and it must already have been evident that their talents would be the chief Weber assets. Doubtless their fresh young voices were a mainstay of Franz Anton's oratorio, "The Praise of God in Nature," which was twice performed at Lübeck during the season of 1777-8.

Perhaps it was the oratorio which secured him the favor of the

* A thaler may be considered roughly equivalent to 75 cents in American money.

† "Orchestra leader."

Prince Bishop Friedrich August. At any rate, in April 1779 Franz Anton was finally appointed Kapellmeister at Eutin, the Bishop's residence town, with a salary of four hundred thalers—little enough to feed the seven Weber survivors. Franz Anton loved music better than money and showed his public spirit by petitioning to be allowed to organize a chorus without pay. He had reason to hope that his position would be for life, but certain ambiguous changes in the Bishop's administration, possibly unconnected with any dereliction of Franz Anton's, resulted in 1782 in his being pensioned off on half pay with permission to seek another post.

He had worked faithfully, giving a concert every Sunday in the Orangerie of the palace gardens and conducting frequent operas in the ducal theater. Now his request for a position for his son Fridolin brought only a payment of fifty thalers in recognition of the boy's previous services. The harassed father next petitioned for leave to seek another post without forfeiting his own little pension, explaining with unconscious pathos his reluctance to return "among the comedians" and revealing the debts he had been forced to contract. At the beginning of 1783 he was granted an exceptional pension for one year.

Anna Fumetti, who had long been out of love with life, took leave of it in that year. She was nearing forty-eight, and in spite of ill health and weeping had grown the triple chin promised by the languishing miniature of her youth. Franz Anton had already borrowed on her pension, and when he petitioned to have further payments made to him, his request was refused and the installments made over to his wife's brother, to be dispensed on the children. Battered and resentful, Franz Anton availed himself of the permission granted him to hunt a new position, and went sniffing from post to post like a hungry bear.

Meanwhile the two older boys, Fridolin and Edmund, removed to Vienna and studied with Joseph Haydn, most illustrious teacher of the day. At eighteen and twenty-three they were past the age at which the great man might have accepted them as pupils without pay, and the substantial fees he demanded were met from the residue of the mother's fortune. They found lodging in the

house of the cabinetmaker Brenner, and there the father visited them in the summer of 1785.

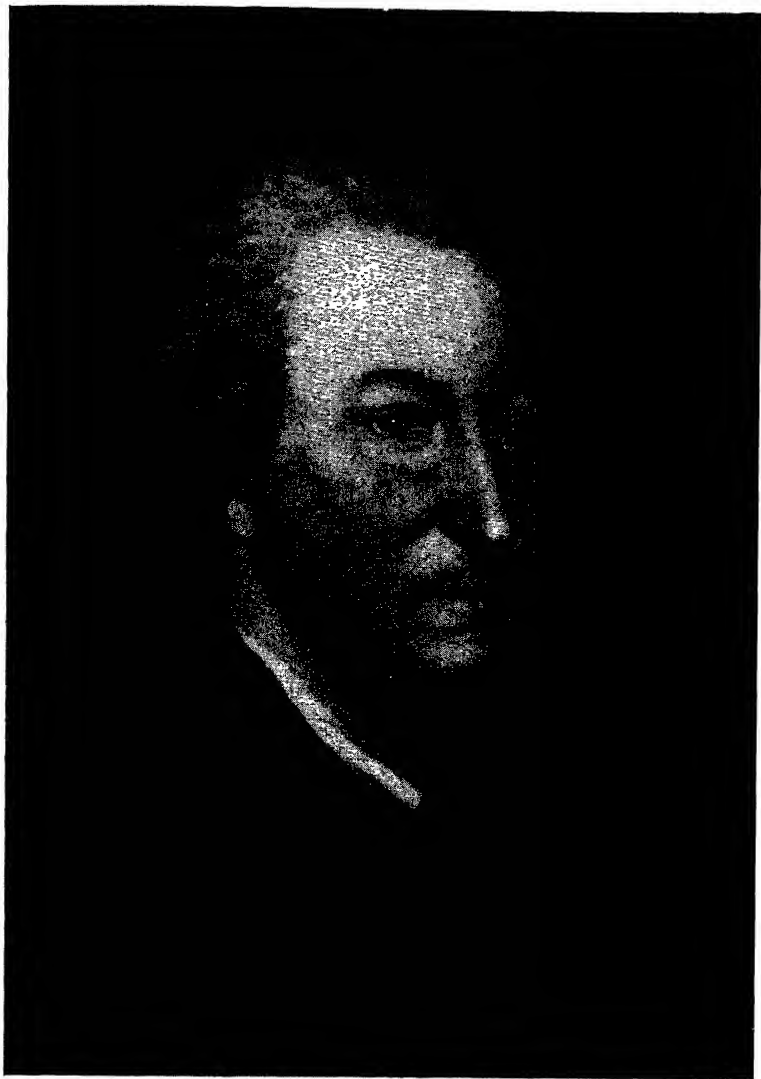
There was a daughter in the house, a delicate, quiet girl called Genofeva. She had been born in the Swabian Alps and taken to Naples while still a child. There she had been discovered a year and a half before by the Emperor Joseph II, wretchedly poor, but possessed of an excellent voice and a perfect command of Italian, which promised to make her useful in opera. But she was wholly ignorant of the stage. The Emperor sent her to Vienna with instructions that she should be taken on trial, given music lessons and an opportunity to visit the theater. It was his practice to engage such talent for a year, after which, if a candidate did not show sufficient improvement, he was dismissed. Genofeva did not give satisfaction.

She was not a child of seventeen, as previous biographers have chosen to describe her, but a girl in her twenty-second year. The father who had been unable or unwilling to keep her from starving in Naples was not likely to be concerned with the care of a daughter who had been dismissed from the Imperial and Royal Opera. She must herself have been painfully disappointed at the frustration of her hopes. At twenty-one it is natural to believe that opportunity has only a forelock. Her golden chance was gone.

Franz Anton looked young enough to make plausible the subtraction of ten years from his fifty-one. He was burly, big, handsome, and kind. At the moment he had a position, having snapped up the post of Town Musician in Eutin and salvaged something of his former Court appointment. After a residence of six weeks in the Brenner household, he was married to Genofeva on August 20, 1785, in the chapel of the Schottenkirche of Vienna in the presence of the actor Lange (Aloysia Weber's husband) and the musician, Righini. Neither the bride's father nor the groom's elder sons appear to have been present. As she was a minor, the Church stood sponsor for her.*

Too poor to live in Vienna, but secure of a minor position in

*Parental consent was ordinarily necessary for the marriage of persons under twenty-five. The attitude of Genofeva's parents in this case is not wholly clear.



FRANZ ANTON VON WEBER

Painter Unknown

Eutin, Franz Anton returned to the little northern town with his young wife. Probably the Weber sons accompanied them, for at this time Haydn is said to have made the ambiguous remark—in this case complimentary, “Go into the world, my dear Edmund; I can teach you nothing more.”

Franz Anton was accustomed to the baroque style in describing himself and his family, and that winter the press notices of theatrical life in Eutin were astoundingly favorable: “Herr Weber, Kapellmeister of the Prince Bishop, a talented and extremely active man, directs the orchestra and has two very able sons who assist him splendidly.” His versatility was amazing. He employed his scanty leisure in the crowded flat in studying Hebrew music and scansion.

Shortly before the birth of Genofeva’s child, Edmund, the second son, who was a good-tempered fellow and a great contrast to Fridolin, left the family to return to Haydn in Vienna. Early in the new year 1787, the oldest son and one of the girls went to Hamburg, where they found employment in the theater under the great Schröder. It had been difficult for the young stepmother, who was of a melancholy temperament, to have these grown sons of her husband in a home which would have been too small without them.

Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst was born on December 18, 1786, in the second year of the marriage. The parish register and the tablet on the half-timbered house in Eutin—it was then cream-colored stucco—give the date as November 20th. However, the father recorded his son’s birth as of December 18th, and this date was celebrated throughout most of the composer’s life. Beyond the little town there is a grove, sad in neglect, where stands the Weber monument at whose base bronze children make their silent music. Its tablet repeats the generally accepted date. Within the ruined English gardens of the exiled dukes there is another shrine beside a stagnant pool. New Germany neglects the praise of her men of genius to raise her colonnaded mausoleums to her Party dead.

Franz Anton was deeply devoted to his young wife, and delighted with his son, who reawakened not only the sentiments com-

mon to fatherhood, but the fascinating expectancy of developing an infant prodigy. Inspired by large ambition for the sickly infant, the Town Musician requested his former patron's widow and Prince Carl of Hesse, the mystic and spiritualist, to stand as god-parents. Each agreed and sent a substitute. Meanwhile a rival fascination was at work—a project which could mature but gradually. Unable to resist the impulse to return “among the comedians,” Franz Anton again engaged his family's fortunes in the hand-to-mouth existence of the wandering theatrical troupes which conveyed the best of dramatic and operatic art about the German countryside, performing one week in a rickety town theater and the next in a palace.

In March 1787 he sold his Town Musicianship and obtained a small capital. He went to Hamburg, turned up in Vienna the following year, and in 1789 was once more in North Germany, leading the music for one of the theatrical troupes in the towns along the Baltic Coast. During the next few years the Webers were without a center, but singly or in twos they went wherever musical or dramatic engagements were available. Haydn secured Fritz a place as violinist in the Esterházy orchestra, which oscillated between the princely residence in Vienna and its patron's estates in Hungary; but he left it after a few months to rejoin the family for a series of performances at Meiningen. Edmund went from there to Regensburg, where he appeared with a handsome wife, and shortly joined another troupe with headquarters at Augsburg. He was as many-sided as his father and functioned by turns as actor, singer, prompter, chorus trainer, and music director, while his wife carried off the honors as prima donna. At about the same time Jeannette, the sister of Fritz and Edmund, who had a good voice but was a mechanical actress, married Vincenz Weyrauch, the actor. They played together at Hanover and in Silesia, and presently secured a long engagement at Weimar under Goethe's frigid eye.

Franz Anton meanwhile was acting as music director for a small company at Nuremberg, whose repertory was sufficiently ambitious to employ the talents of his son Fridolin—Fritz, as the family called him—and of Carl Maria's mother. For five years Genofeva had

accompanied her husband, first with her baby in her arms and then, more slowly still, with his clutch upon her skirts. He did not walk until he was four years old, long after the birth of an infant brother who lived only a month. In spite of her own poor health and the delicacy of her son, Genofeva did her full duty on the stage; and in addition, once the von Weber troupe had established its independence, pleased everyone in the difficult role of directress.

Carl Maria's musical education was being hurried along. Fridolin was appointed to give him violin lessons. The older brother was bad-tempered and the younger only a baby; and there is an old story of blows with the fiddle stick, not very severe probably, but terrifying. "Whatever else they will make of you, Carl, it will not be a musician!" But what a dreadful verdict, when all the people in the world *were* musicians!

Franz Anton adored his little lame son, but he was always in a hurry. He was not harsh, but there was no time for explanations, and the boy must begin as a virtuoso. No one knows how Genofeva felt about it. She seems to have kept Carl Maria with her as much as possible, away from the too-vital Webers. And even when he could not be with her, he was not always being tormented with music. He had his own games and his own playmates, friends who, like himself, were children of the theater. Carl was not the only little fellow dragged through Germany at the tail of an opera troupe. There was nothing to excite surprise in a fortnight's postponement of a performance while the prima donna had her sixth baby. The playground of such children was the empty theater. The meadows might have made them healthier, but this was better fun. The stage scenery was wonderfully real to Carl's hot young imagination. What mountains were ever so lofty? What cascade so incredibly steep? The woman painted on the curtain sitting on the pedestal of an urn as high as herself was mysterious and awful but wonderfully lovely. Her eyes never left him. When he dragged himself up from the pit, she was still watching. The children rummaged through the theater wardrobe and tricked themselves out as kings and princesses. A bit of lath covered with silver paper was a sword of honest metal, and crowns of tinsel were as beautiful as

crowns of gold. Like Jove, Carl made the thunder. Like Jove, he believed in his might; but, unlike the deity, he trembled at its effects. All his life he had the curious gift of knowing by what trick a thing was done and at the same time being carried away by it. His mind might say "Mechanics," but his imagination would call the synthesis Reality. No composer better understood the devices of stage production, and none wrote of supernatural powers with such wholehearted conviction.

These formative years of the boy are veiled in shadows which suddenly shift and give distorted glimpses of the truth. He was not born in a royal nursery where every action was observed and eagerly tabulated; nor was he, like young Felix Mendelssohn, subjected to a wise, kind discipline. He was only a poor little boy, ninth child of a doting father whose boastings must be discounted; first-born son of a frail little Swabian. Genofeva had all she could do to keep herself alive and singing. She kept no diary, wrote few letters.

The most competent witness to these early years, the boy himself, does nothing to dispel the fog. A delightful conversationalist, no man knew how to be more heartily silent; and rarely did he mention the haggard years of wandering. For all he told of it, there might have been no sordid Weber Odyssey. Perhaps he was ashamed of the hunger and cold, of the brawling voices. Perhaps it was the insecurity which frightened him. They made so appalling a whole, those deprivations, the pain and uncertainty, that he had to reshape the stuff of his childhood into something more bearable than the life vouchsafed him. The time came when the man could say, godlike, "Life is thus; but thus I will not have it. Standing braced on the intolerable reality, I recreate." This is the essence of romanticism, but into its achievement went years of self-beguiling. The harried little boy dragging his lame foot in the wake of his unstable elders took refuge in dreams until, years later, the legend he created became reality to him. His autobiographical sketch gives a touching account of a childhood spent in quiet and retirement, of a father's unremitting tenderness, and a thorough education. Himself deceived by such wish-fulfillment, he unconsciously deceived

the newspapers and periodicals of Germany, Paris, and London.

Thus, we can be certain of few times and places. One of these is Nuremberg in the year 1791-2, where Carl Maria at the ripe age of six was plumped down in the studio of an artist, name unknown, given a brush, and roundly told that, since he refused to be a musical prodigy, he must without further shilly-shallying become an Old Master. Of this experience he wrote in his autobiography, "From the first I tried with success several branches of the art. I painted in oil, miniature, pastel, and understood also how to use the graving-tool of the etcher."

Franz Anton, too, displayed his versatility. In October 1791 the Town Council granted his request for permits to give lessons in singing and in the Italian language. Since there is no reason to suppose him a linguist, the latter permit must have been obtained on behalf of Genofeva, who had spent years in Naples and spoke Italian fluently. Not being overwhelmed with pupils, he also secured the right to give theatrical performances in the Nuremberg Opera House, and collected a troupe including Jeannette and her husband, Edmund and his wife. Until September 1792, while Austria and Prussia fought their opening battles with the armies of revolutionary France, he produced plays and operas with marked success. In the spring of that year his son Fritz married, and in the late autumn his daughter Josepha died. Of his ten children he had now lost five.

The next year found him first at Bayreuth and then at Erlangen with a troupe of twenty, presenting tragedy, comedy, and comic opera. Again he secured admirable press notices, ecstatically lauding Edmund's wife and giving his company the rare praise of being "exemplarily moral." And indeed the Webers were an unusually respectable family. They were poor, talented, erratic, and unlucky; but, except for Fridolin's really nasty disposition, little can be said against them. That year Franz Anton's liberal heart showed itself in an invitation to all the theaters of Germany to give benefit performances for the poor of Mainz, who had suffered from the French occupation. Goethe himself gave his august approval.

Bayreuth received an excellent impression of the Webers. Baron Hardenberg, brother of the Prussian statesman, recommended to the ducal governor that he endeavor to keep them in Bayreuth; and Franz Anton received a season's contract with a subvention of 1200 thalers and the right to draft the services of the Court musicians when needed—not a bad arrangement, especially as other members of the family were earning salaries as members of the troupe.* But the man of many schemes was now turned sixty and was suddenly afflicted with the thought of age. By autumn he had begun negotiations with a fellow actor, to whom he turned over his rights in the company in the spring of 1794, saying he was too old for so arduous a position. Genofeva sang with the troupe for another month, and Edmund and his wife accompanied the new director on a further six weeks' tour, after which the young couple went to Linz, where the gifted soprano died in childbirth.

On this occasion Franz Anton had not neglected to make provision for the future. Through the agency of his children, the Weyrauchs, he had secured a contract for Genofeva at the Weimar Court Theater directed by Goethe. Theatrical ambition could rise no higher. She made her debut on June 17, 1794, and appeared several times in the leading role of Mozart's *Die Entführung*. A contemporary says she showed "a most wonderful lack of pretension" on the stage; this seems to have been all which could be said for her acting. The self-superannuated Franz Anton fiddled now and again in the orchestra. The little lame boy saw less of his mother but was not unhappy. When they went on tour playing before noisy university students, he was with them, innocent of his future triumphs. Genofeva sang last on September 5 when her husband, acting on some grievance, wrote Goethe a vague letter

*Hardenberg's French memorandum of April 10, 1793, a good example of the servile style of the period, bears witness to the high esteem in which the Weber Company was held: "The pleasure and satisfaction which must result . . . from the establishment of a good theater and German opera at Bayreuth appears a very valid reason for proposing to station here the troupe of Monsieur de Weber, and graciously to make good the lack of a public by furnishing him with the means necessary to maintain himself with honor and dignity. . . . I do not doubt for a moment that M. de Weber will answer to my opinion. He will undoubtedly add to the general felicity and the town will once more applaud the happiness of possessing Your Most Serene Highness within its walls."

requesting a release from her engagement. It was granted, and immediately Franz Anton began to regret his haste.

Feeling considerably younger, he moved his family to Salzburg and recalled his old actors. Fritz was there and the young widower, Edmund; but Jeannette and Weyrauch were safe in the Weimar fold. At first the new venture was not unsuccessful. Genofeva sang her now somewhat shrill best, and a comic opera which Edmund had written was enthusiastically applauded. But as the winter of 1795-6 advanced, Franz Anton was obliged to put his troupe on half pay and then to disband it. He never again managed a theatrical company.

In 1796 he moved to Hildburghausen, where Aunt Adelheid Krebs made her appearance—probably in order to care for Genofeva, who was far from well and shortly became pregnant again. Franz Anton's sister was already sixty-seven, a woman of character and decision who exercised a stabilizing influence on her small nephew, especially in the matter of his language—being a delicate child and precocious, he had become as mighty in tongue as he was weak with his fists. Aunt Adelheid appears to have turned his fretfulness into a kind of caustic wit. She had been unlucky in marriage. Her husband's family had not welcomed her, and she had sued to recover her dowry and departed. Caring no longer to be a Krebs, she called herself Weber and, taking kindly to her brother's ways, became the *Freifrau*.

Stranded in Hildburghausen, Franz Anton engaged the ten-year-old boy's first reputable music teacher, Johann Peter Heuschkel, a young man, an able oboist and organist, who instructed the lad in various wind instruments as well as piano.* A genuine sympathy grew up between Heuschkel and his queer little pupil. Carl Maria later wrote that he owed the foundation of his piano playing to "the fine, strict, and enthusiastic Heuschkel of Hildburghausen." It was unfortunate that as soon as Genofeva's baby was born, Franz Anton insisted on moving back to Salzburg, where he had heard

*There is a story to the effect that Carl's musical education had been practically abandoned; but that his father discovered him secretly composing a Mass and determined to find him a suitable teacher.

that there were many members of his former company. The baby sister was deluged with a superfluity of names: Franz Anton called his eleventh and last child Maria Antonia Adelheid Felicitas Luise Philippine Johanna Walburge Josephe Joachima von Weber.

The old war-horse, sniffing the battle from afar, had planned a theatrical tour of Bavaria, Baden, and the Palatinate; but battles of another order kept him penned within the rock-walled town of Salzburg. Austria, deserted by Prussia, had won a breathing space at Campoformio in the struggle with the revolution. Napoleon, who had smitten the Austrian legions in Italy, was proclaiming the liberation of Europe from the shackles of religion, feudalism, and monarchy which had governed it during twenty centuries. Moreau and Jourdan were now on this bank of the Rhine, now on that. Württemberg and Baden seasawed between allegiance to the French and to the Empire. The anguish of Europe prevented the rebirth of the Von Weber Dramatic Company.

Franz Anton chafed in Salzburg, hectored his family, placed his son as a pupil with surly Michael Haydn, brother of the greater Joseph. He threatened to "say good night to the theater," spoke of returning to military life as a "titular major." He endeavored to improve the status of his successive fathers-in-law: petty functionary Fumetti and artisan Brenner were granted the "von" in his conversation. More grandiose with the years, Franz Anton was already within sight of the pinnacle whence he would augustly sign himself "Baron von Weber, Imperial and Royal Chamberlain."

Carl Maria never knew that his baronial title was spurious, and his biographers would be lacking both in tact and in veracity to deny what fits him so exactly. That word, *Freiherr*, meant much to the proud, elegant composer. It raised him in his own estimation, giving him a strong sense of *noblesse oblige*. For posterity he rightly remains Carl Maria Friedrich Ernst von Weber, whose parents were noble, whose godmother was a duchess, and whose godfather was a prince.

CHAPTER II

Father and Son

*Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind.**

—GOETHE

H OHENLINDEN AND THE FRENCH OCCUPATION WERE STILL IN THE future when the Webers returned to Salzburg and to Michael Haydn. The famous organist was then a man of sixty, given to liquor, glum of face and gruff of tongue. His illustrious elder brother is said to have remarked in his genial way that Michael's church music surpassed his own. Michael, whose manners were not of the best, muttered that with Joseph's opportunities he would have shown himself the better man in every way. Yet he was an honest fellow, and Mozart had been fond of him, testifying his regard in the usual fashion by the dedication of a pair of duos for violin and viola.

But Carl Maria went in terror of the Salzburg Haydn. Looking back from manhood on the shrinking boy and the master's awful brow, perhaps forgetting the strength and beauty of the Mass he had written for him but never published, Weber wrote: "There was too wide a gulf between the stern man and the child. I learned little from him, and that little with great effort." Heuschkel had grounded him in pianoforte playing. Michael Haydn introduced him to counterpoint; and, though his lovely voice did not sufficiently commend him to the famous Boys' Choir Institute, his

* "Who rides so fast through the midnight wild?
It is the father with his child."

teacher gave him free music lessons to which he added free scolding with a liberal tongue.

His education aside from music seems to have been left to chance. If he had a head for mathematics, as a composer should, certainly no one bothered to fill it with equations. But experience rapidly teaches the poor to count. His spendthrift days over, Carl Maria showed himself well acquainted with the value of a thaler. In Hildburghausen, where the Webers had occupied a flat on the third story of a house in the Marktstrasse, he had taken French lessons in company with a small girl of a neighbor's family. But where did he pick up the rusty tags of Latin with which he garnished his earliest controversial writings? And who taught him to read and write? Perhaps his mother, in the brief intervals between rehearsal and performance or in those longer periods when her disease gained upon her and she lay disconsolate in her bed watching the little boy licking up splutters of ink from his quill pen and frowning conscientiously at his sprawling letters. His first bit of writing resembles the attempt of any little second-grader: "Dear Elise, always love your true friend, Carl von Weber in the sixth year of his age." Yet surely learning to write was a trivial task for a six-year-old who was able to ply the etcher's graving tool, to paint in oil, in miniature, and in pastel!

A revealing letter was written from Salzburg a few days after his eleventh birthday, to Heuschkel, the young teacher whom he had left in Hildburghausen.

"My dearest, best-loved teacher,

"The approach of the New Year reminds me of the duty of sending my most earnest good wishes to my dearest teacher. May Heaven keep you many a long year in the best of health. Alas! I have not found such a good teacher as I lost in you. On account of what you taught me, I have already earned many compliments. After a great deal of trouble my father has arranged that in the coming year I shall begin counterpoint with Kapellmeister Michael Haydn. He heard me in his room play the Concerto of Kotzeluch, some variations, some Righini and a recitative from the 'Death of Jesus.' He

praised me. It is lucky for me because he isn't taking any more pupils because he is so busy. Dear Herr Heuschkel, do not forget me for I will never forget you. . . ."

On the same day Franz Anton wrote Heuschkel a charming letter: he is grateful to the young man and regrets that he had to take the boy away from him; but "there are important people here." He mentions the price of wine per half-bottle and wishes his friend could have a piano like Michael Haydn's, which though expensive has an indescribable beauty of tone and is equally expressive in soft and loud passages. He promises soon to send Heuschkel a lovely oboe concerto (probably of his own composition), and would have done so before if his poor wife had not been sick in bed these three months.

Genofeva had been prostrated since the birth of the baby. The climate of Hildburghausen had not agreed with her; neither had the intrigues and quarrels of the theatrical company, nor the restlessness of her indomitable husband. Her tubercular condition was aggravated by a weakened heart. She spent the rest of the Salzburg winter in bed, and died on the thirteenth of March. Baron Max describes with the sentimentality of his period the fears of Genofeva for the children she was leaving to their unreliable father. How the poor girl really felt must be a matter of conjecture. She had at least the comfort of knowing that Franz Anton was an affectionate, kindhearted man, and that in his tireless hammering at nails he occasionally hit one on the head. Her energetic sister-in-law Adelheid could be trusted not to desert the smallest Weber with the ten long names. For further aid she confidently entrusted her children to God.

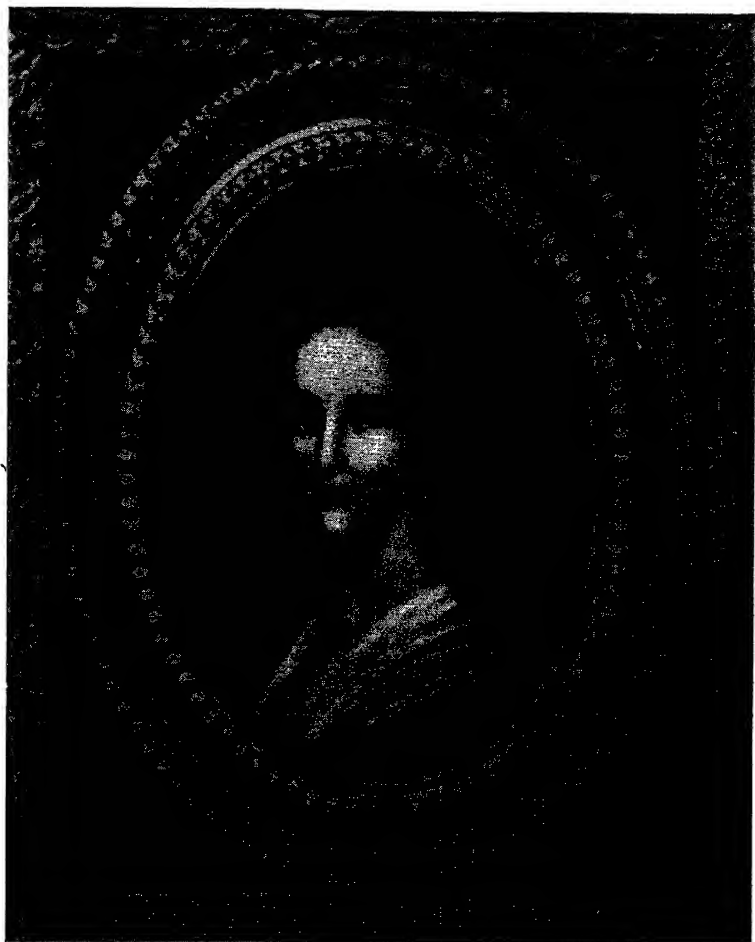
Genofeva lies in a deep, narrow grave behind the Church of Saint Sebastian, her coffin resting on that of Leopold Mozart, who would not have chosen a Weber for this long companionship. Above her is the sad Constanze, wife of Leopold's great son; and nearest to the bright blue and scarlet flowers, the glossy ivy, which grow in that small stone enclosure, is Constanze's second husband, Georg Nissen, not tiresome now.

The burial chapel was cold on the March day when Genofeva was buried, and the four great stone apostles looked gravely down on the group of theatrical folk. In one of those upheavals common in ancient graveyards, a number of skeletons had been unearthed and the salvaged skulls arranged in the cloister along which the mourners passed on the short journey to chapel and grave. Those whose identity was known were labeled and given the dignity of a position in open boxes. The others were ranged on black painted shelves beneath. The boy Carl was a great wanderer. When he visited the grave of his mother, what did he think of those twenty-two ghastly witnesses? They were a signpost on the way to Romanticism.

In their cramped quarters, mother and son had been very close to each other. Now she coughed no more at night. He was not needed to give her *eau sucrée*. Aunt Adelheid was continually fussing over the little sister. His father wept and wrote testimonials to the virtues of the departed. Heuschkel had not answered the New Year's greeting, and the world was like a draughty attic. In the spring Carl wrote again to his young teacher.

"That you have quite forgotten me is certain because you did not reply to my good wishes for the New Year of the twenty-eighth of last December.... You must have heard that on March 13, alas! I lost my dear mother whom I will never forget. My God, what an irremediable loss this is for me! At the end of this month I am going with my dear father, aunt, and baby sister to Vienna to the great father, Joseph Haydn."

Franz Anton had written a magniloquent obituary for Genofeva: "This heavenly lady was a mirror of truth and virtue who never gave me a single moment's unhappiness, and unfortunately I enjoyed this bliss only twelve years, six months and thirteen days, for six months and thirteen days she endured courageously terrible sufferings and died a truly pious and devoted Christian.... Rest thee well through all eternity, my ever unforgotten and adored Genofeva. This thy deserted, despairing husband writes with streaming eyes, who never more in this world shall find peace or a contented moment."



GENOFEVA VON WEBER

Painter Unknown

Before the year was out, however, his grief was sufficiently assuaged to permit his engaging himself to a widow of Bamberg. It is easy to smile at a consoled widower, but Franz Anton had not forgotten Genofeva; he was passing through one of his practical phases. He had a baby girl on his hands, as well as a delicate young genius; and Adelheid Krebs was growing old and was averse to the nomad's life. For the baby's sake she accompanied the family to Vienna and then to Munich; but when the little girl died, at the end of 1798, Adelheid said roundly that she would roam no more. The engagement with the Widow Beer of Bamberg was broken off since there was now no child for her to foster, and for a considerable period thereafter father and son were free of women.

Shortly before the Webers left Salzburg for Munich, Carl Maria had the happiness of seeing his first compositions published—six little fugues dedicated to his brother Edmund. Immediately they had appeared, he forwarded them to the famous publishing house of Breitkopf and Härtel in the hope of wider publicity. Friedrich Rochlitz, editor of the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* ("Leipzig Musical Gazette"), lifted his majestic voice in approval, thus earning the undying gratitude of the Webers. An erroneous statement accompanied the music—the boy was not in the eleventh year of his age; he lacked but three months of his twelfth birthday. This willful twisting of the fact probably originated with the father; left to himself, a boy rarely chooses to be younger. A wise child takes the word of his parents as to his age, and at this stage Carl regarded his father as infallible. It was by no means the first time nor the last that genius has torn a year from the calendar or tricked itself out in boyish jacket and childish collar. The falsification continued to reappear throughout his youth.

In addition to the universal anxiety concerning the French, Franz Anton had his personal reasons for leaving Salzburg. Nor did he fail to observe that Michael Haydn was making Carl miserable to no purpose. The father's acute intelligence had grasped the truth that his son's talent was of a dramatic order and that color would be his medium. In teaching this kind of music, Michael Haydn was

not likely to be of use, for he was ignorant of stage conventions and indifferent to any necessity for them. Franz Anton, the experienced manager of opera and theater, felt that it was time to place his young genius under a new master. He and his sister Adelheid, with the year-old baby and Carl Maria, went to Munich toward the end of 1798.

Here the boy was more fortunate in his teachers. Franz Anton's experience had taught him the advantage of *solfeggio*. No one, he said sensibly, can write well for the voice, no one can compose an opera, unless he can sing correctly himself. Evangelist Wallishauser, whom the Italians called Valesi, was now an old man retired after forty-one years on the European stage. His beautiful tenor voice was, of course, exhausted; but as a teacher he was incomparable. He had recently been pensioned by the Munich Opera, and so was in a position to devote all his time to his pupils. Carl Maria's other music teacher was Johann Kalcher, a young organist whose personality had the same warming effect as Heuschkel's. He was unmarried, and the boy lived more at Kalcher's house than with his father. At the same time he continued his work in drawing and painting.

Between so many masters the lad was overworked. He was ambitious. It was pleasant to be called "*der kleine Mozart*" and he liked to gratify his father and the men with whom he studied. Besides, the only way to get out of the precarious Weber way of life was to prove that he was a genius. There was such a deal of brawling in the world as deafened him. Sometimes his stomach went empty; frequently there wasn't a groschen in his father's pockets. Aristocrats whirled by in elegant carriages while the Webers walked, taking their dust on worn broadcloth. His linen could not be ironed to suit him because Aunt Adelheid was always washing for baby sister. He owned nothing, not even a piano. The old father could not raise the family above this squalid way of life; he, the lame boy with a sharp pale face and sharper tongue, must do it all.

He practiced and composed indefatigably. Kalcher bragged about him. He assigned him a cabinet in which to keep his music. No

one else was allowed to put anything there, and Carl kept the key. On the shelf lay trios, sonatas, variations, songs, a Mass, even an opera, "The Power of Love and Wine." Yet sometimes Carl wondered if he didn't honestly hate music. The boasting of his father filled him with a kind of shame, the more because he secretly enjoyed it. Then just after Christmas the little sister died. Why? Why had his mother had to die? What a vile world this was, where people like the Webers were either wretchedly poor and looked down upon, or died and lay wreathed in burning candles until they were put under the frozen earth! Skulls grinning in a row from black shelves...

Franz Anton encountered an acquaintance of his theatrical days, Aloys Senefelder, much the worse for wear. He had been a student of the German stage and had since been writing plays which he had difficulty getting printed, although one had brought him the wretched sum of fifty gulden. He had recently made a discovery: no longer need he be the kick-ball of publishers. The long noses of the Webers twitched with interest when Senefelder showed them his press. This youngish man who was a passable actor and an impossible playwright had quite by accident invented lithography.

The elder Weber was enthusiastic. The publishers were a low set and deserved to be beaten at their own game. Carl Maria was a very clever lad, and it would be simple for him to master this art of engraving on stone. He could print his own compositions as easily as Senefelder could print his plays.

Carl Maria was ingenious. He had extraordinarily long hands, and they were clever too. To work the press, to stand with one foot on a bench in the attitude of an artisan and discuss mechanics with Senefelder, was a pleasant change for a boy who doubted his talent for his destined career. He *thought* he could improve the press. He was wrong. But he could work it. Father and son did not realize that it was not Weber property. They agreed that there was money in lithography. When Aloys Senefelder hinted that it would be his money, Franz Anton, knowing perfectly well that the process was patented throughout Bavaria, decided to go where they could set up a press for themselves.

It would seem that the overworked boy was heartily sick of music by this time and that he attempted to break violently away from the career to which his father had committed him. A mysterious fire broke out in Kalcher's house, in the cupboard consecrated to Carl's compositions. The lad observed with pious resignation that his evil star had set it—he thought it might be a sign from Heaven that he should write no more music. Fortunately the young incendiary managed the blaze expertly, and nothing of Kalcher's was injured. If Franz Anton had not been so interested in getting out of Munich and setting up as a lithographer, he might have gone deeper into the question of the fire, for he at least was not superstitious and could tell a hawk from a handsaw.

In May 1799 the two Webers left Munich, and little is known of their wanderings during the next year. They came to light occasionally in various German towns, only to burrow deeper into obscurity. Bamberg and the Widow Beer saw the last of them; Hildburghausen, Stuttgart, Prague, Carlsbad knew them briefly. What besides hope they fed on remains a matter of conjecture, for Carl does not appear to have given concerts. He did not call himself an artist; he might continue to compose as a side-line, but he was a young mechanic seeing the world with his father. Eventually, as partners, father and son intended to set up a printing press, but first they must find a location with ideal conditions. Freiberg in Saxony seemed the most favorable place because of the wealth of raw material and the presence of the Engineering School, but first they must return to Munich to make sure the Senefelder crowd had taught them all they must know. The swiftly changing scenes of this year provided rich food for Carl Maria's sensitive imagination. What werewolves and demons of the German forest may he not have conjured up in his passage? He peered fearfully into wild glens haunted by evil spirits. He crossed himself at wayside shrines, and the Madonna's face became his mother's. Such lively impressions sank deep into the boy's mind and formed an inexhaustible resource for the mature composer.

The Webers reached Munich in the spring, and spent three months there, during which Carl decided that he had been too

hasty in giving up music. Historians have supposed that he had a hand in lithographing a set of his own Variations dedicated to Johann Kalcher, which were issued from the Senefelder establishment at this time; but it is not at all certain that he was the workman, especially as the *Musikalische Zeitung* complained that the engraving was done by "an engraver who seems to know nothing of notes or their value." Franz Anton inserted a notice in this widely read publication: Major von Weber was about to open an engraving business in Freiberg.

Father and son returned to Freiberg on August 24, 1800, after a music tour on which Carl Maria played successfully in public at Erfurt, Gotha, and Leipzig. They renewed their acquaintance with the scribbling Chevalier von Steinsberg, who had come to Freiberg with his excellent theatrical company of thirty members, many of whom lodged in the same inn. The Chevalier was a bombastic, impulsive fellow, a good actor, musician, and playwright, who had advertised that he intended to treat Freiberg to novel productions; some of the operas had never previously been performed! The truth was they did not even exist; now, with desperate optimism, he suggested that Carl Maria write the music for his libretto "The Dumb Girl of the Forest." Carl agreed, and left lithography to a father entirely contented with his son's defection. Unfortunately for the Weber purse, Franz Anton felt he could be of more use in the Golden Lion boasting about his son than in his recently opened office. What finally became of the press is among the mysteries of 1800. The Webers did no more lithographing.

So Carl Maria composed, and Franz Anton drank to his success. The second act of the little opera was written at histrionic speed while members of the local orchestra stood by through the small hours handing each sheet of the score to the copyists as it came fresh from Carl Maria's hand. His head was filled with tales of speed records established by musical heroes of the past. Besides, there was a good reason for hurrying, as Steinberg's company was preparing to move on.

The theatrical public of Freiberg was stirred to unwonted interest by rumors of the impending *première*. Franz Anton bragged

himself hoarse in his son's praises, and the town was divided between the supporters of the youthful prodigy and those of its musical dictators, Cantor Fischer and Town Musician Siegert. As was usually the case in Carl's early life, he found support among the students and the wine-bibbers, whose noisy partisanship did him more harm than good. *Das stumme Waldmädchen* was advertized as the work of a composer thirteen years of age, a pupil of Haydn. Here was shifty work, because the wording implied not Michael Haydn of Salzburg, but his great brother Joseph.*

The performance, November 24, 1800, was a complete anticlimax. A few days later at Chemnitz the opera was produced again with greater success, and Franz Anton was encouraged to submit the score to his old friend, the business manager at Weimar, with a view to production in Goethe's theater. "As I am more interested at present in making this young man known than in pecuniary gain," he explained, "we will be content with the smallest fee, even if it only covers the cost of copying." We do not know whether he received an answer.

Disappointed at the cool reception of his opera, and infuriated when the local Freiberg paper found fault (with a mildness amazing to moderns), Carl rushed into a ridiculous controversy. It has been usual to blame Franz Anton, to say that he wrote the letters which his son signed. No doubt he stirred the pot when he should have restrained the cook's use of pepper; but the letters published in the *Freiberg Popular News* sound very much like the work of a precocious adolescent. The reviewer had suggested that the opera was full of pretty blossoms which promised ripe fruit when the young composer was older. This charge of immaturity was peculiarly offensive. Writing an opera is work for a man; and if his opera was worth producing it seemed to Carl that his detractors ought to treat him as a man and not as a boy. A child who is almost entirely in the company of his elders seldom realizes that his age separates him from his companions. His manner with them is neither reverent

* There seems no reason this time to criticize the statement about his age, since he would not be fourteen until December. Surely one need not anticipate a birthday!

nor irreverent; he addresses them as his equals. Carl Maria began the quarrel, accusing Town Musician Siegert of spoiling the performance by "low and premeditated cabals, prompted by bitterest envy and ill-will." Siegert in reply disclaimed all malice, but pointed to the faults of the composer's orchestration, while his colleague, the Cantor, came to his support with a lengthy analysis of Carl Maria's contrapuntal errors, adding that his own pupils could do better. An anonymous correspondent from Chemnitz disputed Carl's assertion that the opera had been a notable success in that city.

Carl's next communication was much longer. He was still angry, but he was uneasy, too. At the Golden Lion the students were drinking to his success; but they laughed too much; was it possible that they were making fun of his father as well as of his pedantic opponents? In his excitement Carl forgot that the Town Musician had not conducted on the great occasion, but had taken his place in the orchestra. Why, he asked, did the dress rehearsal go so well, and the performance so badly? "The fine fellows in the orchestra were not to blame—it was their sleepy conductor, who neglected his chief duty, the precision of the ensemble—who observed not a single *forte* nor *piano*, neither *crescendo* nor *decrescendo*, nor the tempi properly indicated in the score."

In this wrathful outcry something more than petulance is heard. An ideal has dawned, dimly indeed, in the boy's vision. He shows himself tormented by that passionate love of color, that insistent belief in the trinity of voice, instrumentation, and acting for which he labored all his life.

His critics had expressed doubts about his age, and his reply strikes a false note which we should like to attribute to Franz Anton, but dare not. "My baptismal certificate is witness that I was born December 18, 1787, at half-past ten in the evening.... For further information, my father married my mother in Vienna on August 20, 1785." But Carl was born in 1786.

He returned to the more important issue with an angry wail: "Oh! how wretched is the composer who must hear his work lacerated under such leadership! ... And if I really had made mistakes, it would be no wonder, when I was so urged on by the direc-

tor of the Troupe and wrote the second act in four days." Again he tripped on the truth, for his autobiography states that he had worked ten days on Act II.

There is something charmingly boyish in his reply to another criticism. Fischer had made fun of his cadence on the first syllable of *Liebe*. But "the text was such that I could not put any word at the end but *Liebe* because there was no other word there. *Amore* would have pleased me better. To scold about this is very silly." Half a child, he longed to be reconciled with his elders. "I am willing to believe that Town Musician Siegert can conduct better if he wants to." As for Cantor Fischer, if he will retract and repent, "I will forgive all and in that case will always be with true respect your devoted servant C. M. v. Weber."

The concluding section is short and naughty: "Let this reply content the unknown gentleman of Chemnitz. I pay no attention to the barking of little —" of little what? Max von Weber writes with decorum "little dogs." The original leaves a wicked blank. Poor rude, bedeviled, sensitive Carl never learned that anger is no argument and that argument itself is powerless to convince.

A pleasant story relates that after Weber became a distinguished composer, he came to call upon the ancient Fischer and asked his pardon. We are not assured of its veracity, but such an action would be like him.

Carl Maria could roar only while the white heat lasted. When he was cool, unpopularity discomfited him so greatly that he wanted to run away from it. The controversy had petered out, and there seemed to be no prospect of disposing of the press. Immediately after "The Dumb Girl" 's *première* Franz Anton had written in his son's name to the publisher Artaria in Vienna, giving Senefelder's invention an excellent character and offering it for sale. Equally without result, he offered certain works Carl had composed when a pupil of Michael (*sic*) Haydn, appending a list which ends in Variations on "*Lieber Augustin*."

Franz Anton was always willing to travel in any direction and at any time because he liked changes. The romantic pair continued on

their search for the Blue Flower* and the Friendly Land. They followed Steinsberg to Chemnitz and spent the spring there, traveling by easy stages back to Salzburg, where they reappeared in November 1801 on some mysterious business of Franz Anton's, remaining until July 1802.

Once more Carl studied with Michael Haydn, whose worldly possessions had fallen to the French. He made a friend of the student Thaddäus Susan, a promising flutist. Scarcely settled in Salzburg, he wrote to another publisher, André, of Offenbach, enclosing a pile of old and new music. Max von Weber professed to see Franz Anton's authorship in the letter, which he considers boastful and deceptive. We, on the contrary, think it as good a letter as could be expected from either of two gentlemen engaged in such dubious practices. "I have several pieces of my composing ready for publication. I am already not entirely unknown, through my compositions mentioned in the *Musikalische Zeitung*. Last year several of my variations for the piano were engraved on stone by Herr Senefelder in Munich where I was living at the time. I am offering the following little pieces for publication with no other reservation than that I should be given a few copies of every piece. I trust the proposal will seem just and acceptable to you, and I beg you to give me a speedy and favorable reply."

The list of compositions is appended, and the statement, "I am a pupil of Michael Haydn's here and have studied *with several great masters in Munich, Dresden, Prague, and Vienna*." A second post-script is the boast of a Jack-of-all-trades: "I am accustomed to compose for all instruments whatever anyone wants me to do. And I am very prompt in my work."

André declined the music. Later, Gombart published the set of twelve waltzes; but the rest of the pieces were lost, destroyed or entirely revised by the composer. He had better luck with his "Six little Pieces for Four Hands," which Gombart published in 1803. Rochlitz noticed them favorably; and this they deserved for their elegance and delicate color. Breitkopf and Härtel, to whom Franz

* The Blue Flower was the expression most frequently used by German romanticists to symbolize the desirable but unattainable object.

Anton had been endeavoring to dispose of the printing press, displayed an interest in Carl's work and wrote words of encouragement and advice.

The boy's chief preoccupations were the Mass in E \flat , composed in the spring of 1802 but only recently rediscovered, and a little opera founded on an old novel by C. G. Cramer which he called *Peter Schmoll and his Neighbors*. An article in the *Musikalische Zeitung* inspired him with the idea of using forgotten and obsolete instruments; and the finished orchestration, employing clarinets, flauti dolci, and basset horn, foreshadows his lifelong preoccupation with the woodwinds. Old Michael Haydn gave the little two-act opera a magnificent send-off in the shape of a testimonial written in early summer shortly before the Webers left Salzburg: "With real satisfaction I was present yesterday at an informal rehearsal of the opera *Peter Schmoll and his Neighbors* composed by my dear pupil, Mr. Carl Maria von Weber." He adds that the opera is composed according to the rules of counterpoint—is full of fire and delicacy—admirably fits the text—and his dear pupil deserves the kindest reception from the world of art. His dear pupil did not, however, get it. The French had come and gone while the Webers were on their travels, but had left in their wake a Salzburg distressed and impoverished to a degree that made the production of the opera unthinkable; and an opera is not an opera until the stage gives it breath and being.

Edmund, the half-brother to whom Carl's first little fugues were dedicated, was evidently living at Augsburg not far away, directing the Court music of the Prince Bishop Clemens Wenzeslaus. Carl Maria had a fondness for Edmund, who possessed the better qualities of the father. He was a big, genial fellow who grew stout with age. The bishop himself was one of those comfortable churchmen who patronized the arts and left the spiritual affairs of the diocese to those better fitted to care for them. The French had driven him from his bishopric at Trier and his episcopal residence at Coblenz, where he had played host to the exiled brothers of the King of France and the swarm of émigrés who sought to make of the episcopal Court a second Versailles—but even in Augsburg he was

not too reduced in fortune to maintain an excellent musical establishment. He was a devotee of Haydn and made a favorite of Edmund, who had been one of Haydn's most promising pupils.

Edmund was quite willing to help his youngest brother, but unluckily the Bishop spent his summers in Oberdorf, and until he returned to Augsburg in October nothing could be accomplished. The Webers, inveterate travelers, spent the interval in the usual manner. There seems to have been no special purpose in the journey. Franz Anton had received a letter from Eutin and may have had affairs there. At any rate, these indefatigable wanderers were off again, on a semisentimental pilgrimage. To Meiningen, Eisenach, Sondershausen, Brunswick, Rellingen they went. The summer was over before they accepted the invitation of Franz Anton's old crony, Councilor Stricker, to stay at his house in Eutin; perhaps they came only when their money was exhausted.

Carl Maria had used his time in studying harmony and counterpoint, although without a teacher. On his travels he had met a doctor of medicine whose vocabulary seemed to consist of the one word, *Warum?* "Why?" asked the doctor and "Why?" again, when the boy spoke of rules for composition. The iconoclast continued to question, and Carl to squirm. Then when the sardonic doctor departed, Carl let the walls crumble and began all over again, proving each law for himself as he rebuilt on the foundations.

At Eutin Carl lapsed into Freibergian rudeness. Stricker's boy played immoderately upon the jew's-harp. He had indeed worked up an act which consisted of making music simultaneously upon two jew's-harps. He must have done it rather well, because Franz Anton, a shrewd judge, lustily shouted "*Gott Maria, wie schön!*" But Carl sulked, banged down the piano cover, and refused to play a note for the Philistines.

During this visit to Eutin, the boy made friends with the aged poet, Johann Heinrich Voss, with whom his father had formerly had some acquaintance. The incorruptible old man who had welcomed the French Revolution with his glowing verses was about to retire from his educational duties and remove to Jena. His inter-

est in the frail, enthusiastic boy was repaid by Carl's later settings of his songs.

From Eutin the Webers went on to Hamburg where Carl composed a melody and accompaniment on a little poem by an unknown author on the simple theme of a candle struggling with shadows. Hitherto his compositions had been largely imitative; but in this, the first of the *Lieder* which would make him one of the best-loved of German singers, originality of treatment and depth of theme are nicely combined. The music seems to rise from something very old and very deep in the heart of the *Volk*. He could not know how well he knew his country. For almost sixteen years he had wandered about in it, unconsciously learning an infinite deal which would be ready for him when he was able to use it. Already he was beginning delicately to finger the springs of feeling. Max von Weber thinks he was in love, perhaps because one among the compositions of which he disposed on the journey was dedicated "to the Fair Sex in Hamburg." It is possible that he was. He fell in love many times, not with the easy sentimentality of his fellow romantics, but with the painful intensity of the hungry soul who does not know in what high field the manna lies white for his gathering. At any rate, from this time on his music had a new quality, clear as a flute tone, colored like the rainbow, dramatic—in a word, Weberian.

At Hamburg a concert was advertised to be given on October 30 by a thirteen-year-old pupil of Haydn; but the boy was now almost sixteen and the "Haydn" was as usual intended to mislead. His program included renditions by four other soloists, a concerto and free variations at the piano by himself, and a trio from *Peter Schmoll*.

The performance as described by an eyewitness was not without comic features: "The old gentleman appeared in the evening in a sort of uniform, booted and spurred, and led the frail son to the pianoforte. While Carl Maria played, the old man very painstakingly turned the pages for him. But either the skill of the young virtuoso was not so great after all or his audience did not sufficiently appreciate him; at any rate, he pleased but little, and the good Weber had to leave Hamburg with blighted hopes."



FRANZ ANTON VON WEBER IN 1799

The pathetic pair went next through Leipzig to Hildburghausen, the mountain town whose bleak air had proved unkind to Genofeva. After ten days, they moved on to Coburg, where Carl explored the musical situation with an eye to a post for his Salzburg friend, Thaddäus Susan; and in December father and son returned to Augsburg.

Baron Max paints a romantic picture of the six months spent in the Bishop's city. Certainly the Webers came well-recommended, and there was no reason for postponing preparation of *Peter Schmoll*. When rehearsals commenced, the visitors were moved from upstairs rooms in a house in the outskirts of the town into the "Little Castle" next the theater. Almost every night the Bishop commandeered their presence at the palace, where he delighted to play chamber music.

It is pleasant to imagine dapper young Carl sitting in state while flunkys handed about hot supper on silver plate. He was small for his age, but he stood well and made the most of his slender height, though his inordinately long neck and large head made him appear at his best seated at the piano. He was poor and shabby, but his spotless ruffles were nicely pleated and so fine that the observer's eye fastened on them, passing over the hand-me-down air of coat and pantaloons. Moreover, he was witty and had also the grace to smile at the wit of others.

He had been driven out of Freiberg and Munich; he had wandered over Germany on his lame hip. Now he sat, a man among men, deferred to not only by his father—he was accustomed to that—but by big brother Edmund, the orchestra, even by the Prince Bishop himself.

In March *Peter Schmoll* was performed—or so certain ancients informed Max von Weber many years later. Their memories of the work were dim, their comments dubious. They had long forgotten its quality. But they were sure they had heard it, though there is no mention of it to be found in the theater records.

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stay in Augsburg. He wrote assiduously to Thaddäus Susan at Salzburg, planning with him all kinds of musical lexicons and magazines. The first letter, dated December 23, 1802, shortly after the arrival in Augsburg, was from a homesick, heartsick boy to a friend to whom he was deeply attached, with whom he ventured to be himself.

"I cannot tell you how entirely isolated, how melancholy my life is here. If I had not music, I should soon despair; and yet not to have a soul with whom to share my experiences—that is a grief, especially when I remember the happy days, alas! too brief, which I spent with you. Do write me much and often, for your letters are all I have to cheer me up and recall the precious times of our friendship." But the boy has a man's knowledge of his craft and there follows a careful exposition of musical conditions at Coburg and observations on publishing.

The second, dated June 30, 1803, near the time of leaving Augsburg, expressed disillusionment caused by the unfeeling treatment of an older musician. The man had seemed his friend until he wanted something of him. Such disappointment made him uncertain of other relationships, a state of distrust to which he was prone. Susan's ardent letter had come as a surprise because he expected to be forgotten. "I think I have already written you that Mr. Schneider, when I was there, bought the vocal parts of my opera and paid for them on the spot; then I was to send him the score and the libretto from Augsburg. So I did, with directions where to send the balance. Judge of my amazement when, instead of money or a letter to assure me of its receipt, I got back the score and all the rest of it unopened. Since then I've written him repeatedly in the smoothest sort of way just to get an answer, but not a line have I received. I don't know what use he can make of the vocal parts for which he paid me. . . . Honestly, every day I realize more that one has actually to compel people to behave as they ought, even when it's in their own best interest; folks really believe they're doing me the greatest kindness when they regale me with their tiresome stories of musicians." As there was nothing to be hoped from a longer stay in Augsburg, he and his father were going on to

Vienna. Carl hoped to persuade Franz Anton to stop in Salzburg and perhaps Susan would come along with them? Would he please write him full particulars about Salzburg lodgings? The tone of the letter is anxious and harassed, but there is vigor in it.

He had been disappointed in his opera, and to be thus deceived in his powers inflicted a more subtle wound than Schneider's callous indifference. Michael Haydn had praised the work fulsomely, but his father said with justice that Haydn did not understand stage requirements. Carl Maria's deliberate judgment convinced him that *Peter Schmoll* must die. He disposed of the body, retaining only the overture and the opening chorus, which later emerged as the Finale of *Oberon*. Weber never destroyed anything of which he could make use, and his meticulous neatness made it possible to keep on hand a considerable amount of music which, although unsatisfying to him in its present state, merited further pains.

Franz Anton had remained stationary more than six months. The man of action was delighted to move on. Carl Maria wept at leaving Augsburg. He had not been very happy there, but he had enjoyed a measure of security. Order, a comfortably filled stomach, the quintets of Haydn, the affectionate "*du kleiner Bruder*" of Edmund—these he was leaving for the old uncertainties. But somewhere the Blue Flower was blooming; why not in Vienna?

CHAPTER III

Lad's Will

*Süss lacht die Liebe den Jüngling an,
Sie streuet Rosen auf seine Bahn;
Sie macht die Wange der Jungfrau glühn
Und flicht ihr Kränze von Immergrün.**

—J. G. RHODE

WHAT SHALL WE SAY OF THE ENIGMATICAL ABBÉ VOGLER? He was a man about whom his contemporaries disagreed with such violence that, more than a hundred years after the event, it is still hazardous to pass judgment. Certain facts emerge as rocks from the shifting past: Bred up by the Jesuits, he had a manner as impressive as a Pope's; in appearance he was swart, short and broad; he loved a glittering medal and entertained a profound admiration for his own silk-stockinged leg. He was a traveler whose journeys covered greater distances than Franz Anton's, extending from Iceland to Armenia, but provided a less continuous performance since the Abbé could, and often did, remain for years in one place; he was a magnificent organist and his own press agent supreme.

When Robert Browning wrote a poem about him, he let Abbé Vogler do all the talking, and this was wisdom. For, in a colloquy between musician and poet, Browning himself would have been silenced. Yet the poem is a misfit, for the Abbé was no sanctified

* "Love's smile on the boy is passing sweet,
Fair are the roses she strews for his feet;
And the cheeks of his girl are of satin sheen
As she twines her garland of evergreen."

—Chorus of Spirits from *Rübezahl*.

aesthete. Dignified yet waggish on occasion, a mystic capable of embittered realism, now debonair, in the next moment gloomily religious—the public might admire or mockingly cry miracle man; but they could not ignore him. He was a past master in that art of which Franz Anton was a pleasing amateur—the pretty art of humbug. It is probable that a basic resemblance between the Abbé and the father for whom Carl Maria had a great affection was the foundation of his attachment to his master. Baron Max von Weber reached a similar conclusion by a different route: he condemned both his grandfather and Abbé Vogler as charlatans, while we maintain that both men had the same sound basic qualities. One cannot lightly disregard the judgments of the great romantics, Meyerbeer and von Weber, nor those of such solid musicians as Franz Danzi, Peter Winter, Bernhard Anselm Weber of Berlin, and Johann Gänsbacher.

In 1781, five years before Weber's birth, Vogler, then a young man of thirty-two, left a favorable position in Munich because of political conditions under Carl Theodore and undertook an extraordinary journey in the course of which he visited France, England, Greece, and North Africa. Emerging in Germany like a gopher from his hole, he announced that he had learned the musical secrets of the peoples among whom he had sojourned and out of these researches had evolved an original System. It was a mysterious affair, this System, with Open Sesames and Abracadabra.

His reputation reached Sweden, and Gustaf III invited him to be Court musician and teacher to the Crown Prince. This was in 1786, the year of Carl Maria's birth. Fourteen years later Vogler returned and, after a concert tour, settled briefly in Prague. There he produced his opera, *Castor and Pollux*; but it was derided, his system considered a joke, and the Abbé condemned as a third-rate magician.

In 1803 he went to Vienna. After giving a concert with admired success, he celebrated his thirtieth year of priesthood, appearing before the altar attended by his deacons while his Mass in D minor thundered through the church. Aristocratic ladies were loud in praise of the man of God, the musician, the composer, above all,

the Great Original. He was the sensation of 1803. He had chosen a favorable moment to appear in Vienna, for Haydn was busy and old, Salieri was ill and his vogue declining, Paër had gone to Dresden, Beethoven was by no means celebrated. Abbé Vogler announced that he was composing an opera, *Samori*, for the new Theater an der Wien. When in company he talked about it incessantly, but permitted no one to hear so much as a bar of the music. The cock crowed loudly and defended his midden. Beethoven, too, had been commissioned to compose an opera, *Leonore*, later called *Fidelio*. He was very quiet about it; but that was because he was Beethoven.

Carl Maria came to Vienna, probably in October 1803, intending to study under Josef Haydn; but it was the Abbé who became his master. Possibly Haydn refused to receive him as a pupil without a fee, but more probably the Webers never approached him. They had a letter of introduction to Count Firmian, the owner of great estates in Bohemia; and on its presentation, Carl Maria became acquainted with a young ex-officer, Johann Gänsbacher, living on familiar terms with the aristocratic Firmian family. Gänsbacher was a big handsome fellow in his twenty-fifth year who later had to fight against tuberculosis. Born in the Tyrol, at eight he had been an Innsbruck choir boy studying organ, piano, and violin. In 1795 he entered the University, where for a year he worked his way by his music and began to compose. In a fervor of Tyrolean patriotism he sold his fiddle to buy military equipment, and within a twelve-month received the Austrian medal for distinguished service. The next four years were divided between campaigning, music, and his studies; for it was the odd custom to permit the students of Innsbruck to leave the regiment for semester examinations, and return to the ranks when they were over. Completing his university course in August, 1801, he came to Vienna and took a post with the great Firmian family. When Gänsbacher had heard Vogler improvise in competition with Beethoven, he devoted himself enthusiastically to the ostentatious Abbé.

Gänsbacher had a soldier's virtues: was a crack shot, admired pretty women, liked good wine. No sooner had he seen the frail

Carl Maria than he took him under his masculine protection. Their friendship was of a romantic nature and lasted until death. Gänsbacher's account of Vogler converted the Webers, and Carl yearned to become the Abbé's pupil. But it was not easy to approach the saturnine Master, who, like an astrologer in his tower, spent his nights in mysterious labors; and the admiring Gänsbacher did not yet know Vogler personally. Perhaps the two lads, pooling their courage, sought him out together; but how the association of the three came about is a matter of no great importance.

Before long Carl Maria was writing to Thaddäus Susan: "I have had the joy of learning to know Abbé Vogler, who is my best friend and with whom I am now studying his magnificent system. Every day I am with him for four or five hours. Imagine my happiness when I was with him in the evening a few days ago (you are to understand that he is writing an opera for the Theater an der Wien of which *not a soul* has seen or heard anything because he composes entirely in the night) and all at once he runs out into the third room, locks the door, closes the shutters, and acts so busily that I haven't an idea what it all means. At last he produces a stack of music, sits down at the piano, and plays to me—after I take an oath of solemn silence—the overture and other pieces from his opera. It is really heavenly music and then—what do you suppose?—he gives me his own score of the overture written in his very own hand in order that little by little I can work out the piano version of the whole opera. Now I sit over it and study and rejoice like the very devil for happiness." Funny, lovable old Abbé Vogler—touching enthusiasm of a young, not too fortunate boy! He had no other means of paying for his lessons than by this instructive hack work on the score of *Samori*. Vogler was so obsessed with his forthcoming opera that in order to be near the stage he occupied rooms in the theater adjacent to those of Beethoven.

Carl Maria remained some eight months in Vienna while Papa Weber was absent on his involved affairs in Augsburg and Salzburg. He continued to correspond assiduously with young Susan, to whom he confided his family cares. He heard that his father was returning to Vienna, and he was worried over the old

gentleman's erratic behavior. He was already skeptical about doctors, and believed his mother's death due to the incompetence of her physician. The tone of his letters was anxious; his father's conduct weighed heavily on his mind.

He had his hours of ease. Gänsbacher had a wide acquaintance among students and army officers, and wherever he went he took young Carl. The fun was innocent enough but rowdyish. These young men were delighted when affronted fathers and mothers gathered their daughters together and frowned at the noisy invaders of decorous beer gardens. Sentimentally—wistfully—Baron Max von Weber wrote: "Through caroling, kissing, drinking Vienna, the friends went drinking, caroling, kissing." He hints at a romance; did his father fall in love with a titled lady many years his senior? Nothing is more likely. The boy was more popular with women than handsome Gänsbacher. He was witty and his smile indescribably charming. His long-chinned, long-nosed "Dinaric" head with great, heavy-lidded eyes was really beautiful. In his hands the guitar made ravishing, irresistible music. He lived in a state of seething excitement; and when he had time to read what others had drawn from the well of life, he drank deep of Schiller.

But he did not lose touch with the practical. In April he sent Susan an account of musical conditions in Vienna with a view to publishing a monograph on the subject. He wrote the piano version for Vogler's *Samori* and composed variations on one of its airs and on a theme from *Castor and Pollux*. With the exception of a few impromptu songs, he composed nothing else in Vienna. To Susan he wrote his explanation for this sterile stretch: "Indeed, it was no trifling matter for a being capable of creation to sit almost nine months in such a fertile spot and—never compose a single note. But it was my firm determination long to listen, to compile, to study, before I allowed myself to write again."

In May 1804, *Samori* was produced after forty-six rehearsals. Public opinion decided that Vogler had scored heavily over Beethoven and his luckless unfinished *Leonore*. It is improbable that the boy met the young Titan, for Vogler was never Beethoven's friend; and Carl hated Salieri, who was attached to Beethoven, on

account of the old feud between Mozart and the Italian. Already Weber considered himself the disciple of Mozart. Probably he did not believe that Salieri had poisoned his cousin Constanze's husband, but he did know that he had embittered his life. He saw the old god Haydn and wrote, "He converses kindly with young musicians"; again, with respectful discrimination, "Vogler's wit, if I may say so, is much more sophisticated than that of the easygoing Haydn."

In the spring of 1804, when he had passed more than six months in Vienna, Director J. G. Rhode from distant Breslau asked the Abbé to recommend an orchestra leader for the theater of that city. Vogler named Gänsbacher and Weber. Gänsbacher refusing to be a candidate, the choice rested on Carl Maria. He lacked some months of eighteen, and was inexperienced in conducting although he had probably led the orchestra for his *Peter Schmoll* and at some of the many rehearsals for *Samori*. But the son of Franz Anton was perfectly familiar with the workings of the theater. His youth was his chief disadvantage; and whether or not Vogler did him a disservice by recommending him must remain a question. The stipend was insignificant, but not too small to attract applicants. Schnabel, the able Breslau violinist, who resigned his position as concert master in wrath at Carl's coming, would have liked the position.

The boy wept at leaving his friends—no matter how temporary the home, he could not leave it without nervous tears; but the salary appealed to him as princely and the power, royal. "Now," he thought, "I can afford to support the father who sacrificed so much to my education." Posting through Salzburg to pick up Franz Anton, he took up his duties in Breslau on July 11.

Those were wartimes, times of poverty and uneasiness. The city filled rapidly with Prussian nobility who moved from country estates into their town houses for the winter. They were of a grosser stamp than the aristocracy of Vienna and spent their time in drinking and gaming. Not many were wealthy, and of these none was distinguished as a patron of music. Max von Weber observes that the nobility did not approve of a boy with "von" in his name lowering himself to the status of musical director—because of such precious

snobbery they would not ask him to their houses. Possibly! The Jews of Breslau were just emerging from medieval restriction and had not yet become connoisseurs and protectors of the arts. The tradesmen cared only for dance tunes and lively table pieces. This left music pretty much to the professional class with little money to back their interest, and the officers of the Garrison, who preferred breaking up a performance to listening to it.

For some years the theater had been controlled by a joint-stock company with a Board of Directors latterly under the management of J. G. Rhode, a journalist and third-rate poet who had in his youth enjoyed the friendship of Lessing. The funds on which it operated were so uncertain that the strength of the orchestra continually varied; if a musician had a better offer he would speedily desert. Musical activity outside the theater was largely in the hands of Joseph Schnabel, the discomfited violinist, an able musician notwithstanding the deafness which had resulted from his falling into the water as a child of eight. At Carl's coming he exchanged the post of concert master at the theater for that of Cathedral music director and strengthened his control over the concerts of the various amateur organizations. Because of his enmity against the newcomer, he never asked Carl to play at any of them. Just after Carl's advent, but without inviting his participation, Schnabel and other colleagues organized a promising society for aesthetic discussion called the "Friends of the Muses."

Carl Maria began well by making a friend of Friedrich Wilhelm Berner, the organist of St. Elizabeth's Church. Berner was an excellent fellow, only twenty-four years old, whose influence, except that he too was not on good terms with Schnabel, was the best possible. But Gänsbacher had shown the boy how to have a good time. Now that he was independent and earning big money—his salary came to about \$450 in our currency—he put his lessons in pleasure into practice with deplorable results. He could have lived on his 600 thalers, as many a brother musician did. Mozart's assured income, until shortly before his death, was but \$240, of which pittance he had to pay two-thirds for house rent. But the Webers were an expensive pair. For years Franz Anton had been living on

nothing a year, and his debts had mounted to an amazing total. He went on prospecting and speculating, sticking his long nose into this venture and that, and costing his young protector as much as an economical wife and a houseful of children. Carl Maria was no better. Poor he had always been, but it was inherent in his nature to consider the luxuries of life as necessities. He spent like an aristocrat and was popular among the dubious belles of Breslau. Carl had numerous little love affairs culminating in one both serious and sordid with the prima donna of the Breslau theater, a competent but affected singer. She had a husband who ill-treated her, and in her turn she ill-treated von Weber, taking from him money and presents beyond his means; an intrigue sounding the leitmotif for the impassioned scenes with Therese Brunetti ten years later.

Leisure hours were spent with Berner and Klingohr, the pianist. The three young men called themselves moderns and experimented in composition. Carl Maria practiced the piano and improved. Improvisation, the antecedent of modern swing, interested him, as it had Franz Anton years ago. It gave the Webers a fine chance to show off.

He learned a prodigious deal in Breslau, in the theater as well as out of it. Certainly he worked as hard as he played, but in his immaturity he offended both the company and the public by his callousness and want of tact. His predecessor, Ebell, publicly criticized his tempi; others said that in conducting the ensemble he neglected the singers. He insisted on numerous rehearsals not only of the entire company but of small groups, a valuable practice, but annoying because it was an innovation and because a mere boy had made it.

But what made him especially unpopular was the change he effected in the seating of the orchestra. By the old arrangement the wind instruments had been placed in the front rank and the strings at the rear. Weber put the first violins, oboes, horns, one cello, and one double bass at the right; the second violins, clarinets, bassoons at the left; beside these, the violas; and behind, the trumpets and kettledrums. The public of Breslau had a partiality for brass; they complained that after Weber reseated the orchestra, they couldn't

hear the music. His arrangement would not please modern audiences—though not for the same reason; but the orchestra was his laboratory and he had to experiment.

Another count against him was the impersonal way in which he tried to clear out old or incompetent musicians and in their stead introduced fresh talent. The townspeople had an affection for the dead wood, and the corporation wondered where the money would come from to pay for the new. Weber said the improved orchestra and repertoire would pay for itself. He professed not to understand the practice of performing two or three third-rate operas in order to make up the deficit occasioned by a good one. His enthusiastic demands became so embarrassing that the directors were presently obliged to veto all suggestions involving additional outlay.

In the two years at Breslau Weber composed little of lasting interest. Professor Rhode gave him the libretto he had written on the popular German folk-legend of *Rübezahl*, but the opera was never finished. The overture, later re-written as "The Ruler of the Spirits," ranks little below its great Weberian successors and remained a favorite with the composer. Appropriately alike for the pupil of Vogler and for the herald of romanticism, he was eagerly experimenting with the music of other nationalities. For the merchant Zahn, an amateur flutist, he wrote a flute concertino, *Romanza Siciliana*, completing it on Christmas Eve, 1805. The simplicity of the Saracenic-Sicilian melodies suggests the nostalgia of the herdsman's pipe. He composed also a "Chinese Overture" on a theme taken from Rousseau's *Musical Dictionary*, and jotted down numerous musical ideas which were elaborated in later years. The operas he produced as conductor were numerous and represented a catholic choice of composers. *Don Giovanni* was his favorite. Although his arrogance toward the disgruntled Schnabel precluded his being asked to appear in the regular concert series, he was entitled to four "Academies," or benefit concerts, in which he performed the Overture to *Samori*, parts of Gluck's *Alceste*, the trio from *Peter Schmoll*, and parts of *Rübezahl*.

One evening early in 1806 Carl spoke to Berner at the theater and asked him to come to his lodgings after the performance and go

over part of the *Rübezahl* music with him. Berner agreed, but was detained for some time after the young conductor had gone home. Arriving late but seeing the light in Carl's window, he ventured to knock and when no one came, to try the door. It was unlocked—the Webers had nothing but their brains worth stealing—and the ill-lighted room into which Berner stepped seemed empty. He smelled a harsh odor, took a step, and stumbled over a body. At first he supposed his friend was dead. At his shout, Franz Anton charged in from the next room in his nightshirt. Doctors were called and restoratives tried. It was evident that the boy had drunk one of those villainous preparations used for etching which his father had negligently poured into a wine bottle. His mouth and throat were horribly burned, and it was a long time before he could tell them what they already guessed—that, feeling thirsty, he had reached for the flask and poured a good draught of acid down his throat without pausing to taste it.

To call this more than a grim accident would be an unnecessary excursion into pessimism. It is unlikely that he would have invited Berner to attend his suicide, nor if he had wanted to die would he have been so spontaneously grateful to the friend who saved his life. He was too clever to have chosen such an excruciating death. But he was ill for two months, and his beautiful singing voice was forever burned away.

When he crawled back to the theater, he had the mortification of finding his reforms in process of abolition. Foreseeing a lowered standard of performance for which the public would hold him alone responsible, he resigned. His first attempt as a conductor must have seemed to all Breslau a fiasco. Years afterward he admitted, "In those days I knew only vaguely what I wanted, and scarcely knew at all what I had to do." Yet even in his disillusionment he did not deny the truth of the bold words he had written to Susan before taking the Breslau post: "Nothing harms me which affords me experience."

When Munich and Freiberg had proved uncomfortable, the Webers had promptly left. It was not so easy to leave Breslau. No situation offered. Months before, Franz Anton had written to

recommend his son for the post of opera director at Mannheim, but his note had not been answered. Now Carl's creditors pounced upon the would-be man of affairs who had lost his situation. Their persistence, which seemed to him nothing less than ferocity, made him afraid to answer the door, afraid to walk the streets. Franz Anton's health was failing. The old man needed delicacies. The Webers, who had never experienced wealth, were now reduced to starvation. Berner surrendered to his friend several pupils whom he could ill afford to lose; and Carl trudged from house to house giving lessons, pulling down his hat, hitching up a shoulder as protection against recognition by a prowling creditor. He detested teaching. Moreover, the times were such that it was impossible to make a decent living by it. These were wartimes when even the gross Breslau nobility pared down their expenditures to what their tastes considered necessities.

Since he could not exist in Breslau, he chose the old Weberian expedient and decided to travel. In noble scorn of the world rather than of himself, he announced that he would be a musical peddler. But stealth was necessary lest his creditors learn his intention; it was to be hoped his father's rambling tongue would not betray him. At the moment of departure he was prevented by an old lady encumbered with bandboxes and trunks. Aunt Adelheid had chosen to stay in Munich, but the French had scared her away from the Southland and now, like a hen, she fluttered to share the family perch. Carl liked his aunt, but he felt she had chosen a poor time to put herself under his protection. Crudely the value of the good old "*Freifrau*" dwindled into another mouth to feed. He could not but be aware that, of the three Webers in Breslau, he was the only adult. The problem of existence had reached the tragic phase beyond his solving. What could he expect from a concert tour in wartime? What would happen if he stayed with the old people?

Rescue appeared opportunely in the form of his pupil, Fräulein von Belonde, maid of honor to Duchess Louise of Württemberg, and, like her mistress, an exceptionally talented pianist.

Three brothers of the royal house of Württemberg influenced

Weber's destiny. One of them, the only one with claims to respectability, he had already seen with his Duchess in the theater at Breslau—Eugene, who had been ruler of little Carlsruhe in Upper Silesia since 1793. Eugene's youth had been spirited; in the old phrase, he had been "a lover of beautiful women" and, less conventionally, a dabbler in the occult, experimenting with Dr. Mesmer. Now, in sober middle life, he devoted himself to music and the plastic arts, endeavoring to make Carlsruhe a second Weimar. The hunting lodge in the depths of the forest, where only a few decades earlier the wolf and bear had been dreaded visitors, had been rebuilt into an ugly but delightful Schloss. Over the theater was inscribed in stone: "For moral satisfaction, Virtue herself chooses the comic garment." His opera troupe and orchestra might be small, but each member was an artist. Haydn and Mozart were the Duke's favorite composers. No one needed to buy a ticket to the public performances in Carlsruhe; it was necessary only to request one from the director. Twice a week the Duke was host to his people; but when he wished to foster some pet charity, audiences gathered from miles around clamoring to pay.

Fräulein von Belonde was convinced that the Duke would help Carl Maria out of his difficulties, especially since the visiting royalties had last season thought well of the young man as conductor. But when the boy wrote to Carlsruhe, it was to ask naïvely not for work but for a title. Determined on wandering, he wished to impress concert audiences with this sprig of laurel in his hair. Whether or not at Franz Anton's suggestion, Carl Maria told the Duke about the proud lineage from which he sprang. Duke Eugene, who belonged to one of the oldest houses of Europe and could afford to consider Bonaparte an upstart, wrote with snobbish good sense that he had no interest whatever in Carl's birth, noble or otherwise; but because of his talent took great pleasure in granting him the title of Music Intendant. In spite of the snub, it was a very nice letter.

Fräulein von Belonde, with whom Carl continued to play piano duets, was a practical girl and knew very well that a title would not

stay the pangs of hunger. She importuned the Duke to do something definite for the boy, who could not possibly make a living by music in such bad times; his plan for a concert tour was fantastic. Duke Eugene wrote again, and in the most charming way invited Carl to visit him at Carlsruhe. Carl accepted, and met with a reception which pleased him mightily. Furthermore, when the host heard about Aunt Adelheid and Papa Weber, he invited the old folk to be his guests. The absence of Carl Maria's name from the payroll shows that he had no official status in Carlsruhe. He was merely a lucky visitor.

Within the precincts of his Schloss the romantic Duke affirmed the past and denied the troubled present. Courtiers with jeweled small-swords escorted languishing beauties with powdered head-dresses leaning like Pisa's tower. There was music; fountains played; and in the formal gardens bloomed the flowers of early autumn. Carlsruhe was a tale from the pages of Tieck or the brothers Grimm. Carl Maria called this period in his life "a golden dream." In such a happy air he composed as easily as a bird sings—and with, it is to be suspected, as scant reflection. Living conditions were quite to his exquisite taste. As the Duke's guest he was assigned to one of the cavaliers' houses on the castle square and there served royally. Breakfast was brought in by a footman. Splendid livery of the ducal house! At noon and night he dined at the Duke's own table with a flunkie standing deferentially behind his chair. He need not worry over Aunt Adelheid or his father, for they had their own little house in the town. The Duke was recalled to his regiment of Hussars in the Prussian Army and went to the wars. At his leisure Carl wrote a symphony featuring the oboe, on which his patron was a performer. Did he hope to send it up with the frothed chocolate on the breakfast tray when the war was happily over? The days glided by and filled him with a deep content. What was the truth which lay beneath the tinsel and the clay of this golden city of romance?

It was too sweet to last; which on the whole was fortunate. If he could have stayed forever, content in Carlsruhe, he must have remained the gifted amateur, the page boy of a petty prince. Of his

six months' stay in Carlsruhe, his host was absent five. In December and January Carl Maria composed his only symphonies. In one Vogler's influence competes with Haydn; the other is distinctly Haydnesque. His concerto written for the hornist Dautrevaux (revised in 1815) is still worthy of performance, as are the variations on "*Vien qu'à Dorina bella.*" But he was beset by obstacles, the more dangerous because he did not recognize them. He wished to please his patrons and his fellow musicians; he was in bonds at once to the romantic Vogler and to the classic Haydn, and also to that imitative quality which haunts the youth of talent. He was obliged to compose for a limited orchestra, and he was further hampered by lack of early education. Above all, his own facility was his enemy, the fatal facility on which reflection trips.

The war came nearer. Jena and the French occupation of Berlin had not directly affected the Duke's household, but the undisciplined troops of General Vandamme soon lay at their very doors. Carlsruhe was not invaded; Eugene fought with the Allies and his brother against them, so his possessions were sacrosanct to both sides. But every day folk fled through the forests to the fairy court; and the tales they told were tales of horror, more sinister than those of Tieck and Grimm.

The Duchess had not dispersed the household when her husband went to his regiment. As is usual in such times, she hoped the war would soon be over, and meanwhile meant life to go on much as usual. But when Prussia failed to make peace and the campaign continued catastrophically through the winter, it was recognized that the orchestra and theater must be dissolved and its members put into whatever business or office was not too wholly at variance with their talents. The Duke's influence placed a few in the orchestras of Dresden, Prague, and Stuttgart; others became law clerks and stewards—there are few conditions so uncongenial as starvation. Carl Maria's case presented a special problem, for he had dependents, nor did he at the moment evince practical talents—probably he did not mention lithography. Eugene heard that his brother, Duke Ludwig, in Württemberg, had lost his private secretary—the man had been drafted for the war. "The very thing for young

Weber," Eugene decided. Perhaps, all things considered, he was right.

On February 23, 1807, Carl Maria left his father and aunt in Carlsruhe; it was July 17 when he arrived in Stuttgart. Bearing in mind the hasty Weber temperament, the delay argues a strong disinclination for a secretarial career. He went first to Breslau for the necessary papers; and there, as an antidote to the decorous life of Carlsruhe, he indulged in a prolonged spree with companions whom he could trust not to betray his presence to his creditors. The town was full of soldiers and refugees, and he was able to stay secluded for ten days. Then he was recognized and had to get out of town in a hurry. Even then he did not go to Stuttgart. Possessed with the idea of a concert tour, he posted from one little town to another, taking in proud cities by the way. In Leipzig he became acquainted with Rochlitz, the critic, who had been kindly disposed to him ever since his first "Six Little Fugues." In Ansbach, which the French had occupied for a year, he managed to give a concert, finding conditions under the foreigner better than in the old German days. In this pacified region, once the circuit of the Weber Dramatic Company, he remained some weeks, playing in Nuremberg, Bayreuth, and Erlangen. At last his reluctant feet brought him to the gray walls of Stuttgart.

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CHAPTER IV

Stranger at the Erl-King's Palace

*Kommt, Brüder, trinket froh mit mir;
Seht, wie die Becher schäumen!
Bei vollen Gläsern wollen wir
Ein Stündchen schön verträumen.
Das Auge flammt, die Wange glüht,
In kühnern Tönen rauscht das Lied:
Schon wirkt der Götterwein!—
Schenkt ein!*

*Doch was auch tief in Herzen wacht,
Das will ich jetzt begrüßen.
Dem Liebchen sei dies Glas gebracht,
Der Einzigen, der Süßen!
Das höchste Glück für Menschenbrust,
Das ist der Liebe Götterlust;
Sie trägt euch himmelan!
Stosst an! **

—THEODOR KÖRNER

HISTORY PRESENTS FEW SUCH THOROUGH-PACED RASCALS AS FREDERICK, first king of Württemberg. As a young man he had served under Frederick the Great, for whom he conceived a burning admiration. In 1780 he married Augusta of Brunswick, sister to the unfortunate Queen Caroline of England. She was only sixteen, a good-natured

* "Come, brothers, drink again with me,
Look how the beakers foam!
With glasses full, we'll dream away
This hour before we roam.

silly girl by whom he had two sons and a daughter. His sister married the Tsarevitch Paul, heir of Catherine the Great; and when the royal Russian toured Europe with his bride, they were joined by Frederick and his young wife, who accompanied them to Catherine's Court and settled there. In the long dispute between Catherine and her son, Frederick sided with the Tsarevitch; and in 1786, the year of Weber's humble birth, found it advisable to surrender his dignities and leave the country. Augusta raised a scandal by refusing to go with him. In the presence of the Court she went on her knees to the Empress, imploring her protection. Catherine agreed good-naturedly, and the women remained on intimate terms until it came to the Empress' knowledge that Augusta had had the temerity to take Baron Rosen for a lover, thus setting herself up as a rival to her royal patroness. There is an unpleasant legend of Augusta's exile to Lohda Fortress and close confinement there until, before the birth of a child, she went into a coma, and was buried alive by Catherine's orders, the executioner being that Baron Rosen whom both women loved. A Protestant minister passing the place of sepulcher heard her muffled anguish and fled to give the alarm, but his protests were disregarded.

Frederick was in no hurry to replace the wife he had left to meet so awful an end; and it was not until 1797, the year of his accession, that he married Charlotte Matilda Augusta, daughter of the English King George III, who brought him a fine dowry and was a better wife than he deserved or wanted. She was childless.

Hunting was a passion with Frederick. As he was too fat to penetrate the coverts, he ordered tracts of farm and forest laid waste and the game beaten into the open for him to slaughter at

How fair the cheeks, how proud the eyes
As in brave songs our hearts arise,
God poured the wine that makes us wise!
So drink it!

Now we'll salute the secret love
Which lies in every breast;
To our unknown sweethearts, brothers, drink,
To the girl that each loves best,
For the greatest joy of the sons of earth
Is to love a woman for all she's worth!
Clink glasses!"

his convenience. If the peasants were awkward enough to come between him and his target, they were likely to stop his bullets.

In public affairs he treated Württemberg like a private estate, rather than a kingdom entrusted to his guidance. During the French invasion of 1800 he fled—with the treasury. When an indemnity of six millions was demanded, he ordered his people to raise the amount, although he had taken their money with him. In early days he vigorously opposed the French; but when their ultimate success seemed probable, he waited, amusing himself meanwhile with fêtes and music. In 1805, satisfied—by an imminent invasion—of Napoleon's greatness, he entertained the Emperor at Ludwigsburg and declared openly in his favor. Napoleon rewarded him by making out of an hereditary duke a petty king.

Frederick had witnessed every degree of despotism in Prussia, Russia, and Napoleonic France. He had the temperament of a tyrant; as king he modeled his behavior on what he had seen upon the savage steppes. He soon rid himself of the Estates and the Constitution. At Stuttgart and at Ludwigsburg, distant an hour's hard riding, he maintained a magnificent Court. The palaces swarmed with beautiful pages and handsome guardsmen in fine uniforms; he was a lover of young men. His favorites were rewarded with titles and positions; stable boys and forest-rangers became generals and noblemen. Most powerful of those distinguished by his affection was Count Dillen, twenty-two years younger than the king, whom he exalted from a horse-boy to the second most important man in Württemberg.

But Frederick was not altogether a Philistine. He was a patron of music, and for Napoleon's visit put on a performance of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* which amazed even that sated palate. There was opera each evening in Ludwigsburg or in Stuttgart according to the royal whim; but it must be admitted that cards and talk went on during the performances. Louis Spohr's successful insistence on quiet when playing before the Court caused universal wonder.

By 1807, when Carl Maria came to Württemberg, the King had become so enormous that a semicircular piece had been sawed from his dining table to accommodate his paunch; otherwise he could

not have reached his plate to feed himself. His card table had undergone similar carpentry. One chin overhung another in a descending series like the roofs of a pagoda. When he was angry—and he was very often angry—he would stamp about gesticulating with arms which dangled like stuffed sausages—it was not possible to bring them near the vast curves of that huge body—and sputter abuse in a squeaky voice, breaking off now and then to call out to his favorite, “Isn’t that so, Dillen? What do you think of that, Dillen?” Disgusting spectacle for the eyes of that elegant young man, Carl Maria von Weber!

Duke Ludwig, Carl’s immediate employer, had been forced by the circumstance of Frederick’s priority of birth to get by subtlety what the King took by violence. Not a better man, he had the merit of being quieter, swimming indeed too deep in debt and intrigue to venture far above the surface. Unlike the King, he was a woman-lover; and a large part of his expenditures had to do with the maintenance of his present mistresses and the pensions of those of whom he had wearied. He had a gracious wife and four charming little daughters, with whom Carl spent his more innocent moments. There was also young Prince Adam, a son by an earlier marriage with the Princess Czartoriska, a wild youngster of fifteen, already rough and drunken but with taste and talent too. He took a fancy to his father’s secretary, and of an evening a tumult was often heard on Weber’s narrow stairs—a troop of servants carrying hampers of supper, wine bottles, and fine wax candles. Prince Adam and his rowdy set swarmed after them; and then would follow supper and continued drinking while they looked to Carl to furnish better entertainment. The acid had ruined his singing voice, but he could use the remnant cleverly, and the room was not large. Better, he would improvise on any theme one chose to set him. The young cavaliers hung about with open mouths to hear him dramatize on the piano or play his guitar with his fine, strange hands, the thumbs of which extended to the last joints of the forefingers.

He was brimful of life. The two royal roués for whom he was the go-between were not much to his taste; but he did his duty as he understood it, was loyal to his patron, and tried to straighten out

his affairs and even to convert him to a less dissolute existence. It is a mistake to think of Weber as living an altogether lawless life in Stuttgart. His biographers have described such a dramatic reformation on his exile from Württemberg as the nineteenth-century revivalists labored for; an abrupt *volte-face* resembling the traditional break in the life of Henry V when the weight of the crown turned a profligate into an English paragon. But a day has many hours; in Stuttgart Weber was both a good young man and a bad one. Court Librarian Lehr gave him the freedom of the royal library and suggested the reading of philosophy. Carl learned with deep surprise that Schelling, Wolff, and Kant were interesting, and began to cultivate the writings of poets and scholars. Kapellmeister Franz Danzi, a merry, round little man and an astute musician, was predisposed toward him because both had been Vogler's pupils, although Danzi was already middle-aged. He became strongly attached to Carl and exercised over him a good influence similar to Berner's in Breslau. Through Danzi, Carl obtained the entrée to theater and opera circles.

The dissipated poet, F. C. Hiemer, consented to write him a libretto for a revised version of *The Dumb Girl of the Forest*, which was now to bear the more euphonious name of *Silvana*. Both young men worked intermittently on the project, in which much of the old music was retained. The role of *Silvana*, who conceals the secret of her birth by affecting to be unable to speak, was to be played in pantomime, with cello or oboe in the orchestra to give musical expression to her feelings.

It was a necessity for the composer to know the stage and operatic personnel at Stuttgart, but he did not make the most appropriate use of his opportunity. He fell in love with a pretty little blonde singer, Margarethe, or Gretchen, Lang. There was no question of marriage—Gretchen would have thought the suggestion ludicrous; but they were together day and night, and his mounting debts were largely due to their association.

Carl dearly loved the form and style of life. He fancied himself a cavalier, bought horses, employed a rascally groom named Huber, and dressed the part of an elegant young man. He forgot himself

amazingly, and had the temerity to step into the royal box at the opera and stand at the barrier looking down at the stage, doubtless at little Gretchen—an incident which the King, who from the first detested him, used as matter for a stinging memorial addressed to Duke Ludwig. The memory of debts in Breslau and Carlsruhe was swallowed up in the larger sums owed in Stuttgart and Ludwigsburg.

Danzi introduced him to a club of roystering blades who called themselves "Faust's Ride to Hell," a name which in English sounds more sophomoric than sinful. The members received characteristic appellations—Danzi was "Lamb's Lettuce" (*Rapunzel*); Carl, "Cabbage Salad," green but with a tough fiber. They sang, drank, declaimed romantic verses. Carl's poor health lent a somber tinge to what was otherwise innocent foolery.

His impertinence to the King seems unbelievable when one considers the relative positions of an absolute monarch and a substitute secretary. He cordially disliked his patron's royal brother. An edict was issued smacking of the Austrian Hat and the Tell legend: if any man walked past the palace with his head covered, the sentry should knock his hat off. When Carl bowed his head in the cruel wind, and clasped his tricorne to his breast, his anger was a hot coal; and the hat which looked humble enough hugged to his thin chest was a brazier to keep his rage from cooling.

Duke Ludwig frequently instructed him to write his royal brother for a "loan." He never read over the letters, and Weber with boyish insolence embellished them with phrases calculated to annoy the King. Often Ludwig dispatched him for a personal interview. The secretary was kept waiting while Frederick stayed closeted with the ex-groom, Count Dillen. The proud boy hated to stand in the antechamber while lackeys lounged against the wall. Once, when the inner door opened abruptly, he had not time to wipe the loathing from his pale face. Frederick's small, venom-bright eyes sparkled with fury, and without waiting to hear the message he thrust his brother's secretary out by the shoulders.

At some such unpromising moment an ancient gentlewoman

fluttered up to the young man, inquiring the whereabouts of the royal washwoman.

"Yonder, madam," he replied courteously—and indicated the entrance to the King's cabinet.

In upon Majesty burst the purblind old lady. Explanation and apology trembled forth: "Your Majesty, a charming, civil young gentleman said I should find the Court laundress here!"

Carl Maria was arrested and imprisoned, for which one can scarcely blame King Frederick, especially as there was no question of gyves and dungeons, and the term of duress was only a day. There was an ancient pianoforte in the room which Weber tuned with a convenient door key and then sat down to compose the music of the lugubrious song, "A constant warfare is our life."

The incident failed to sober him, and on his release he sped to Gretchen Lang. The songs he composed in her honor were less dolorous. In "The Love Lament of Little Fritz" (author unknown) there is an unpleasant touch of infantilism.

If I'd a love all rosy-red
No higher than my shoulder,
How joyfully I'd go to bed,
For in my arms I'd hold her.

If I'd a love all rosy-red
I'd need no lamp to light me,
No ghost could scare me in my bed,
No wicked nightmare fright me.

But I've no love all rosy-red;
To big men, love is kinder,
"Poor little boy," they all have said.
My love, oh, who will find her?

Romantic Germany at its worst! Yet the music to these silly little songs was charming; and occasionally, even in the wild Stuttgart days, he composed something worth his trouble. A polonaise was dedicated to Gretchen; Hiemer's libretto of *Silvana* was taken up now and then over a two-year period; and, continuing to experiment with new forms, he composed a cantata with decla-

mation describing the birth of music. This was *Der erste Ton*, written to a poem by the respected Rochlitz of Leipzig.

In Stuttgart Carl first met Louis Spohr, the violinist and composer. Throughout his life Weber was a firm supporter of this talented man, whose oratorios and operas have passed into limbo, although his violin concertos are still played occasionally. Spohr for his part never changed his early opinion of Carl as an amateur of whom not much more could be expected.

Weber's affairs were already nearing a crisis when Franz Anton, whom he had left to repose in Carlsruhe, suddenly put in his appearance in Stuttgart in dramatic style, his bass viol strapped to the top of the carriage, the interior crowded with his personal effects and two baskets, in each of which yelped a large poodle-spitz. Aunt Adelheid Krebs had died in Silesia and been buried, we hope according to her wish, as the Freifrau von Weber. Loneliness and debt had driven the old man to his son. Carl greeted him with melancholy kindness, but the little chamber in which he had been sufficiently comfortable was crowded and smelly with the insufferable dog baskets hanging from the ceiling. A bass viol occupies a deal of space; and it takes room to keep an ancient parent.

The poor, lovable old man was now past seventy-five. His wits wandered, but the spaces over which they ranged were no less vast. At times he would repeat a question until one wearied of giving the same patient answer; he spoke of those long dead as yet in life. Then a change would come, and he would seem for a little while once more the resourceful man of many schemes. He was hastening toward apoplexy, which, rather than tuberculosis, is the disease of the Weber family.

His old wish to help his son on in life was still paramount. Finding the score of *Der erste Ton*, he dispatched it to Rochlitz, the author of the poem, with one of his familiar boastful letters signed "Major von Weber, Chamberlain," and continued the correspondence with eccentricities even more humiliating to his proud son.

Young Weber left more than music lying about the room. Duke Ludwig had disgorged eight hundred gulden, wishing not to pay his debts but to buy horses in Silesia; and Carl, to whom the business

was entrusted, carelessly put down the money where his father found it. Franz Anton's ruined brain convinced him of his right to use the sum, which he dispatched to Silesia—whither, indeed, the Duke had intended it to go—not, however, to settle for the Duke's horses, but for private Weber debts in Carlsruhe.

The discovery of the loss of a sum amounting to not far from \$300 frightened Carl Maria horribly. He thought he could borrow from Höner, an acquaintance who kept a country inn and might oblige him because so much Weber money had gone into his till. He drove the long miles thither, only to learn that Höner considered loaning money quite a different matter from receiving it. Not a pfennig could he borrow in that quarter.

There was nothing for it but to confess to the Duke and make desperate vows of restitution. But not long afterward Carl's former groom, Huber, now in the royal service, approached him to say that innkeeper Höner had relented and sent a thousand florins. Carl eagerly wrote out a receipt, promising not to forget Huber's reward. He must have known what motive lay behind the innkeeper's sudden complaisance. It was the corrupt custom of that rotten Court to sell posts in the royal household to those who wished to avoid military conscription. The King, who loved the society of handsome youths, angrily observed that there were many men at Court who were not at all handsome and would have been of more service in his regiments. This sale of sinecures involving no responsibility and bringing him no perquisites turned him livid with rage. Duke Ludwig, the King's own brother, made money out of this stealthy trade, and naturally most of Duke Ludwig's shady doings were known to his secretary. The truth is that Höner, the innkeeper, had a son; and the thousand florins had been sent Weber to save him from conscription.

Carl repaid the Duke and, possibly, forgot the incident; but he remained in financial difficulties. It was pressing need which inspired the writing of an article "On the Present State of Art and Literature in Stuttgart," which he sent to the *Journal for the Elegant World*. It was not much better than a catalogue of the notabili-

ties of the period, but its importance lay in the encouragement it gave for more mature productions.

In January 1810, Höner's son was drafted into the army. The innkeeper, taking it much to heart that his bribe had missed fire, brought an action against Weber. The King heard of the affair and decided to prosecute. Meanwhile *Silvana* had gone into rehearsal; and Carl, ignorant of the latest charge and used to dancing on the tight-rope, was hoping that the receipts from the production would relieve his situation.

On February 9 he was at the opera with Danzi when a body of *gendarmes* entered the theater between the acts and arrested him. Again there was no question of dungeons and chains. He was confined in a room at the Roman Emperor, whither his own bed and bedding were brought to him from the palace. Nevertheless he was in a terrible fix, knowing that he had committed all sorts of offenses but not sure which of them had come to light, unable to communicate with any of his friends, and informed that his father, too, was in confinement.

The next day he learned that his patron had dismissed him, and that the first charge against him had to do with a theft of silver which had recently occurred in the ducal household and had led to a search of the servants' quarters. Carl, as a cavalier, had indignantly refused to have his effects gone over; but now that he was in disgrace his room had been searched; and several articles, including silver candelabra, had been found there. It would be absurd to believe that Weber stooped to petty larceny and almost as far-fetched to think the goods "planted." The most reasonable explanation seems to lie in young Prince Adam, who was in the habit of giving liberally in his cups and forgetting his generosity when sober. The charge was peculiarly painful to a proud young man who considered himself a noble cavalier. No one seems to have had much belief in its justice.

Next came the matter of the eight hundred gulden which Duke Ludwig had instructed Weber to send to Silesia. This charge was not pressed, presumably because Ludwig had been repaid, although with Höner's money.

Now came the serious accusation of accepting a bribe in the Höner case; and here the King himself took a hand in questioning. Weber spoke in his own defense; he admitted nothing, protected his ex-patron, who had treated him scurvily, and managed to convince the court of an innocence in which we ourselves find it impossible to believe. The King, seeing that the inquiry was bound to touch his family honor, since it was impossible to keep his brother's peculations out of it, broke off the proceedings and was about to banish Weber when his creditors had him re-arrested on February 18 on charges which had been pending. They treated him very well, entertaining him in the inn; but it cost them more to keep him in prison than they were likely to gain from confiscating his property. In brief, he owed almost a thousand dollars; and his effects, including several musical instruments, were valued at less than three hundred. At his suggestion the debts were consolidated, and he signed an agreement to pay off the entire sum by degrees. The future justified the arrangement, for the young man ultimately discharged his obligations to the last pfennig.

Meanwhile, Franz Anton rose from his ruins like the last flames of a dying volcano. At his court examination he ignored his own peril in a valiant effort to exonerate his son. Whatever was amiss—he was not clear as to what had happened—Carl Maria von Weber was incapable of dishonor. A last despairing cry sounds, Learlike, in our ears: he calls himself “only a poor foolish man whose memory is gone.”

Sentence of banishment was now passed, and the Webers were thrust into a carriage and put over the border by a police commissioner. Between them they had forty florins,* to which the officer in charge charitably added twenty-five.

Gretchen had thrown him over, but he was not without well-wishers. Those who witnessed the Webers' expulsion feared the pale boy and broken old man were destined for the fortress of Hohenasberg and who knew what anguish of imprisonment. But the ignominious road led to freedom, and the young man in the carriage, whose dress was less nice than usual, with a ruffle dis-

* Roughly, \$16.

arranged or a button missing, was determined in future to avoid such discreditable ways. "Henceforth, I can pretty well reckon with myself. I know the path I must tread and am not likely to leave it again. From now on I shall live for my music."

He had never been a villain, nor did he now become a saint; but from this point on a new sobriety and determination kept him to the course which made him a cosmopolitan, a man of letters, and the greatest operatic composer of Europe.

CHAPTER V

A Young Man and His Friends

*Freudvoll
Und leidvoll,
Gedankenvoll sein,
Langen
Und bangen
In schwebender Pein,
Himmelhoch jauchzend,
Zum Tode betrübt,
Glücklich allein
Ist die Seele, die liebt.**

—GOETHE

CARL AND HIS DAZED FATHER FLED TO MANNHEIM. IN THAT CITY the wretched old man had begun a career which promised the continued brightness of the rainbow's arch; even at this nadir of his fortunes, shattered in mind and body, he hoped to find friends who would help him build upon the ruins. He thought it strange to find so many dead; it gratified him to feel his tougher fiber. No one remembered the dashing young officer of the Horse Guards, if indeed he had ever existed; he could not interest anyone in his

* "Joyful
And sorrowful,
Thoughts high, thoughts low,
Trembling
And fearing the heart-crushing blow,
Leaping to heaven,
Prone on the ground,
Welcome gladness or woe
Since in both love is found."

schemes. Carl found him a lodging in the house of Herr Weber, the father of Gottfried, to whom Danzi had given the young man a letter.

Franz Anton lingered in sanctuary two years longer. The exigencies of Carl's life prevented his spending much of this time in his company, but his care and affection hovered about the vexatious old gentleman. Aware of his father's follies, embarrassed by his boasts, harassed by his creditors, his patience was unwearied. He remembered; he saw something in Franz Anton to which others had grown blind except for fleeting glimpses.

Charming, lighthearted, badgered Stéphanie Beauharnais, Josephine's niece, ruled in Mannheim as Grand Duchess of Baden, wife to surly Karl, the regent and heir to the throne. She was not happy, which was small wonder and less concern to Napoleon, who had made the marriage. At Mannheim her stables housed only wretched nags, and her furniture was ugly and cheap. Only her women were pretty, all of them under thirty except Madame von Venningen. Stéphanie did not like this ugly lady in waiting, wife of the Theater Intendant; but she could not get rid of her. Venningen himself was a stiff, tactless fellow who did not endear himself to his correspondents by his habit of scribbling on their letters "*Ad acta ohne Antwort*"—"Not to be answered." Thus he had disposed of Franz Anton five years before when he had written from Breslau suggesting his son, "a pupil of Haydn's," as director of the opera.

Stéphanie went traveling when she could, and when she had to be in Mannheim busied herself with gardening. There were no English goods sold in the shops, and the censorship of Napoleon's administration was at the point of utmost stringency. At such times men's tortured and inquiring minds seek an outlet in the arts, and an increase of interest in music and in literature was to be expected of harassed Mannheim. But it was impossible to write or speak openly of Liberty, loveliest and frailest of the Kantian graces. The contemplation of eternal problems was postponed for a freer age, and romanticism provided the usual escape.

The daughters of music were fallen low in Mannheim since the departure of old Carl Theodore. Peter Ritter, the Kapellmeister,

was a good composer but inactive and a poor disciplinarian. Intendant von Venningen confessed that he possessed only four violinists of merit; but one of these, Frey, was very good indeed. The best music was made not by professionals but by amateurs, with whom they collaborated on easy terms.

The war had done much to meld classes in Mannheim. Aristocrats and merchants had borne the burden of taxation and been forced to open their houses to Napoleon's big-booted soldiery. Freemasonry had done its part in lowering the barriers. In 1803 a club had been founded and named the Casino, with quarters in a large coffee-house, where the members possessed a library and rooms for reading, card-playing, and smoking. Five years later those who desired the occasional admission of ladies seceded from the Casino and instituted a rival organization devoted to "Literature, Music, Female Graciousness, all the Arts, and every means of Sociability." The ducal pair interested themselves in the project; and the new venture, which held meetings in the Hillesheim Palace, was called the Karl-Stephanie Museum. The Museum concerts, directed by the amateur Gottfried Weber, provided Mannheim with the best in instrumental music.

Carl Maria found in this Gottfried, whom chance had given the same name, a versatile man eight years his senior, who had studied law both at Heidelberg and Göttingen. To the end of his life Gottfried Weber pursued a successful career apart from the music which gave point and meaning to his existence. As a boy he had been given piano lessons, with no great success; but when he took up the flute, he was soon able to compete with professionals. His success fired him with ambition to learn all instruments, and he did in fact arrive at a working knowledge of most of them, and a certain virtuosity on organ and cello. Later, he invented an instrument for indicating the tempo—something better than the old chronomatic, something less efficient than the modern metronome; wrote a *Theory of Musical Composition* in three volumes, which was translated into several languages; and founded a musical magazine, *Caecilia*, which he edited for fifteen years.

A few weeks before Weber met him, he had married his second

wife, Augusta von Dusch, who had a splendid, well-modulated voice, bore him ten children, and lived until 1861. She had Italian blood, being the granddaughter of Voltaire's friend, the naturalist Collini. An old portrait of her brother Alexander, who was completing his university course at Heidelberg, reminds the beholder of a somber relic of the *Settecento*. The thick, dark hair above the broad forehead, the large dreamy eyes which might at a word turn passionate, the columnar Roman neck—suggest rather than depict this eminently beautiful youth. Gottfried, whose pictured face expresses shrewdness, humor, high intelligence, is no more handsome than a hazelnut.

Gottfried Weber received Carl with the utmost kindness. His own father was seventy-six, and both old men resided with him and his young wife until the autumn, when Franz Anton removed to a lodging near the Dusch house, where he lived in retirement until his death eighteen months later.

Hardly had the Webers set foot in Mannheim when an opportunity arose for Carl to appear at one of the lengthy and heterogeneous musical evenings known as "Academies," and play one of the extemporized fantasias and variations which seldom failed to delight an audience. Next day he accompanied Gottfried on a visit to near-by Heidelberg to visit Alexander von Dusch. Brentano and von Arnim had left Heidelberg, but the place remained a center of romanticism. Carl had an opportunity to renew his acquaintance with the aged Voss, the poet he had known when a boy in Eutin, now in retirement at Heidelberg, a professor without duties but with a salary from the University.

The students gave Carl a hearty reception and were entranced by his handling of the guitar; but their friendship did him scant service. Indeed, in the course of a later visit their enthusiasm became so unbounded and their potations so deep that a riot broke out between two of the "Korps," or fraternities, and the police came down in a body, with the result that Carl's concert had to be canceled. Von Dusch and his set were orderly enough. They belonged to the "Hannovera," a North German society recently founded, and were less interested in brawling than in music and literature.

Handsome von Dusch took his new friend about the town and showed him off with the pride of a Barnum in a Jenny Lind except that he asked nothing for himself but reflected glory, which was plentiful after Carl had played the variations on "*Vien qu'à Dorina bella*." He introduced him to the talented Hout family of Stift Neuburg—an indescribably lovely place on the Neckar, founded in the twelfth century as a religious house, but now private property—where he was doubly welcome, for Danzi had already provided him with a letter.

Meanwhile Gottfried Weber had made arrangements for Carl to give a full concert at Mannheim, and there on March 9 a young man with an empty purse played his own and other compositions and heard the theater orchestra perform one of the symphonies he had written at Carlsruhe. It was one of those successful affairs which result in no pecuniary advantage; Carl pleased, but when the expenses were settled, he had cleared but thirteen florins. He was determined to go no more in debt, but decided, before adopting a Spartan resolution to starve, to attempt another concert with Gottfried's help.

Starched authority did nothing to smooth the path for the young visitor. On March 19 he wrote to the Intendant: "Your Excellency, I have been requested by many friends of music to give another concert and now venture humbly to ask your permission to do so. I hope for your excellency's favorable decision and await a speedy and favorable reply."

Von Venningen did not write "*Ohne Antwort*," for he was absent. But his assistant's letter was extremely dry: von Weber might give a concert; but it must be that very week, lest it interfere with the Amateurs' Night.

Weber replied on March 23: "I extend to your Excellency my humblest thanks for your gracious permission, but permit me to explain that because of the lack of an orchestra I was not in a condition to give my concert this week. The Amateurs will not in the least suffer from my effort, for these gentlemen have only three more concerts to give, of which one falls on Palm Sunday; the second is slated for Easter Monday; and the third can be given at

any time up to Easter." He "flattered himself" more than once on his accomplishments and put in a good word for *Silvana*. He was also (erroneously) convinced that his Excellency would "put no obstacle in an artist's path."

Von Venningen "regretted" that he had no use for *Silvana*, but conceded the privilege of a concert for March 28. Weber accepted with cold politeness and signed himself "C. M. Freiherr v. Weber." This concert went better than its predecessor and brought in a small sum. To an effete modern appetite the program seems of a deplorable length, for it included most of Carl's compositions, with a Beethoven concerto and the usual improvisations. Unluckily the ducal pair were absent from both concerts.

Spring came along the Rhine, and with it came Alexander von Dusch from Heidelberg and his last term at the University. In spite of poverty, Carl was happy again. He was with friends. They, too, loved this world, but with a noble sincerity very different from the feverish eagerness of Stuttgart. The three composed and listened critically to each other's works; and out of this communion grew the famous "Harmonic Society," although it was not until autumn that the constitution was drawn up. The objects of this very secret society—it was the great age of secret societies—to which Gänsbacher, Meyerbeer, and the obscure Berger were later to belong, was in general to promote the cause of the good and beautiful in art, and with it the welfare of the Brothers. They planned to found a magazine, and in its columns publish impartial criticisms of their own and others' compositions.

Gottfried Weber, as a man already established in life and residence, became secretary, editor, and archivist; but the promoter was Carl Maria, who had a genius for synthesis and was always wanting to organize groups for effective service. As a boy in Vienna he had already written Susan that if he would come there, together they would form an alliance. Much later, in Bohemia, Tomaschek asserts that Weber approached him secretly and suggested a coalition between them through which they could dominate all the musical interests in Prague. Tomaschek adds sourly that Weber talked more like a diplomat than a composer and was too much interested in

stage effects and public approval, which may be true. Nevertheless this insistence on union shows Weber's modernity in a period when most intelligent musicians were pitifully solitary. The magazine of the Harmonic Society was and would remain a dream, but the young men industriously composed articles for the existing periodicals. Meanwhile Weber was composing many of his finest songs for the guitar and storing up other melodies for larger use. Of an evening the three friends wandered singing through the streets of sleepy Mannheim or along the moonlit vale of the Neckar.

These idyllic days ended with the spring. On April 2, Carl produced his Cantata with great effect. That over, he realized that Mannheim could do no more for him. Abbé Vogler was in Darmstadt, and Gänsbacher would be with him. He resolved to join the teacher and the friend whom he had known in Vienna. Gottfried and Alexander went to Darmstadt with him, and there the friends parted in sorrow, although the distance was not too great to permit frequent meetings.

Carl and Gänsbacher found cheap lodging with a widow and went without breakfasts because they were too poor to buy them. The Abbé helped them financially as well as giving them music lessons without charge. He had acquired a profitable pupil in young Jacob Beer, a son of the rich Berlin banker. Later the world would know this youth as Giacomo Meyerbeer, composer of successful operas; but at eighteen he was only a good-natured, generous, hard-working Jewish boy, already a brilliant pianist, who owned a library of expensive scores and was always receiving hampers of food from his mother. He lent the newcomers money and music, and shared his feasts with them, and with Gottfried and Alexander too when they came over from Mannheim. He worked harder than the Abbé's other pupils, sitting all day in a dressing gown because he could not spare time to dress.

The naïve Gänsbacher delighted in his conversation. Meyerbeer, he wrote, was a thorough Berliner. "Through him I got an impression of the frivolous Berlin world of the time. Meyerbeer was a highly cultured fellow; he knew the most celebrated musicians, the prettiest women—in short, everything which pertains to beauty. He

was extraordinarily enthusiastic about composing for the theater, in which he had hopes of a brilliant success. His playing of scores bordered on the marvelous. His industry was untiring. His frankness made me enjoy a chat with him of an evening in the garden."

Perhaps it was loyalty to Mannheim which made Carl detest Darmstadt, but no one took much trouble for the three young men. They were invited nowhere. It became the fashion of the Harmonic Society to grumble about the Lutheran town which formed a prim little world ruled over by Grand Duke Ludwig I, a patron of music, who performed on violin, piano, flute, and horn, besides acting as conductor. Four times a week he directed the rehearsals of the opera. The testing, engaging, and dismissal of performers was entirely his affair. Vogler was in Darmstadt by the Duke's invitation. He had lured him there with the offer of a pension and an apartment in the palace, whither he sent daily two meals from his own table, four wax candles, and plenty of firewood to warm the Abbé's old bones. He honored him with the title of Privy Councilor and the great cross of the Order of Ludwig. Abbé Vogler went majestically down the narrow streets clad in black satin breeches and red silk hose, with gold buckles on his square-toed pumps and the ecclesiastical cape hung over the right shoulder to afford a clear view of the cross on his left.

The brief association of the aging Vogler with these gifted young men was not without importance in the history of music. Whatever the peculiarities of his system, his teaching had a seriousness and a moral emphasis far different from the facile exhibitionism of the period, transcending the technicalities of the art to place it in a philosophical setting. The responsibilities of the artist's calling were stressed to a point which seems even to have included a recommendation of celibacy. More important, Vogler strove, not unsuccessfully, to give his pupils that cosmopolitan view of art, that interest in "nationality" in the music of all peoples, which was so characteristic of the great precursors of German romanticism. The words which, half-unconsciously, contain the essence of Weber's own artistic creed sound much like one of the Abbé's maxims: "Art



GEORG JOSEPH VOGLER IN 1809
From the Painting by Anton Urlaub



JAKOB MEYERBEER

has no Fatherland; and we ought to value whatever is beautiful, no matter what clime or region produced it."

Each morning the Abbé would celebrate Mass and then assign the young men some difficult subject for contrapuntal development, or instruct them to work out a four-part setting of one of Moses Mendelssohn's German psalms. Gänsbacher tells us that they began by taking their exercises to Vogler for correction immediately after lunch; but that the Abbé was so prone to fall asleep at the work, pencil in hand, that they found it necessary to take advantage of the morning hours. Every day some finished composition was thoroughly analyzed; the composers in favor with the Abbé—besides himself—were Bach and Händel. "Like a father," he wrote, "I give them the benefit of my fifty-six years of study, and they often learn from the man of sixty-two what the man of sixty-one did not yet know, for they have the opportunity to make discoveries themselves." Gottfried Weber often accompanied them to the empty churches where the master revealed to them the secrets of improvisation. Vogler would call them his four Evangelists, and punningly remark: "Gottfried *knows* the most, Meyer *does* the most, Carl Maria has the most *ability*, and Johann * *hits the mark* most frequently." The Abbé had his pupils' interests at heart. Knowing that Carl was without a penny, he suggested his giving a concert at Aschaffenburg. He himself wrote to the Prince Primate, Dalberg. Carl followed the letter and was invited to supper at the palace, but netted little more from the effort.

Hearing unexpectedly that Duke Eugene from Karlsruhe was to be in Frankfurt on May 3, he suffered afresh the old mortification of his Stuttgart trial. On an impulse he traveled to Frankfurt with the intention of telling his side of the story to his old patron. Nothing could have been kinder than the Duke's reception of the young man whom one of his brothers had dismissed and the other exiled.

Weber returned immediately to Darmstadt, but the end of May saw him again in Heidelberg and Mannheim, where he assisted Gottfried at a concert, playing two movements of his new Piano Concerto in C and listening to a symphony by Gänsbacher. A critique

* Gänsbacher, the sharpshooter.

which he wrote for the *Musikalische Zeitung* praised his friend's music and said nothing of his own.

Gänsbacher has left us an interesting account of the Heidelberg visit: "We stayed at the Prince Max Commercial Hotel, where the students spent practically the whole day brawling. Through friend Dusch I got acquainted with a number of students, who treated us to coffee and a pipe of tobacco right after lunch. I liked their jolly society—music till nine, then supper and carousing. The students were mostly northerners, but we soon understood one another, sang rousing songs, and had a most jovial time. Many a cheer rang out for Tyrol... We didn't break up till three in the morning. As souvenirs of the evening I sent the fellows, from Mannheim, a piece of Tyrolean money of the year 1809, and a copper engraving of Andreas Hofer.* They were so much interested that they were going to fight for these relics with sabers—which Weber, however, prevented."

An important event was in prospect in Darmstadt—Papa Vogler's sixty-first birthday; and Carl hastened back to help with the celebration. Carl, Gänsbacher, and Meyerbeer decided to produce a cantata. No one would voluntarily write the poem, so lots were drawn; and Carl had to grind out the verses. Gänsbacher composed the two solos, and Meyerbeer a trio and chorus. Jacob's sister Therese was staying in town under the supervision of his tutor, Professor Wolfsohn, and the young men permitted her to take part with some of the townspeople, although Carl complained that she sang out of tune. The girls had woven garlands and decorated the room with special attention to the bust of Abbé Vogler.

But poor Papa Vogler had a private grief and could not enjoy his birthday feast. At a recent rehearsal Duke Ludwig had grown tired of conducting; and unluckily the piece was a psalm set by Vogler—his heart and soul were bent upon hearing it rightly given—and, forgetting the deference due to princes, he had rapped smartly on the piano as a signal for repetition. The Duke had thrown down his music and stalked out in a rage. The wrath of the mighty! Small wonder that the Abbé was low in his mind.

* The Tyrolean patriot.

The birthday fête was blighted by his gloom. He wept, and in his melancholy gratitude brought out his latest masterpiece—a Requiem—and analyzed it for the young folks' delectation.

The Abbé asked Carl to write an introductory article on his revision of twelve chorales of Bach, a duty he undertook with reluctance, writing shrewdly to Gottfried that he expected "to bring a whole pack of hounds on my back." The ensuing storm was of religious as well as musical origin, Berlin Protestants charging that Vogler had mangled the work of their greatest composer. To balance the tactlessness or presumption of the Abbé, which incensed many of his contemporaries, let us remember what Gänsbacher wrote under the immediate influence of his playing: "I heard the organ thunder; truly a god, when alone, he sets the thousand throats sounding. *Unus est Deus, unus est Voglerus.*"

Weber wrote his namesake, Gottfried, on June 23: "I shall write Vogler's biography (let this be between us), that is, if the seat of my pants holds out." This project was not abandoned until 1818. As usual when forecasting a large literary work, he published parts as they occurred to him, and commenced an article, "A Word on Vogler," beginning: "It is a recognized fate of great men to be misjudged during their lives, possibly to die of starvation—and after death to be exalted to the skies by greedy publishers. So will it be with Vogler."

On May 21 he had written to Nägeli, the publisher, evidently apropos of some critique, the memorable letter expressing his less favorable judgment of Vogler's rival, Beethoven: "You appear to see in me an imitator of Beethoven and, flattered as many might be by this, I do not find it at all agreeable. In the first place, I hate everything which bears the stamp of imitation; and in the second, I am too much opposed to Beethoven in my views to believe I ever could agree with him. The passionate and almost unbelievable inventive faculty which inspires him is accompanied by such a chaotic arrangement of his ideas that only his earlier compositions appeal to me; the later ones strike me as a hopeless chaos, an incomprehensible striving for novelty, from which break occasional heavenly flashes of genius which prove how great he could be would he but

bridle his luxuriant fancy. Though I cannot, of course, rejoice in the great genius of Beethoven, I do at least believe that I can defend my music from a logical and technical standpoint and produce by every piece a certain definite effect." Time has confounded his youthful judgment, but the criticism is illuminating: the young romanticist was motivated by classic ideals and took umbrage at Beethoven's departure from established forms.

He continued to be haunted by author's projects: a musical geography teeming with practical information for the benefit of traveling musicians; a novel, "Life of an Artist," of which a few chapters were already completed; a "Reverie" in which he wrote: "My mother died early; my father cherished me but too fondly and thus lost my confidence, for I could not but see how weak he was where I was concerned. . . . Misery is the lot of man; never attaining to perfection, always discontented, at war with himself, he is yearning personified, unstable yet ever advancing, devoid of strength, will, or repose, the impressions on his mind vanishing as soon as made; and even these words from the depths of my heart are proof of what I say." This consciousness of the aloneness of the soul forced him in upon himself and then outward upon the world, and in part accounts for the objective view of character in which he so far surpassed all his operatic predecessors.

But his voluminous correspondence is the most interesting of his writings, particularly those letters addressed to Gänsbacher, which over a long period of years present a picture of the changing man. Once, with a bright prescience of future greatness—it was never really dim—he wrote to Gottfried: "I have been rereading my scribble. A curious idea has just struck me. Suppose it Heaven's will that we should be celebrated men one of these days. What! When we are dead, people may choose to collect our letters, and what an abominable trick it would be if such a wretched letter as this should ever get published!"

Late in June the Abbé invited Carl, on whom he placed considerable dependence, to accompany him on a tour to Frankfurt and Mainz. In Frankfurt Carl saw Gretchen Lang once more and, though he had taken her defection in Stuttgart much to heart, for

a time the old relation was renewed. There he saw also for the first time a young girl named Caroline Brandt, soprano soloist at a concert.

André of Offenbach purchased several of his compositions and, Vogler's tour being concluded, Carl joined his friends at Mannheim, intending, in accordance with the Abbé's advice, to follow Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria to Baden-Baden. Ludwig was a young man of his own age, but one who was destined to outlast his generation. It was he who rebuilt Munich in classic style and filled two galleries with paintings of women ranging from queen to butcher's daughter, alike only in that all were lovely; who created the Glyptothek and the University; whose statue stands at the head of more than one noble stairway; who lost his throne when in his old age he gave his foolish heart to Lola Montez.

The Gottfried Webers and von Dusch made a pleasure excursion of the journey to Baden-Baden, loading a carriage with picnic baskets, guitars, and music. The Crown Prince received Carl graciously, but a concert was impossible, for there was no piano available. Ludwig was a romantic lover of the classic and delighted in the songs of Weber. The two young men born to such different destinies wandered the night long through the happy valley while Carl played his guitar and murmured the words of his melodies.

On August 26 Carl made his third journey of the year to Frankfurt to superintend arrangements for the belated performance of *Silvana*, which was, it may be remembered, a rewritten *Dumb Girl of the Forest* by the poet Hiemer of Stuttgart, who had since then sent Carl the text of a new comic opera, *Abu Hassan*, based on a story from the Arabian Nights. The part of Mechtilde in *Silvana* had been written for Gretchen Lang, who sang the role in Frankfurt; but Caroline Brandt played the difficult role of *Silvana*, the Dumb Girl. She was sixteen years old, but had been on the stage since the age of eight. Not only was she extraordinarily experienced for so young a girl, but she had the further advantage of having been trained by the celebrated Madame Renner. She was extremely pretty, a good dancer, and intelligent.

A charming story has long passed current of Weber's distress on

hearing that the famous Madame Blanchard was to make a balloon ascension which would conflict with *Silvana's* production. He is said to have gone to her lodgings to beg her to postpone her performance and to have found only a baby and a nurse, who offered to call her mistress, but used the opportunity to go off on her own affairs. Meanwhile the child cried; and Carl, to still the noise, composed his charming "Cradle Song." Unluckily the story has no foundation—Madame Blanchard was childless. She did, however, make a balloon ascension and thus overshadowed the effect of *Silvana*, hardly a counter-attraction even with Vogler in the audience. The very singers were agog to be gone, and three arias were omitted. At the close the composer was called out, but he refused to appear. Little Lina Brandt ran up to him and, maternally taking his hand, tried to lead him to the stage. Still he refused, and she went on without him. The proceeds of the opera went toward the Stuttgart debts.

Silvana could be rated a success. The worst fault of the opera was one common at that time to almost every dramatic production: it had been written for specified singers and was intended to show off the good points of these artists. It is difficult to bring the universal into the scope of the particular, and there is something pitiful and cramping in a constant catering to the whims and peculiarities of the individual. To the time of his death Weber was forced to insert arias and alter his conceptions to meet the exigencies of his material. Mozart was similarly constrained and rose more easily above it, but that was less difficult with operas cast in classic mold. Wagner surmounted all difficulties.

Weber returned to Darmstadt and lived with Vogler, who had bought himself a new house. Gänsbacher had gone off to Prague as Count Firmian's factor, and Weber missed him and complained bitterly of the "leathern, Lutheran town." For the fifth time he went to Frankfurt hoping to give a concert, but he had chosen a most inopportune moment. Napoleon, dissatisfied with the results of the blockade, had ordered the destruction of all English goods in the city. Weber entered in the wake of French soldiery and witnessed

with disgust the crashing of shop windows, bonfires of valuables in the streets, and the sullen anger of the citizens.

In spite of this almost incessant traveling, he was composing constantly. After completing the Piano Concerto in C he had set to work to grind out "Six Progressive Sonatas for Piano and Violin" commissioned by André, who now declined them saying they were too good, probably meaning quite the opposite. In August he had written the "Chorus of Creditors" for *Abu Hassan*, and during the first weeks in November he completed the little opera except for the finale. But he was unhappy in Darmstadt; and Gottfried Weber, who would have liked him in Mannheim, both for personal reasons and for the sake of the Harmonic Society, arranged a concert at the palace of Grand Duchess Stéphanie, who had not yet heard him. She was enchanted with his performance and begged him to play and sing to the guitar as he had done for her "Cousin" Ludwig of Bavaria. She herself sang to his music and laughed and cried, poor ill-used girl, for pleasure. But when it came to a question of retaining him at Mannheim, there was no money; and she neither could nor would lose Peter Ritter in order to make room for him.

New Year's Day, 1811, found Weber penniless and without definite prospects; but the year had been well spent. He had produced an opera, given many concerts, composed *Abu Hassan* and numerous lesser pieces. His reputation was considerable, and he had a circle of staunch friends. The Harmonic Society promised well, and he was becoming known as a writer. Yet once more it seemed necessary to him to become what he called a strolling "art peddler" and go forth to seek his fortune.

CHAPTER VI

Further Search for the Blue Flower

*Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wann im der Tanne Wipfel
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:*

*So zieh ich meine Strasse
Dahin mit tragem Fuss
Durch helles, frohes Leben
Einsam und ohne Gruss.*

*Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,
War ich so elend nicht.**

—WILHELM MÜLLER

IMPECUNIOUS CARL MARIA HAD COUNTED ON GIVING A FINAL CONCERT in Mannheim; but when Director Ritter, who feared for his position, raised objections—not wishing, as his biographer puts it, “to saw off the branch on which he was sitting”—Weber asserted his rights in the *Musikalische Zeitung* in an article which he intended thriftily to utilize later in his Musical Geography.

“The observations and remarks of the greatest artists, together with my personal experiences, determine me to express publicly the wish that we could have some reliable, plain information on the

* “As yonder gloomy thunder-cloud
Glides o’er the tranquil sky,

principal German cities, which would give the visiting artist a correct idea of the musical conditions of the place and thus indicate to him the best way to plan his course. Preferably such notes should be written by the artists themselves. By their considerable experience of the public, they acquire a certain facility in going directly to the heart of matters and discovering the artistic taste of the public. The artist is always being written about; why should he not do his share of writing? It is always what the public thinks of *him*; why not also what he thinks of the public? Incontestably, something interesting would evolve, and not of interest only to artists. In order to make his contribution valid he must write under his own name, and this should check impertinence and partiality. In the course of life there are a thousand vexations arising from trifles which often have an important influence on the entire career; many an excellent talent is spoiled in its budding; and for this offense there is no tribunal to which one could drag the culprit. Thus it seems necessary to bring these obstacles, by which no path in life is more beset than the artist's, before the judgment seat of publicity. While I venture by my poor example to lead the way, I hope that others more worthy will follow and thus the public be made to take a more lively interest."

The preamble is all for art; but the rest of the article is pretty much for Carl Maria.

"I begin with Mannheim as the place which, famed for its early musical glory, now rests upon its laurels; on the whole, however, maintaining that high respect for art which impresses every stranger so favorably." Compliments addressed to the members of the orchestra follow; and a sting for his enemy: it is regrettable that Ritter

As in the summit of the pines
A breeze moans, sighing by:

Thus do my heavy feet
Support my weary way.
All others live in sun,
My stony path is gray.

Alack! that the heaven is quiet
And woe! that the world is so fair,
For if storms were around me raging,
I'd not be alone in despair."

lacks enthusiasm and is not forceful enough to control the factions of Mannheim. "The orchestra performs all one can ask of a good ensemble, and I am glad to take this opportunity of publicly expressing my gratitude for the precision with which they have presented several of my compositions. Doubly great was my amazement when friends persuaded me to give a second concert, and after these gentlemen had first fully agreed, to receive from them later a written explanation that on account of an old regulation they could not accompany an outsider during the season of winter concerts. This reason, peculiar as it was, satisfied me; and after I notified the public, I forgot the affair. Then in a few days Herr Kreutzer and Herr Leppich arrived; and the orchestra, notwithstanding the written explanation I had been given, played with them and later with still other artists. These occurrences made it impossible for me to conceal my well-founded amazement. I refrain from commenting on how and why such things should be, especially as I have never had trouble with any member of the orchestra; but I consider it my duty to make known this arbitrary proceeding, which trifles alike with written explanations and with men, for the judgment of the larger public and as a warning to other artists."

He made a round of farewell visits—he wept; they all wept. A good month before he really took himself off he had sat in von Dusch's room with his guitar, and from the depths of their concerted and delicious grief had composed the "Artist's Farewell."

Out of spirits, he repaired to Darmstadt to write the overture for *Abu Hassan*, the gay little one-act opera, based on the rascalities of an impecunious couple of Bagdad, which he had composed to Hiemer's libretto in the preceding November. Vogler advised him to dedicate the work to his own patron, the Grand Duke; and Carl did so despite his cynical doubts of assistance from that quarter. He wrote Gottfried on January 15: "Yesterday I dressed the rascal up in tidy red morocco, dedicated him to the Grand Duke, and sent him over. Nobody knows what the Duke will say to it, but I wish he would say, *Musje, je tien bocup de cel!*" * Scornful of the bad French of German princes, bitter at the meager

* "Sir, I think a great deal of this."

rewards of talent, he added that he had an offer from Karlsruhe (in Baden) of one hundred florins for his two operas: that such a sum was "trash" and he could not accept it. He was sitting all day writing, anxious to finish things up so that he could begin something new on his approaching travels. Thus he brooded, half in melancholy, half in wrath, over the Far Forest and the Blue Flower.

Yet Vogler's advice about the Grand Duke proved serviceable. The great man was pleased. He said that von Weber should give a concert at the Schloss, and sent him an earnest of forty gold pieces besides buying a hundred and twenty tickets for the use of the Court. Weber wrote for the occasion a duet for two altos, with clarinet *obbligato* for the virtuoso Heinrich Bärmann, who happened to be in Darmstadt. It was the kind of music he affected to dislike although he wrote it so well; he told Gottfried the style was "so damnably Italianate that one would think it was by Farinelli." * The evening was such a success that he cleared the "unheard-of" sum of 200 gulden (\$60). As yet he had made little progress in paying off the 2600 gulden he owed in Stuttgart.

As he was preparing for the concert, he was overjoyed to see his faithful Gottfried and von Dusch, from whom he had taken so many fond farewells in Mannheim. His friends remained for four days enjoying the romantic life, with Meyerbeer completing the quartet. Then they separated; and Carl Maria, left alone in Darmstadt, inquired forlornly of his diary: "Will I ever again find such good men and loyal friends?" Sixteen years later, a little before his death, he wrote a great NO under the question.

There had been the wisp of a hope that in the Duke's state of grace he might offer Carl Maria a position at Court; but nothing came of it. The Duke liked to conduct too well himself to face the prospect of dividing honors with a young man of unquenchable enthusiasm. Carl Maria's next literary achievement was on the subject of Darmstadt. The Duke had earned a gratitude which must find vent in compliment, but candor was not lacking: "In spite of much encouragement from the Ruler, it is impossible to find in

* Giuseppe Farinelli (1769-1836), the composer of 58 operas.

Darmstadt that genuine feeling for music which shows itself best in little domestic circles, where the need and impulse for Art bring people together to play quartets, etc. Here they regard music as a kind of loyal service to be performed because it pleases the Duke. One rehearsal is no sooner over than the instrument is put away until the next."

Like his father before him, he went nowhere without introductory letters from whatever influential people he could persuade to recommend him. Armed with encomiums, he left Darmstadt on February 14, ambitiously intending concerts in Munich, Prague, Dresden, Berlin, Copenhagen, and St. Petersburg. On the twenty-seventh he wrote Gänsbacher from Würzburg that he had been flying about the town paying visits in order to enlist support, but had not much hope of giving a concert, for the Italian concert-master of the Grand Duke was an intriguer and ill disposed to assist him.* "God knows how things will be," he adds in reference to his tour. "I must call all my good sense to my aid lest I neglect something or get unduly vexed, for it's a wretched business running around among strangers, strumming to them to show what one can do; while among thirty there is hardly one who takes an interest and will exert himself."

Ernest Newman has well said, "Short as his life was, Weber seems to sum up in himself an older and a newer German world." In 1811 conditions for the musician were still pretty much what they had been in Mozart's time. The young man's pride was injured by treatment better fit for a vagrant; but the time came when he could make his own terms; when landladies cheerfully cleared out their best rooms for his coming and flatterers interrupted his meals in hope of an introduction; when an admirer stood in a thunderstorm outside the house in Dresden, yearning for a glimpse of his bright idol. Not the smallest service von Weber rendered to his art was his aristocratic attitude. He demanded respect, and in the end he got it. His successors profited by the position he attained.

* Weber was continually fighting against real or fancied opposition from Italian musicians.

From Würzburg he went on to Bamberg, the town where he had narrowly escaped a stepmother. There he sat in the Rose Inn of an evening drinking wine with E. T. A. Hoffman, who, after a wild and varied past, was temporarily music director and scene painter of the Bamberg theater. The horrible faces Hoffman made at Weber and the bizarre tales he told interested the young man extremely; but he was not intimate either then or later with this German romanticist, lawyer, and musician. His pleased, good-humored attention saw him objectively as a queer fellow, not one to keep for a friend.

In Augsburg Gombart ordered from him six songs for the guitar and three sonatas, and bought an Italian *canzonetta* composed en route. He saw his relatives, the Weyrauchs; but he had no other luck there and could not give a concert. He described his attitude in a letter to Gottfried: "I keep myself always ready, and the minute I see there is nothing to be done, the devil himself can't keep me; for a delay at an inn costs too much of my lovely money." He lamented the tiresome business to which he must attend, but, in referring to the Brotherhood, ended optimistically: "Your industry pleases me uncommonly, and it is certain that if the rest of them work as hard as we do, we shall soon reach the heights."

In mid-March he arrived in Munich with the hope that one or the other of his operas might be produced by the first-rate orchestra led by Peter Winter. Crown Prince Ludwig of Bavaria had begun the work of rebuilding Munich. The handsome and impressionable young man was eager to reshape his stolid, beer-drinking city into an aesthetic form. One of the agents in this design was Wiebeking, at the head of public works, then engaged in building a bridge over the Isar. Weber had a letter to him, and was presently a friend, engaged to give music lessons to his daughter Fanny. Before long the young fellow was using his second-story lodging in the Neuhauserstrasse only for sleep and for composition. The rest of the time he was either roaming or at Wiebeking's.

Munich boasted two principal music societies. One went by the familiar name of the Harmony; the other was the equally ordinary

Museum. The Harmony gave fashionable garden concerts attended by distinguished visitors, aristocrats, and fashionables. At the Museum the atmosphere was less dilettantish; more difficult music was performed.

Peter Winter, composer of the enormously popular opera *The Interrupted Sacrifice*, was Kapellmeister. He was a huge fellow; but under a truculent manner he had the heart of a mouse. He had a passion for dolls and spent all his spare time dressing the tiny figures belonging to a Christmas crèche; but his housekeeper was opposed to this innocent pastime and scolded unmercifully when she found the giant at play. "Get to the piano and finish that aria!" she would cry menacingly. Like Peter Ritter, of Mannheim, the old man had studied with Vogler, but did not feel disposed to help Carl Maria. It may have been envy; or it may have been inertia, for he had reached the time of life when one does not like to be hustled about by a tireless, restless, harassing spirit. Carl wrote Gottfried: "It's funny how I get on with Winter. When I went to see him, he took me for an amateur and was amazingly civil and friendly. This condition lasted a day or so, until he heard how matters actually were; and then he would no longer so much as look at me. He was so rude that, to put me at my ease, some musicians standing around plainly called him a brute. But how it does lower a man who has no need to behave so and could rest content on his ancient laurels!"

He was making a friend for life of Bärmann, the clarinetist, who frequented the house of Wiebeking. This young man, two years Weber's senior, had learned music with his brother, the bassoon player, in the military orphanage at Potsdam. As a member of a regimental band he had been made prisoner at Jena, had escaped, and had been brought to Munich under Crown Prince Ludwig's protection. He was a big, jovial fellow with a great musical talent. Weber gave himself to a study of his friend's instrument, for which he, like Mozart before him, had a predilection, and composed for his Court concert the Concertino in E \flat , which retains a faded popularity.

In his peddler's pack there was a letter to the all-important

minister, Count Montgelas, who received him courteously and had, before the week ended, secured him an interview with the Queen. She in turn was gracious and promised that he should give a concert and that she would attend it—if she could. Weber, who “dearly loved a lord,” was delighted with her but was less pleased when he realized that Court etiquette would slow his progress in Munich. To Gottfried he wrote: “My chief aim must be to play at Court, and my connections there promise a good result; but unluckily the affair drags and I lose so much time with the devilish lot of visits I have to pay that I’m behind in my correspondence and have to steal this morning in order to chat with you. On the 19th I was lucky enough to be introduced to the Queen, who received me very graciously but up to now has not decreed whether and when I am to play for her. Although I have the King’s permission for a concert in town, I can make no arrangements; I cannot even play out in company until the Queen has heard me. This consumes first, time; and second, money; neither of which do I like to give away, nor have any to spare.” He had been to the opera and heard Vogler’s “Chorus of Furies” tacked on the end of *Don Giovanni*. The women sang out of tune and Donna Anna had missed an entrance. But the orchestral! It “lifts one heavenward like the waves of the sea!”

Our presentable young man was welcome at the house of the Russian ambassador, Prince Bariatinsky, where he viewed with relish the glitter of the old regime. Beauties, professional and otherwise, thronged salons lighted by a thousand wax tapers; the aristocracy of Munich and visiting celebrities from every part of Europe frequented the splendid mansion. There he met Schelling, the philosopher. Of a rather cynical turn of mind in those days, he was not disposed to hero worship; but he revered Schelling as he did Schiller; these were Supermen. Accident and his era led him to Schelling, whose romanticized teachings exerted a strong influence upon him. Would a different philosophy have shaped a classicist instead of a romantic composer?

By April 5 he was able to give his concert in the Court theater. After all, he had not been long delayed, for it was scarcely three

weeks since he had come to Munich. The Court took fifty tickets, and the house was sold out. He played a symphony composed at Carlsruhe and new to Munich. He had counted on *Der erste Ton* of Stuttgart days to produce a great effect; but the mediocre performance of the declaimer spoiled the whole piece. Max Heigl, a talented actor as well as author, had promised to recite Rochlitz' lines; but he was taken ill and the substitute made a poor business of the part.*

Director Fränzel conducted the lengthy concert and also played a violin concerto. Madame Lang (no relation to Gretchen) sang an aria from *Päer*, and Bärmann brought down the house with the new clarinet concertino in E \flat . This last delighted the King heartily, and he ordered two more of the same with no more reflection than a dandy saying to his tailor, "Two cravats, please; one plain and one dotted." It was the most lucrative concert in Weber's experience, netting him 448 gulden. He was now considered a first-rate pianist, second possibly to Meyerbeer and Hummel, and a little later to Moscheles, who, like Meyerbeer, was as yet only a very young man.

He went to work on the King's commission, and by May 17 had one clarinet concerto (in F minor) completed. Meanwhile, on request of the flutist, Johann Nepomuk Capeller, he published an article on the improved instrument the latter had devised. Three-fourths of the manuscript is in the flutist's handwriting; and Georg Kaiser, the editor of Weber's literary works, assigns the bulk of the authorship to him. Probably Weber signed it in order to give his friend the benefit of his growing reputation.

On an excursion to Nymphenburg, whither he had gone in company with young men and women friends, he met the Kaufmanns, father and son, who constituted a Dresden firm for the manufacture of the Harmonichord and other mechanical instruments.† The King had commissioned a concert; hence the Kaufmanns' presence in

* Heigl died shortly afterwards, and Weber felt much abused because a Requiem by Winter was chosen in preference to the beautiful chorus and baritone solo which he had written especially for the funeral.

† By 1863 they had turned out some three thousand musical oddities, many of which must still be in existence in a more or less dilapidated condition.

Munich. Weber was delighted with the Harmonichord, whose tones were similar to those of a barrel organ. At Munich he wrote for it an Adagio and Rondo with orchestral accompaniment, successfully blending its unearthly tones with those of other instruments. It was performed by the Kaufmanns as a demonstration piece for the next thirty years.

He continued to compose. On June 27 he wrote his friend Simrock, another publisher: "Among other things I am now working on Schiller's 'Ode to Joy,' in the grand style with orchestra and chorus. Would you like to publish it in score? I consider it the only poem of Schiller which is suitable for this kind of treatment." It was lost or never finished, but it is interesting to see him attracted by the same text which Beethoven later treated. Fränzel, the conductor, asked for songs with guitar accompaniment to be used in Kotzebue's *Poor Minnesinger*, and Weber promptly obliged with three which were much applauded.

He began to write frequent criticisms of the operatic performances at Munich; nor was he, in spite of the charges he made against himself, delinquent in correspondence. On April 30 he wrote Gottfried:

"I did not direct my own concert, as it was safe to depend on Fränzel. Besides, it's not the custom here for a stranger to conduct. But I can tell you, it was rapture to see with what energy and attention the orchestra was inspired. . . . Since I composed the Concertino for Bärmann, the whole orchestra is devilish insistent on having concertos from me. . . . I have orders for 2 Clarinet Concertos (of which one in F minor is almost finished), two arias, a Cello Concerto for Legrand, a Bassoon Concerto. You see I'm not doing badly, and it's highly probable I shall spend the summer here where I am earning so much that besides my keep I have something left over. When I'm ready to go, I can give another concert, which will certainly net me 400 florins.

"Besides, the orchestra and the rest of the folk would like to see me appointed Kapellmeister. You know how I feel about that. Yet I do think that these grounds, along with the conviction that

summer is no time for making money, are important enough to tie me up here for five months. . . .

"The Bear [Meyerbeer] has not written me a word. You are right to give him a dusting. I myself have whispered a gentle word or two in that direction."

Abu Hassan was to be produced in Württemberg, but because of his exile his name had been suppressed. Indignantly he wrote, "Isn't that pitiful? And how stupid; for the newspapers will all be proclaiming that it's my work—However, as God wills"; and he added a more candid but inelegant expression, "I am now in Winter's good graces. This *may* be sincere on his part and it may *not*; but in short, he is devilish friendly to me. I do not fail to sprinkle incense in his path and perhaps that appeases him. But I have heard some of his old Masses, which I must confess are excellent."

Winter told him early in May that he was willing to produce *Abu Hassan*. There were four rehearsals, culminating in the performance on June 4. The house was full. The overture had been applauded; the duet "Lovely Woman, Glorious Wine" was in progress when there was heard the cry of "Fire!" The curtain fell and the theater emptied. The alarm was false, but it was some time before the performance could be resumed. Then all went well. Five numbers were encored, and Weber could call his little opera a success and tell himself confidentially that his mission was *not* to become Europe's finest pianist. He wished to continue composition and wrote Gänsbacher: "I am waiting in anguish for a good libretto. I don't feel right when I have not an opera in hand."

As a loyal member of the Harmonic Society he had the privilege of furthering Meyerbeer by reviewing his cantata, *God and Nature*, recently performed in Berlin. He had not heard the music, but he knew the score; and his correspondence with Meyerbeer had no doubt familiarized him sufficiently with the details of the performance.

Danzi, of Stuttgart, came to Munich and introduced Weber to the composer Baron von Poissl, who had been his pupil; and for some weeks the three spent much time together, shooting, bowling,

boating with pretty girls on the Stahrenberger See, and frequenting the theater. Weber revived the game of competitive composition. In one contest Fanny Wiebeking assigned a *canzonetta a tre* and gave Weber the text, "*Son troppo innocente nell' arte d'amar.*" All set to work, and Danzi won by two measures.

He had much to content him in Munich, especially since his health was good; but he was unhappy and filled his letters with murmuring. Possibly his conscience troubled him because he was not behaving well with two girls at the theater, one of whom was married. Between them they deprived him of all peace, and he wrote irritably among the columns of figures in his account book, "All women are good for nothing." More likely conscience had no part in his misery, for standards were lax in wartime, Munich morals not strait-laced, and Weber himself fastidious rather than strict. Perhaps it was *Sehnsucht*, that tormenter of young romantics. He did not know what he wanted, this insatiable Weber. In the midst of his delight he wrote Gottfried: "I am so far content as a man must be when the knife is not just at his throat. But happy—or fortunate—I am not. I have found *no soul* to which I can knit my own with true warmth and friendship. Here I've spent no *evening* like those we had together. I've not sung a single song to my guitar because I was never happy enough to persuade myself into doing so. Although they show an interest here in theaters and concerts, there's very little thought taken for domestic music, so to speak. The people of Munich don't play quartets. Now that Danzi is here, day before yesterday we made regular music for the first time. I played my quartet, accompanied by Fränzel and Legrand."

In July an important matter was introduced by Gottfried, the suggestion of a permanent appointment as Kapellmeister at the resort of Wiesbaden. Weber had determined on a visit to Switzerland, where he wanted to see the scenery, study the musical ideas of the Pestalozzian school, and make the acquaintance of Nägeli, the publisher and musicologist. He was by no means ready to settle down. He wrote Gottfried on July 8: "Last evening I received your letter of the second of this month. It has plunged me into astonishment and indecision. On the one hand, my love for a

broader culture and a desire to see the world; on the other, a handsome salary which, with what I earn by composing, would not only put me in a position to make my old father comfortable but would allow me *quickly* to pay my ancient debts like a man of honor—these are grounds which certainly incline me to accept the post. But I must know more precisely how the matter stands. It all seems like a dream to me. Now just as soon as possible send me an answer to these questions and an *official* offer. . . . Will a theater be built in Wiesbaden? Do they think they need me? Exactly what will I have to do? The wider the sphere of activity, the better. In whose service would I be? The Court of Baden? Can or must I come *immediately*? They must in any case grant me an annual two months' leave. I should prefer to be called at least Kapellmeister to the Grand Duke," etc. Ten days later he wrote: "... As usual I believe nothing, I hope nothing, I fear nothing." Yet the impetuous fire of questions indicates considerable eagerness. Wiesbaden's baths made it a summer resort; he would probably be able to take winter leave, which would be an advantage if he cared to make concert tours.

On July 19, two days after completing the brilliant second clarinet concerto, in E \flat , he wrote to the Intendant at Wiesbaden asking for further details and proposing a salary of 1600 gulden.* Meanwhile he planned to go on with his trip to Switzerland. He did not evince disappointment when, on August 3, he heard that the salary was only 1000 gulden, but recommended for the post his brother Fritz (who had once told Carl he *never* would become a musician), and wrote philosophically to Gänsbacher: "At 1600 gulden I should have felt it my duty to accept; but as it is I can earn 1000 gulden and reputation and honor to boot."

A performance of one of the clarinet concertos at Nymphenburg impelled Their Majesties to treat him with royal generosity. With a light heart, Carl Maria packed up and left Munich for Switzerland on August 9, 1811, after a stay of nearly five months.

* Less than \$500.

CHAPTER VII

Pilgrim and Stranger

*Die Welle rauschte wie vor Zeiten,
Am Waldweg sprang wie sonst das Reh,
Von fern erklang ein Abendläuten,
Die Berge glänzten aus dem See.**

—HERMANN LINGG

SINCE THE PRECEDING YEAR FREDERICK OF WÜRTTEMBERG HAD been lord over the territory of Ravensburg, which Carl chose to cross on his way to Switzerland. It was little like von Weber to trust to his obscurity—he thought too well of himself; but it was in the Weber temperament to take risks: the adroitness which had often availed him with his creditors should carry him over the border of the Fat King's territories, from which he had been exiled. And, indeed, his passport had been inspected and he was mounting the stagecoach with a certain agility when Chief Inspector Romig, formerly of Stuttgart, thrust up a saturnine face and, while he glared back, Medusa-struck, ordered him down and into confinement. Ravensburg had no prison and only one inn, the Lamb, where Weber sat under guard of a *gendarme*, who watched him without speculation over mouthfuls of bread and gulps of the landlord's beer. The sobered prisoner was informed that a courier had been dispatched to the King to ask his pleasure concerning the culprit who had ventured on forbidden ground. His ardent imagination

* "As in old days the waves were rolling,
Wild deer still crossed the dim wood-way,
The bells at even-tide were tolling,
On the lake's breast the mirrored mountains lay."

saw himself confined in the fortress of Hohenasberg and there forgotten . . . in chains . . . dying . . .

Such horrible fancies were too much for his delicate body, and he fell ill. A touch of malaria was on him, and he lay, burning and shivering, feeling himself alone and friendless in the spider's web. The postmaster * pitied him and summoned the doctor. Further, he hunted up two officers in the garrison, young men Weber had known in the wild Stuttgart days, who came to the inn and played billiards while he lay watching them with opaque, feverish eyes. They wished to take his mind off his troubles, but that was hardly possible. Then, after three days vacant of hope, came the verdicts, two of them: poor Postmaster Paur must pay for his kindness by surrendering his office; Weber was to be hustled over the border. Sick as he was, the King's orders were immediate; and he was as eager to leave as royalty to be rid of him. A *gendarme* accompanied him to Mörsburg, whence he was dispatched by boat to Constance, the very place he would have chosen; for Castle Wolfsberg and his friend Baron Hoggner were two hours distant on the shore. He lay in the boat and basked. Had he ever been happy before? Delicious contrast between the lucent present and the three black days!

As usual, he minimized the affair in subsequent letters, suppressing the anguish of which he was immediately ashamed. He wrote Gottfried that he was Baron Hoggner's guest and had a superb view from his writing table, gave him news of his latest concert and of the failure of the Wiesbaden offer, before he so much as mentioned his arrest. After a bald account of events, he added with humility: "Our Lord God showed me by this affair that I must not become too self-confident because for a long time everything has gone well with me."

Weber stayed only a few days at Baron Hoggner's, leaving behind him a charming bread-and-butter letter in the form of a *canzonetta*. Then he sailed down the Rhine to see the falls of Schaffhausen and to visit the great music festival. The father frequently puzzled his biographer; it troubled Max that a German composer

*The official in charge of post horses who was bound to furnish them on a traveler's demand.

should visit the Rhine in order to compose Italian *canzonette*; von Weber ought to have been writing German love *Lieder* or patriotic songs. Throughout the Swiss journey one hears conscientious Max apologizing because his father's scenic descriptions are bald and dry; because he says "tired as a dog" when decency suggests poetic words on a glacier.

The truth seems this: although Weber's musical creativity was stimulated by travel, the rhythm of movement was almost as responsible as the scenery, the profusion of which often caused him acute discomfort.* He was fond and proud of his "surprise-view" at Hosterwitz; but that belonged to him, was his discovery and his creation. That was not nature on the loose. Like Proust, he enjoyed the idea of a tree better than the leafy pyramid which might prove inimical, even to giving him a dose of hay fever. The grandest spectacles seldom equal the imagination of a romantic; and reality is as often uncomfortable as bracing. A fog envelops the mountain height preventing the view; or one did not reckon on the chill of the boat ride and has unfortunately left the lined cloak at the inn; there is a crowd and the lame leg gets a poke. "Tired as a dog!" Yes, he was too often tired. He dreaded to see the falls of Schaffhausen lest they disappoint him; but when he looked, he could approve politely, although it is a question whether Turner's painting would not have pleased him better. Perhaps he remembered a cataract on the back-drop of a theater and a little lame boy staring.

He put up at the Crown in the village of Schaffhausen. He had much business in hand. Nägeli, the publisher, had come from Zurich to the music festival, and Weber wanted to see him on behalf of the Harmonic Society. The young men were eager to get hold of a publisher for their proposed journal. Nägeli was worth knowing even if Weber had had no ax to grind, because he was a sound musician who had just published an excellent manual on the methods of vocal teaching. Nägeli, on his part, had heard *Silvana* in Frankfurt and thought well of Weber, but said frankly that there

* Cf. the interesting passage in Weber's novel: "How the funeral marches, rondos, furiosos, and pastorales whirl and somersault together, when Nature is thus unrolled past my eyes!"

was no money in music publications and that he could not possibly oblige the Brotherhood.

Schaffhausen was crowded with visitors from every corner of Switzerland who had come to the festival—two hundred and fifty performers and fifteen hundred who were there to listen. The townspeople had opened their homes. The concerts were given in an eleventh-century church of great beauty. Carl was impressed by the quality of the performance as well as by the democratic spirit which prevailed. Music here was not that hothouse growth which he had complained of in Darmstadt and Munich. There were all sorts of good times: convivial meetings, fireworks, a ball, folk-singing. Weber went to everything, being given, to his high contentment, an honorary membership. To his great pleasure Meyerbeer was there, too, on his way to Italy with his parents. The old Beers were the nicest sort of people. They were not troubled with the "Little Bear's" temperament, and their affection for their son's friend never deviated. No one could be more hospitable; and Mamma Beer was called the Queen by the young folk who gathered at her Berlin house.

Carl had not time to write Gottfried until he reached Zurich. "It is hardly fair to write me such a scrap when you know with what longing I look forward to a letter from you." He told Gottfried that at Schaffhausen he had heard Beethoven's First Symphony performed in church, "very well for such a huge orchestra gathered from every part of Switzerland, which had had only one rehearsal." There were over sixteen hundred present. "The second day the concert was too long. It lasted five hours." Who would disagree? He explained that he had no part in the festival, but had met old friends and made new ones.

He left Schaffhausen with the Beers, liking the parents extremely but annoyed with young Jacob. At Winterthür he planned a concert, but the orchestra consisted of amateurs who could not play his Concerto, so he spent Meyerbeer's birthday rewriting the music in quartet form. Then there was a more serious hindrance—he could not get hold of a piano. At last someone's sister lent him a relic. "I gave a wretched concert," he wrote; "much applause, little

money"—an all too frequent combination which never pleased him. He went crossly on to Zurich where he saw more of Nägeli, who repeated with greater emphasis that there was no money in undertaking the musical journal which the Harmonic Society wished him to publish.

At this point Weber, who at twenty-four was still uncertain whether to be a pianist, a composer, or a literary man, prepared to spread himself a little thinner by writing another book. Gottfried was the first to hear of it. From Bern Weber wrote impetuously: "September 2d I got a curious idea and began immediately to carry it out—namely, I mean to remedy the eternal agony of trying to arrange a concert without knowing to whom to apply, what local artists should be asked to participate, what kind of music to play, etc., by means of a little book on 'What the Travelling Musician Should Know.' It will incidentally form a contribution to the history of the present state of music in Germany. The complete plan is already written out and will be sent to the Brothers with a circular letter asking them for contributions."

On September 22 the outline went to Gänsbacher: "Please answer fully concerning Prague, and it would be a great help if you knew someone in Vienna who could take care of it there. But in any case you won't fail me for Prague, will you, dear Brother? I have already got a publisher, the well-known Orelli and Fuessli in Zurich.

"I. *Preparations for the Concert.* Permission. Customary and other halls. Nature of announcement. Subscription or not, nature of same. Newspaper advertisements, posters, etc.

"II. *The Concert Itself.* Conductor. Composition of orchestra. What kind of music is most popular...."

And so on; a vigorous little plan, showing a realistic grasp of the conditions obtaining in German towns. The young man's pen spluttered as he wrote in haste to every quarter to ask for accurate information. But his Harmonic Brothers shared his enthusiasm only partially, and the project lapsed. The historian may regret, but surely it was time for Weber to be about his business, which was not Baedeker's.

After giving a concert at Zurich, he borrowed a knapsack and with a musical acquaintance set out on a climbing expedition to try whether his lame leg would carry him. It was a grueling four days' trip, but did him no harm. Better than scenery was a happy evening spent in music in the "family circle" he was always to extol, the little gathering of congenial friends. "It does me good to meet once more with good, honest, straightforward folk who have such a warm interest in music. Slept magnificently."

It was mid-September when he wrote from Bern to Gottfried that, just when he was simply desperate for news, he had received four letters in one mail, from Danzi, Bärmann, his father, and his friend. "That was a jubilee. Home I ran like a crazy fellow, took off my coat, stretched myself on the sofa, and joyfully imbibed the contents. Don't smile at such details; you would be just the same if you were alone among mortals, as I am, and had been as long without news of your loved ones."

He indulges in a little scolding about Meyerbeer's behavior at Schaffhausen. "First I saw him at a concert, where naturally one can't do much talking. Then he said he had to go to bed at nine o'clock because the gates would be closed and he lodged outside the gates! Next morning he had an appointment with me for six o'clock. I waited around like an idiot—and at ten there arrives a note saying he will be along at eleven. Again nothing happens. So the first time I see him is at the concert again, and you can imagine how mad I was. Then he had to go with his parents to see the falls.... His parents are very nice people. The mother I like especially."

He comments on Nägeli's singing school in Zurich: "It is certainly a remarkable institution. The people sing, indeed, but how? Like the folk in all Lutheran churches. And I could not make up my mind about the compositions. To me they seemed vulgar and commonplace. Perhaps I don't understand it and that is Folksong!"

He wrote Franz Anton a filial letter not commending him for certain schemes of financial improvement. The tour, he said, had been an absolute failure financially, but he was well himself—and that was something. Franz Anton must have been fulminating against Ritter of Darmstadt, for Carl Maria says, "I have long

known Mr. Ritter was the only obstacle to my getting the position. But no more of that. He is a man of talent and need not be jealous. I forgive him with all my heart."

He left Bern for a second mountain-climbing tour, going on foot through the Oberland. The notes he took of his pilgrimage are as dry as Sunday's bread. He had supper with the three daughters of a Lutheran pastor; he bought little souvenir boxes for Bärmann and Wiebeking; the milk he drank in a goatherd's hut was so rich it made him sick at his stomach. The glaciers were admittedly stupendous, but it was the strangeness of sitting down on a glacier to eat cherries which provided the truly voluptuous thrill.

Everywhere he went he met old friends or made new ones. When he returned to Bern, he visited the Bavarian minister, D'Ollory, who had an estate at Jegisdorf. He was not so delightful a guest as sometimes, for he shut himself up in his room to scribble verse and compose music. Next he spent ten days in Basel, where he met numerous important people and gave a successful concert. He had been troubled at the news of Grand Duchess Stéphanie's arrival in the neighborhood, for he was afraid that the people who ought to be listening to his music would be racing and chasing after a glimpse of royalty. In spite of his premonitions he had a good audience, and the committee in charge paid all the expenses as "a token of their respect and esteem for Weber."

He had begun his Swiss tour at Baron Hoggner's Schloss Wolfsberg, and there it ended in mid-October. The three months had enriched him. He was the better physically—the goat's milk seldom disagreed and the lame leg carried him bravely. He had broadened his acquaintance and seen himself as a personage—a valuable vision for a man destined for greatness. He had decided adversely on the subject of Pestalozzi's song methods. The scenery, concerning which he was inarticulate at the time, would later do its work.

He went on to Munich, and wished himself back on a cool glacier; for the love affairs he had left to straighten themselves out were more entangled than ever. Once more he longed for escape. But he could scarcely lament over his unfavorable Star, for Clarinet-

tist Bärmann offered to tour North Germany with him, than which nothing could have pleased him better.

Before leaving Munich he felt it necessary to complete the commissions of the King and Queen, less from a sense of duty than from an unwillingness to ask for one of those indispensable letters of recommendation before he had finished his work. When he took the Queen his songs, he apologized for them as trifles, perhaps a little ashamed of the unconscientious haste with which he had composed them. She made a gracious answer: "Hush! Hush! Nothing is little, nothing big! Anything *you* do can be nothing but lovely!"

On November 11, assisted by Munich's best musicians, he gave one of the most successful concerts of his early career. The royal couple were present, and the young artist improvised on a theme given him by the Queen from Méhul's *Joseph*: "I was a youth in years." He wrote Gottfried that he was delighted with the way the orchestra had played his revised overture, "Ruler of the Spirits," adding that it was the best thing he had written.

But Gottfried was annoyed with him, charging that he neglected the affairs of the Brotherhood while fostering his own. Carl Maria replied in detail: he had interviewed Winter on the subject of Gottfried's Masses and had done his best with Fränzel. Gottfried was still huffy. It is impossible to judge the dispute. The proportion of zeal Carl put into Brotherhood affairs compared with his interest in his own career can scarcely be gauged. If he did more for himself, it was not only natural but the better for the world. Gottfried was even more vexed with the Little Bear, who troubled himself not at all over the Harmonic Society after leaving Darmstadt. The association might have been more successful had the members remained at easy distances from each other, but in those days of difficult communication it was not practicable. Its failure is scarcely regrettable; a society of boosters may be a benefit to individual members, but can accomplish little in the broader sense.

On the first of December Bärmann and Weber left Munich for Prague. One of Carl Maria's ambitions was realized: they traveled not in the common stagecoach, but in a compact, comfortable carriage bought out of joint resources. They went a great pace, travel-

ing day and night, and arrived in Prague on the fourth, Carl much the worse for wear but Bärmann fat and flourishing. Gänsbacher, resident tutor in the household of his patron, Count Firmian, met them with the greatest cordiality. He had planned their concert and had a tremendous list of notables engaged as sponsors.

Here in Prague Weber met an aristocracy very different from any he had previously known. German princes of his acquaintance usually patronized the arts as liberally as they could afford. They were dutiful music lovers, but were on the whole an unenlightened crowd. When they sang, their intonation was poor and their taste lay rather in their mouths than in their ears. But in Bohemia the nobility had been trained in music from childhood, and to be a patron of an artist was considered *noblesse oblige*. Nowhere was better chamber music heard than in these households. Servants were seldom employed until the master had made sure of a singing voice or a needed instrumentalist, and a count did not feel it *infra dig* to play second fiddle to his valet. For many years schoolmasters had been called cantors, a title indicative of the place which singing held in the curriculum. It was near Prague that Mozart, a quarter of a century before, had written his *Don Giovanni*; there that his genius had first been acknowledged. Even in wartime the state of music was far higher than in Germany. Two years before Weber's visit, eight of the greatest nobles had founded the Society for the Improvement of Music in Bohemia. All of them showed courtesy to the visiting artists, Weber and Bärmann.

Liebach, the director of the theater, was a tremendous fellow with a cunning, malicious face which belied his simple, kindly nature. He suffered from kidney stone, frequent attacks of which confined him to his bed so that his chamber was the scene of his levees. Thither he summoned every member of his company, gave orders, and inquired minutely into personal affairs. When Weber met him he was having a bout of his complaint, but was no less cheerful and friendly. "So you're that splendid chap, the Weber who plays the piano like a streak of lightning? You want to sell me your operas? Gänsbacher says they're good. One fills an evening and the

other doesn't. I'll give you fifteen hundred gulden for the two. Shake hands on it!" A fine way to do business!

The concert came off in a blizzard, but storms were no deterrent to the Prague public. The program would have sounded long to our effete generation and included Weber's *pièce de résistance*, *Der erste Ton*, declaimed this time by a woman, to the delight of the audience, although the composer privately thought her voice a poor addition to his music.

With plenty of money the two friends hustled out of Prague and on to Dresden and bad luck, for the all-important Court was not in residence. Next they stormed Leipzig, where Carl improved his acquaintance with the revered Rochlitz, with whom he and his father had maintained a spasmodic correspondence since he was a boy of twelve with "Six Little Fugues" just published. Handsome Bärmann was good-tempered and lazy; he left business to nervous, energetic Carl. Here Weber met the famous brothers Seconda, the impresarios of Leipzig and Dresden. But Leipzig seemed a pale place to one whom Prague had petted, and Carl wrote crabbedly: "You can imagine what a contrast our stay in leathern Leipzig is to dear, hospitable, cordial Prague." He considered the balls a bore, the girls ugly, and the students uncouth. The comfortable circumstances of the majestic Rochlitz turned his malleable mind again to literature. What about that novel—the tale of a traveling musician, full of humor and pathos, romantic in treatment but realistic in detail? There was money in literature, and fame, too, although, to be sure, one had to work, for there were thousands upon thousands of scribblers in Germany. Max wrote of the project with filial piety as though a *Wilhelm Meisters Wanderjahre* must have declined before it; but the samples we have read constrain us to small regret that we might read so little.

An invitation from the Duke of Saxe-Gotha interrupted authorship; and on January 17, 1812, Bärmann and Carl Maria drove from Leipzig to little Gotha. Duke Emil Leopold August (grandfather of the staid Prince Albert, Victoria's consort) was either insane or the embodiment of the *n*th degree of early German romanticism—which, indeed, amounts to much the same thing. Certainly he ex-

emplified the school both in aversion to effort and in a behavior which followed the impulses of his subconscious without curb. He was a big man with a tremendous aristocrat's nose; but there was something womanish in his face and manner, and he liked to dress himself up in women's clothes. He was greatly given to masquerading and particularly fancied himself in a Roman toga. By having his hair dyed a different color daily, he avoided the monotony of Nature's leisurely changes. He was not without sense, for he managed to hedge and trim so that his little state remained peaceful in the midst of war; Napoleon either satirically or in genuine admiration called him one of the cleverest princes in Germany. He built schools and was a patron of the arts. A poetic miscellany had appeared from his pen under a pseudonym. He was actively and disastrously interested in music, and loved to sit down by the piano close to the unlucky performer and work out a setting for his own verses.

"Play me a theme," he once ordered an unlucky guest.

The musician obeyed. "Now, is that major or minor?"

"Major, your highly well-born."

"A thought too cheerful. Try the same theme in minor." But the minor was too dolorous. "Well, try half-major," said the good Duke briskly. The upshot of such scenes would be that the musician, asking leave to harmonize the ducal composition, would work out in solitude something passable which could be performed at a Court concert as the Duke's own work. Doubtless he thought it was.

Spohr, the Lutheran, was at Gotha directing the Court chamber music. He had recently escaped from the charms of the Catholic Rosa Alberghi, who had tried to convert him. Failing, she had gone into a convent; and he was now married to eighteen-year-old Dorette, daughter of Madame Scheidler, the principal singer of Gotha. The young wife was a fine harpist. Formerly she had studied the violin, but the prim Spohr had dissuaded her from the use of an instrument which he considered highly unbecoming a woman.

Bärmann and Weber found in the Duke's stead a tardy letter telling them to make themselves at home; that he had gone on business to Erfurt; would they please come next fall for a nice long visit?

Touchy Weber was offended, but presently the Duke put in an appearance and was so extremely cordial that he regretted his resentment. The circular insanity of the host exhausted the nervous guest, until Spohr remarked sardonically, "If I wanted to be as clever with the Duke as you are, I shouldn't have the strength to hold my fiddle-bow very long!"

The travelers went over to Weimar to visit the Grand Duchess, sister of the Russian Tsar Alexander, and a pleasant, unassuming person. One evening, as they were playing in her drawing room the clarinet variations composed for the Prague concert on a theme from *Silvana*, Goethe came in, seated himself, and talked in his majestic way above the music. The moment it ceased, the poet rose to leave. The embarrassed Grand Duchess, who was afraid of Goethe but did not like to have her protégés insulted, begged leave to introduce her guests. He was very curt with them, asked after Rochlitz, and went pompously away.

Weber complained of his cool reception to Schelling, who had furnished him with a letter of recommendation, and noted laconically in his diary: "January 29. Early to the Princess. Goethe there and spoke. I did not like him." Goethe for his part appears to have been impressed with the "fine talent" of these "clever musicians"; but he never became one of Weber's partisans.

Fortunately there were other poets in Weimar of whom Weber could carry away a pleasanter impression. Wieland, whose best-known poem, *Oberon*, formed the basis for Weber's last opera, was then in his eightieth year. His view of life had changed many a time since he began his studies at the age of three; but whatever he was and whatever he did, he remained the cleverest imitator Germany has ever produced. He was a man of vast information and of a Gallic way of thought which had made him the "poet of good society," but in his later years rendered his writings suspect to the middle class. He wished, poor man, that those who condemned him "could see him in his quiet, domestic home; they would then judge otherwise of him." He liked and admired Weber. When on a second visit to Weimar in the autumn Weber played for him one of those crescendos for whose execution the pianist was

already celebrated, the listening old man rose gradually from his chair as if lifted by an invisible magnet, until at the grand *fortissimo* he stood upright, in tears.

Another celebrity whom Weber met in Weimar was the actor and author, Pius Alexander Wolff, an ugly enough fellow to look at, with a narrow head and long, ungainly arms. The school of Goethe had molded him on classic lines, and Weber did not admire the coldness of his stage effects. But Wolff, who in acting seemed a type rather than an individual, was at heart a romantic lusting after the color and sound of Spain. His was the little drama *Preciosa* for which Weber wrote music in 1822.

From Weimar's Court, where by special dispensation they were enabled to give a formal concert, Bärmann and Weber posted back to Dresden. The Saxon royal family was now in residence, but the visit was a failure. The musicians made personal calls on over forty Dresdeners, almost none of whom responded. Bärmann and Weber were ignored with complete apathy. But they had their consolations, among them the museums and the voice of Sassaroli in the Catholic Church. The local Harmonic Society, an imitation of the famous Singakademie in Berlin, welcomed the sojourners; and Carl presently wrote a eulogistic article about it for the *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*.^{*} The original draft, though not the published article, contains indignant words which foreshadow the long battle of his life in Dresden: "The chief obstacles to its [i.e., the Society's] rapid success were the remarkable sharpness of social distinctions here, and above all the predilection for everything foreign and especially Italian. . . . The majority of the Dresden public think it impossible that a German can sing, much less give instruction in singing."

In Dresden, Weber inspected the workshop of his Munich acquaintance, Friedrich Kaufmann, who had invented a mechanical trumpet which would play two notes at once "so clear and equal in volume that one would swear he heard two trumpets." The mechanism was enclosed in "a trumpeter in antique Spanish garb, in whose head is a clock with which one can fix the hour at which he shall blow." Not long afterwards, this Frankenstein dealt its

^{*} "Journal for the Elegant World."

creator a vicious, unpredictable blow with its trumpet which stretched him senseless and deprived him of an eye. Thereafter Weber spoke of the Spanish trumpeter in muted tones, trying to persuade his listeners, and himself too, of its occult powers and sinister designs.

When the public concert came off, it was in almost every sense a failure. The critics condemned Weber as an imitator of Spohr, and said that his instrumentation was interesting but often unsound. On February 18 the friends played at Court before the King, the Queen, and Princess Auguste. Each was rewarded by one snuff box and three royal smiles. They left Dresden directly and arrived in Berlin on February 20.

Madame de Staël said of the Germans, "Many men of genius have been born in the South, but they have been formed in the North." Weber was not a native of southern Germany, but most of his life had been spent in that less stringent, easy-going atmosphere. Protestant Berlin was staid and serious. The wide streets and low-built houses, the very flatness of the town, where the water stood in stagnant pools because there was no inclination of the soil, opposed frivolity and ephemeral pleasure. If the great thinkers attracted by the tolerance of the Prussian capital had not passed on their philosophy to the common people, their very presence had diffused a certain sobriety of mind. The few months Carl spent in Berlin provided him with an excellent dose of reality.

The more one contemplates Weber's extraordinary character, the more one questions his destiny. Was he a romanticist because of his convictions, or because he was dragged about by an unpredictable father, had no proper education, and was nurtured on his mother's stories of the Catholic Church? The poet he read most was Schiller, and the only philosopher he knew well was Schelling; and, to distort Scripture: As a man readeth, so is he. The German romanticist proscribed labor, but there never was a man who worked harder than Weber. The German romanticist was an introvert with a subjective mind; but Weber liked society and saw his creations with an objective eye. He was not only composer; he was his own audience. As director at Prague he once wrote: "When I look about

me to see for whom I have created and fought, struggled and corrected, I always find myself reduced to *myself* as performer and public in a single person."

The good Beers took Carl into their house in Charlottenburg, where they lived in less state but more luxury than the Grand Duke; and they loved him as a son. But other aspects of his life in Berlin were less fortunate. Righini, the old man who had signed as witness to the wedding of Franz Anton and Genofeva so many years before, and Bernhard Anselm Weber, who cordially returned Carl Maria's dislike, were the two Kapellmeisters. They went over *Silvana* and decided that the opera was unripe for performance and would be the better for reworking. Perhaps they were right; but Weber would not take their word, because he disliked the Italian and believed that Bernhard Anselm Weber was predisposed against him on account of one of his critiques. He was the more convinced of jealousy when Iffland, the director of the National Theater, was pointedly rude to him but polite to Bärmann. When he tried Zelter, director of the Singakademie, the rough ex-mason, who had built twenty houses in Berlin and lost a finger before going into music, treated him like a green boy who could get a deal of good from joining his *Liedertafel*—monthly suppers where men sang around the table under his direction. All these were men of weight in the Berlin world; but Weber refused to be coerced or dismayed, because he detected in each a reason for hostility. Besides, he was not without friends. Frederick William III and his brother Prince Henry received him with cordiality, and the King attended the concert he gave with Bärmann on March 15. Other influential friends came to his support; he prepared a most flattering review of Bernhard Anselm Weber's latest composition, inserting a good word for Iffland; and at last *Silvana* was given another rehearsal.

But Bärmann returned to Munich, and without him Weber was quite sure he did not like Berlin. "People here are cold," he wrote Gänsbacher, "full mouths and no hearts, real reviewer-souls, criticizing everything." He heard from Gottfried that the unquiet old man, his father, had succumbed to apoplexy. "God grant him on the other side the peace he knew not here," he wrote in his private

notes. "It will always grieve me that I could give him no more happy days. God bless him for the great love with which he loved me and which I did not deserve, and for the education he procured me. *Requiescat in pace.*"

At the new trial of *Silvana* in May, Weber's sharpest critic was one of his own friends, the learned von Driberg, a forerunner of surrealists, who had just produced an opera in which the scene was a madhouse and the actors, its inmates. Driberg said without mincing that Weber had exerted himself too much for effect, that the voices were sacrificed to the instruments—that the composer was a perfect stepmother to the singers; worse, that the different numbers were all tarred with the same monotonous brush. Possibly Driberg had read the very similar strictures on his own *Don Tacagno* which Weber had just sent to the *Musikalische Zeitung*.

Alone and ungenial, Weber sat down to write—not to complain to some loyal friend that Driberg, Zelter, Righini, B. A. Weber were all against him; but for himself alone, for his soul's diagnosis. "I find much truth in his remarks. My *Abu Hassan* is far clearer and more genuine, and my next opera shall be very simple and unpretentious. Many pieces, like the first arias of Rudolph and of Mechtilde, have forfeited their musical coherence through much correction and have a motley air. Certainly the instrumentation is heavier than I would make it now, but it is no more loaded than Mozart's. The last observation [that the opera is monotonous] made me very unhappy because I cannot judge of its truth or falsity. If I am not capable of varied ideas, I don't possess genius. Is it possible that all my life I have spent every effort and all my work and my passion on an art to which God did not really call me? This uncertainty makes me very wretched. Not for the world would I join the middle class of a thousand other little composers. If I cannot rise through my own merit, I would rather die, or go about getting my bread as a beggarly music teacher. But I will not shame my motto—*Perseverance wins the goal!* I will keep a strict watch over myself, and time shall tell me and the world whether I've made honest use of the counsels of my friends."

He rewrote the offending arias, and after the performance decided

with pure objectivity that the opera was improved: "This is my first real grip on the true aria form," he wrote. "The old ones were too long, and lost their coherence when cut. I observe also that I must watch my mannerisms. In my melodic forms free movement is too often restrained. Also, in respect to time and rhythm I must in future seek diversity. On the other hand, I found the instrumentation good and the effect entirely different from in Frankfurt. The voices came out beautifully. Even my enemies acknowledge my genius and so, realizing my mistakes but not losing my self-confidence, cheerfully but with caution I will go forward along the path of my Art!" He had fixed an eye on reality. Drieberg had not convinced him of anything but of the necessity of self-judgment.

B. A. Weber and Iffland were compelled by the Court party and the influence of Prince Radzivill to produce *Silvana*; but they did so grudgingly and parsimoniously, as if they wished to kill the opera by starving it. Righini, a tired old man, left the opposition and went to Bologna to die. Rumor had it that Carl might be asked to succeed him; and the threat stiffened the enmity of Zelter and B. A. Weber. Lichtenstein, the zoologist, Weber's great friend, affirmed that the dispute never passed the bounds of politeness; but if B. A. Weber really called Carl a Swabian puppy,* one might ask those boundaries redefined. Carl Maria claimed the right to conduct *Silvana*; B. A. denied it, but at the last contemptuously yielded. An interval of six weeks stretched between the first and second rehearsals; a gap which indicates the degree of zeal in the management. At long last, on July 10, Weber conducted his opera. Applause broke out repeatedly. "Bravo, Weber!" greeted the end of each act. At the conclusion the young composer exclaimed with ferocious piety, "God be praised, who hath given the victory to the Good Cause despite all intrigues!"

He had been living in Berlin almost five months; time enough for a man of his habits to make many friends. From the first he had been acquainted with a cordial, reputable circle of people interested in music either professionally or as amateurs. Of these one was F. W. Gubitz, the romantic poet and professor of wood-

* "*Naseweise Schwabenjunge.*"

engraving at the Academy of Art; others were Lichtenstein, the zoologist and University professor; Dr. Flemming, the gifted physician who composed the music for "*Integer Vitae*"; and his fiancée, Friedrike Koch, the leading amateur singer of Berlin. There were also the Misses Sebald, with one of whom, Beethoven's admired Amalie, Weber formed a lasting friendship.

It became the custom for these young people to have frequent musical evenings lasting until midnight, after which the men would see the girls home and then roam the streets, serenading their late comrades and finally repairing to the house of one or another to spend the rest of the night in music and discussion. The members of the little club called themselves *Webergesellen*.* When he left Berlin at the end of August, they gave him a surprise party. He was moody all evening, and wept, as always, over the parting. In such company he improvised most charmingly; but once at Prince Radzivil's the gift deserted him, and he played so poorly that the fashionables drifted out of the room to better entertainment. Indignant at himself and at their indifference, Weber put his hat upon his head and stalked gloomily from the house.

In Berlin he wrote the first of the patriotic songs which stirred the hearts of young Germany. The rousing choruses of Zelter's *Liedertafel*, the rhythm of the parading troops, a contagious feeling of nationalism fired his genius with a new enthusiasm; and he turned from "rogue" and love songs to sing the love of country. In his last week at Berlin we catch a glimpse of him teaching his newest war song to the soldiers in their barracks at the Oranienburg Gate.

At the end of August Carl returned to finish the interrupted visit at Gotha, traveling by way of Leipzig to see Rochlitz and dispose of his compositions. To the *Webergesellen* he wrote: "My first business, Sept. 2, in Leipzig was to attack my old enemy, Kühnel, the music publisher, in his camp where he was entrenched behind the familiar excuses of bad times and wretched receipts."

Giving way to snobbery, Baron Max transcribes a long and largely irrelevant letter written by Prince Frederick, brother of Gotha's

* "Weber Comrades."

Duke, from Spa where he was taking the waters for, *mirabile dictu*, tetanus. "And if Weber comes (he's to stay at my palace as I wrote him today) be friendly and cordial to him . . . also please have Geutebrück see to Weber's breakfast of coffee, bread, and butter . . . and have him get ready the blue room in the corner near the street and take care to have a piano installed, which of course I shall have to rent—let him get a concert grand if he can find one. It goes without saying he's to have pen, ink, and paper, and lights, of course."

The Duke was in residence, and a terrible, driving, cyclonic host he made poor Weber. When he was well, he was forever "going places," taking with him Weber and Spohr, too, when the dour violinist could not evade him. Then he fell sick and wanted his artistic circle busy in his own big bedroom. He gave Carl odd presents: a pair of East Indian waistcoats, an old seal from his collection of antiquities, an ink-stand. In an unwary moment Weber confessed that he was writing a romantic novel. The Duke generously offered to collaborate; he would furnish the poetry; did not all books need poetry? At this suggestion Weber's handsome teeth must have clicked with horror. Sometimes the ducal eyelids closed in sleep, leaving Weber to devote himself to his increasing correspondence and the articles he had contracted to write. "I have made a list of things that have to be done," he wrote to friends in Berlin, "and what rapture it is when I have slaughtered a job to cross it off the register of sins."

During the autumn he visited the Grand Duchess at Weimar. She was enchanted with the new C Major Sonata he had dedicated to her, and entreated him to give her music lessons. He stayed eight days and taught her every morning. In his room at Weimar there was no piano; nor would the admiring Court allow him any time to himself. The Grand Duchess said naïvely that it seemed to her she would never get the sonata straight; and he wrote Lichtenstein that if she were not a grand duchess he would heartily agree.

His letter is a mixture of petulance and melancholy. In the first place, he had no opera in hand; in the second, if a libretto had been forthcoming, he had no time to compose. The weight of

twenty-six years lay like stone on his frail shoulders; and, indeed, for the period he was not young. He could assure himself that he had worked hard and composed a great deal of music, but privately he was uncertain of the direction his work had taken and of the value of what he had written. Money was on his mind. The funeral expenses of his father were not paid, and Franz Anton had left other debts which troubled the romantic young man more than his own. He resolved to discharge them; but how? For he could not live like Spohr on a beggarly five hundred thalers (about \$375—and Spohr was married!). He had no salary of any kind, and the income from concerts and publications was meager indeed.

The Duke drove him half crazy with his demands and absurdities. No doubt he was ashamed of himself when he played wretched "military music" because Emil Leopold August wanted a waltz turned into a march. "I have much, *very much*, to do," he wrote. Rochlitz had written a cantata and expected music for it, in the style of *Der erste Ton*. Carl had suggested the project, but had come to loathe it. Ecclesiastical music in the Protestant manner was not in his line, and "*In seiner Ordnung schafft der Herr*," which had to be ready for performance in Leipzig on New Year's Day, 1813, proved a millstone round his neck, for all the skill and vigor he put into its contrapuntal intricacies.

Weber was a shrewd young man, yet he was easy to exploit. No doubt the Coburg Duke was kindly, and the Weimar Grand Duchess gracious; the circle of friends wanted to cheer the melancholy delicate fellow and "to take him out of himself"; but what he needed was to be left to himself. He has been censured for complaining more in these early days than when his life was actually failing, when he ignored his sufferings with heady courage. But, as he now wrote Lichtenstein, "It is a part of my misfortune that an eternally youthful heart beats in my breast." Here is indeed a root of grief: he has not surmounted youth's uncertainties; he is a star of whose destination, of whose very brilliancy, he is by no means convinced. He writes Lichtenstein a list of "time-eaters" and says he is desperate.

"So take me as I am today, distraught and vexed. And I have

reason to be. You know that there is nothing less endurable for a busy man who has a goal in view than to be pushed and thrust upon by trifles. I have so much work ahead of me that there is always a pain in my heart when I look at it, and frequently this shows itself in a certain dreadful nervousness in which one can't accomplish anything. As it is, I am always so scrupulous and on the rack when I'm at work. Often I despair of myself and of my genius and think that I'm too weak to complete a work on the scale of the greatness of my vision and desire. I am sustained only by the reflection that so often already the result has rewarded me for all I have suffered."

He speaks of seeing Goethe again and the autocrat, though not polite, had been less rude. "Today he went to Jena to write Part III of his biography. . . . It is a queer experience, getting a near view of one of these mighty spirits. One should observe them only from a distance."

He returned to Gotha and held out there for another six weeks, completing the Pianoforte Concerto in E \flat , and leaving the nineteenth of December, the day succeeding his twenty-sixth birthday, after the usual mad scramble with arrears of correspondence, composition, and punctilious visits. He had made friends with the family of a finance commissioner at Gotha, unpretentious people like his friends in Berlin, with whom he was at his easiest and best. On December 18 he went to a farewell party at their house, and they gave him a memorial ribbon inscribed with all their names. When they learned it was his birthday, their joy—and his—was boundless.

The Duke wrote him a charming letter and gave him 40 *riedrichsdor* "as an honorarium for instruction in the spirit of music." The kindly gentleman had heard that Weber wished to pay his father's debts and wanted to help. He had not much money, himself, and this sum of somewhat more than \$150 was a generous one. His brother, Prince Frederick, gave Weber a very fine diamond pin for his cravat. The money was soon spent, but the jewel remained a cherished memento. Passing through Weimar, where he paused again as guest of the Grand Duchess, he went on in

bitter winter weather to Leipzig to visit Rochlitz and conduct his cantata, playing the new concerto with great success at the New Year's concert. The bright names of cities drew him toward the blue distance. From Leipzig he went to Prague, intending a two years' tour of the principal cities of Europe.

CHAPTER VIII

Soul in Bondage

*Wem Leben Leiden ist, und Leiden Leben,
Der mag, nach mir, was ich empfand, empfinden;
Wer augenblicks sah jedes Glück verschwinden,
Sobald er nur begann, darnach zu streben;*

*Und wer den Todten ihre harten Pfühle
Missgönnt, wo Liebe nicht mehr kann bethören,
Der kennt mich ganz und fühlet, was ich fühle.**

—PLATEN

UNLUCKILY FOR FAR-FLUNG PLANS, GÄNSBACHER HAD NEWS FOR Weber in Prague—news from which sprang withes to bind him for three years and more a prisoner in Bohemia. In effect Gänsbacher said: "Wenzell Müller has resigned. Papa Liebich, the manager, wants a new director for the Opera, a young and vigorous man with new ideas. The whole establishment needs reorganizing." Weber was not enthusiastic, but he was too practical to disregard the proposition. Eighteen months before, when he had found the salary at Wiesbaden was only 1000 florins, he had felt justified in

* "Who lives in grief, and grieves in living,
Who feels as I have learned to do,
Who every moment sees a joy departing,
Who reaches for the rose and plucks the rue;
He who could grudge the dead his stony pillow,
Since in the grave Love can no more deceive;
That man knows me and what I suffer,
And he with me shall grieve."

keeping his freedom. But even freedom may sometimes be parted with for enough hard cash. He agreed to apply.

Liebich, that colossal figure with a face expressive of diabolic cunning masking a sentimental heart, 'had taken Carl's measure during the Weber-Bärmann tour when the impresario had purchased his two operas. The present more important business was concluded with equal dispatch. Weber was guaranteed 2000 gulden and a 1000-gulden benefit, two to three months' yearly leave, and full powers to reorganize the troupe.

Max von Weber considers this the end of his father's freedom. But how had Weber ever been free, even though he had never been bound by contract? His own nature, classicist rather than romantic, had bound him securely to its own discipline. A philosophical discussion of the nature of freedom has no place here, but we are disposed to think that an ordered existence, a stable frame for his daily life, set his genius free, allowed him to develop creatively as he might not have done if he had gone on in the old way of life. He was overworked in Prague, and often exploited; but on the whole his stay there was good for him.

Weber himself was acute enough to realize this. For one thing, the debts of Stuttgart lay heavy on his honor, and his strong common sense assured him that he could make a quicker clearance in a fixed post than by following his chimerical plan of touring Europe as a pianist. And, too, he felt some complacency at what was really a flattering offer. He wrote to the *Webergesellen* at Berlin:

"The whole nobility and Board of Directors flocked about me with boundless enthusiasm and called me the Savior of the Opera! Indeed, they gave me such scanty time to think things over that I let myself be smashed flat, with the result that I am under a three years' contract to stay with the most unlimited powers over the opera. . . . How is that for astonishing news? Indeed, every time I think of it, I'm astonished myself. Somehow I can't quite picture myself sitting down quietly in any one spot. I can easily 'stay put' from one moment to the next; but the idea of 'here you must stay so long' is as queer to me as China."

From the first he interpreted his contract sweepingly, as is

plain from the whimsical exaggeration of another letter to Berlin: "You can believe that this decision meant no small sacrifice to me, but the uncertainties of traveling in these stormy times and the fact that in this work I shall be quite in my element have determined me for three years. Moreover, a three months' leave is not to be despised, and there is no lack of opportunity for further study and composition. And it is worth something to be the reigning lord of the Opera. My powers are so extensive that I believe I can have people hanged and broken on the wheel, which suits my blood-thirsty disposition perfectly."

The baroque splendor of Prague fascinated Weber, and he plunged into life there with zest. Now he could indulge his thwarted longing for a home of his own. He contented himself with two rooms, but he took finicking pains with their furnishing, and the appointments were distinguished. He made many friends, and through Gänsbacher, who had the entrée to aristocratic circles, he was taken up by the aristocracy and royally entertained in their palaces in the city and their charming villas beyond its outskirts. They, of course, spoke German; but the workpeople about the theater chattered in Czech, a language whose sound was uncouth in his ears. With commendable liberalism he set himself to master the tongue, and within a few months could be sure that the jabber was at least not injurious to him. He had the suspicious streak so often characteristic of "self-made" men.

The reputation of great days lay like a warm shadow on the walls of the Witch City. But music was no longer the chief pre-occupation of the nobility. The Napoleonic wars had eaten into the revenues of aristocratic patrons; where there had been union in the interests of art, there arose political factions and sharp divisions between one lordly house and another. If a man hated Bonaparte and loved Haydn, what more natural to his Bonapartist neighbor than to conceive a violent aversion to the German school of music? The rivalry of Prague's three contemporary composers and their factions recalled the old struggles of Gluck and Piccini in Paris.

Weber's salary commenced with his engagement in January, 1813; his duties were not entered upon until April 1. This in-

terval gave him time to look about him. The more he saw, the more uneasy he felt. He shut his ears to the dissonant voices of Prague and sat in his lodgings writing settings for poems of old Heinrich Voss and a bassoon solo for some long-forgotten virtuoso. He practiced assiduously before his concert of March 6, which reintroduced him to the public of Prague. After this event he wrote Rochlitz, "Many queer opinions have been expressed, and I have already made enemies. That's of no importance. . . . I continue in my own quiet way. When I find truth in the criticisms, I store it up and let the rest go by. Among other things, one calls my music mystical; another takes it amiss that at my concert—where I intended to make myself known to the public—I played almost nothing but my own compositions. . . . All my life I have owed much to my enemies, for they have spurred me on to the best." He expected to have time to compose an opera, and asked Rochlitz to insert his advertisement for a libretto in the *Musikalische Zeitung*.

At Easter the old opera company was dissolved, and Weber devoted the spring and summer to engaging soloists and planning the campaign for his first season. Vienna was just then teeming with disengaged musicians, and Weber wished to be there in his own interests as well as in those of Prague opera. He was on the point of starting when a letter came from little Caroline Brandt, who had sung in *Silvana* at Frankfurt. She was out of an engagement; was there an opening at Prague? Remembering her pleasantly, he wrote her name first on the rolls of the new company.

Everyone was in Vienna. Papa Vogler was there, Brother Bärmann, and young Meyerbeer, twenty-two now and considered the most brilliant pianist in the city, although once more a pupil and studying with Hummel. Beethoven was at last being lionized. Ignatz Moscheles, a little younger than Meyerbeer, was playing to admiration; von Mosel, later one of the strongest partisans of Weber and German opera, was just coming into prominence. Weber went everywhere. He found Meyerbeer a little difficult and Hummel overrated; he refused to meet Salieri, whether he had or had not poisoned his cousin by marriage, Mozart; and he had a particularly good time in Viennese high society.

On April 25 he gave a concert on which the critics reported adversely. Indeed, he was ill, in a fever, and should not have attempted the performance; but he had felt he could not do otherwise since the tickets were sold. Leaving unsaid his customary punctilious farewells, he fled to Prague and his semblance of a home. There he lay in delirium, tumbled and untended, until Count Pachtá dropped in on the chance of his return from Vienna. The visitor stayed only long enough to get Carl onto a litter which carried him to his own palace, where the young man was nursed and petted through a long convalescence. He may have suffered from rheumatic fever, he may have had typhoid. Whatever it was, he complained in the succeeding years of rheumatism, and his lameness increased. Periods of depression grew more frequent.

It was ten years since the green boy had gone to Breslau to direct the opera, and he had gained much in self-confidence and a little, presumably, in tact. Nevertheless, he set the company at loggerheads. Hardly had he regained his feet when he wrote jubilantly to Gottfried Weber: "The orchestra is in rebellion! I have to correspond with the new members to be engaged as singers and instrumentalists, draw up their contracts and new regulations for orchestra and chorus, put a chaotic library in order, and write a catalog, all in addition to the importunities of society—it is past description! Scores to be corrected, and sessions with scene painters and costumers, etc. I ought to take a vacation for my health . . . but nothing can be put off. I get up at six and often am still working at midnight. I shall thank God when the great machine is once in motion! Then I shall feel that the victory is more than half won!"

In the summer of 1813 Prague was almost as gay as Vienna. Its comparative isolation from the scene of war and its designation as the seat of an abortive peace conference made it the natural gathering place for the idly curious as well as for anxious royalty. Kings and emperors drove through the steep, narrow streets thronged with diplomats and soldiers. The conversation of patriots did not interest Carl; for, though he disliked the French because they would not stay at home and mind their own affairs, he was

too much the artist to be a politician. But Stein, Wilhelm von Humboldt, and Niebuhr, whose names still echo, were his friends; and restless Ludwig Tieck was there in Prague, and Clemens Brentano, and the brilliant actor Ludwig Robert, with his sister Rahel Levin, who became the magnificent Varnhagen. With the romanticists he felt at home; the direction of his life beginning with the tales his mother told him, and guided by his childish wanderings among superstitious folk, had given him an appetite for marvels. It would be said one day in Germany that what the romantic poets willed and could not, Weber willed—and did. Nothing was wasted; wherever he went and whatever he heard enriched his life through the alchemy of his genius.

He fell in love with Therese Brunetti, no pretty, careless girl like Gretchen Lang, but a brutalized woman with an easygoing husband and five neglected little Brunettis stowed away in a dirty house. The oldest of these children was already twelve, but the mother was only thirty-one when Weber met her. Physically she was the type he admired, a red-gold blonde with a voluptuous figure and so handsome that she was called the most beautiful woman in Prague. Her temper was bad; she had no manners and no suspicion of a moral. She had been a dancer, like her husband, though perhaps less agile—he could walk three steps up a perpendicular wall—but had turned to acting and acquired a following. Indeed, she was a natural actress, and Napoleon himself had paid her the rare compliment of silent attention. She haunted the theater, and if her services were not required at rehearsals, she sat and watched the performance and the young conductor from under heavy white eyelids, a beautiful woman of Titian charm.

This was the great, the only passionate love of his life. In Breslau he had been a chivalrous boy; and in Stuttgart, an unprincipled little roué. For his wife he came to entertain a most tender affection and a respect for her intelligence. Their marriage approached the ideal; but even in the troubled days of courtship she had no power to make him suffer as Therese did. His passion is a break in the tapestry and though we see the marred pattern we understand only the fault Max chose to show us in the weaving. There

are fragments of writing where a tortured soul cries out, indignant over his weakness and the woman's catlike cruelty. For Weber despised Therese, who represented much that he hated. He was fastidious and elegant; she was a common slut. But she was vigorous, full of life, and as beautiful as the Blue Flower.

He abandoned the two rooms he had arranged with such care and went to live with the Brunettis, for the husband was a pattern of complaisance. He listened to the squabbling and endured the filth. Shrewish Therese wearied of his love, but not of her power to torment him. She dragged him to dances and sent him on meaningless errands in the cold sleet of a winter night in Prague. He abased himself to give her pleasure. His behavior was as puerile as hers was perverse. One charming service he did her: Little twelve-year-old Resi had a sweet voice, and Therese remarked that she should learn the pianoforte. So Weber taught her secretly until on Therese's birthday lover and child surprised her with a new accomplishment.

He had bought her a watch with little swinging bangles of romantic symbolism and made a feast centering about a barrel of oysters from Trieste which, though stale, were considered a great delicacy. Red-gold Therese fell upon the oysters with a gluttony which made the lover a little sick.

She pitted him against the rich banker, Calina. In his diary he wrote, "I found Calina with her and could with difficulty restrain the fearful rage which burned within me. . . . No joy without her; and with her, naught but grief."

Caroline Brandt, or Lina, as her friends called the pretty, coquettish little girl, arrived in Prague in December, attended by a wary chaperon, her mother. Weber showed them special courtesy and introduced them in several houses where it was impossible to take Therese. He was angry when he heard that Therese had told Caroline to hang tight to Banker Kleinwächter, for his views had become stricter since the respectable Berlin days. In some degree he occupied Papa Liebich's place, and Caroline was only nineteen and had come to Prague at his instance. But he gave the younger woman scant attention. In March he wrote Gänsbacher, "When you

return, you will find a couple of pretty girls added to our theater—Mademoiselle Brandt and Mademoiselle Bach.”

Therese told him that the Brunettis were moving *en masse*—they were going to live at Calina’s. He did not linger over the irony of the fact; he was scandalized and enraged; jealous not of the husband, but of the banker; it seemed she owed *him* her loyalty. In his black mood he wrote to Gottfried Weber: “The only real reason for my long silence lies in the endless depression which has permeated me through and through and changed me so that you would scarcely recognize your old comrade. . . . Ever since my illness a year ago my health has been precarious. . . . I am quite alone here without any friend in whom I can freely confide. I can’t talk about Art to anyone and so am completely isolated and driven back on myself. Thirdly, I have quite renounced the relationship of an artist to his public, to fill the place of a common laborer. . . .” He did not mention Therese.

The operatic performances had begun again in September 1813, not long before Napoleon’s catastrophic defeat at Leipzig. Two new operas a month at Prague was the standard Weber set himself and surpassed; and such a program meant continued, exhausting labor of every sort. The repertory he built up bears witness to the breadth of his knowledge and the catholicity of his taste. He found ample place for Spontini, Méhul, Cherubini, and Boïeldieu, while assuring a significant preponderance to German opera. There was even a rumor that he himself would write an opera on a theme from Bohemian history; and he displayed his sympathy for Czech music—such as it then was—by announcing for his concert of April 4, 1814 (which had to be canceled owing to his illness), works of three local composers and nothing of his own. On January 15, the night of his benefit, he produced his favorite, *Don Giovanni*. On an economical impulse Liebich declined to provide real musicians for the little stage orchestras, and Weber indignantly protested he would pay them out of his own pocket rather than see Mozart robbed. Only for later performances did Liebich relent and the management assume the bills. The benefit brought in 1200 florins, which he immediately dispatched to Stuttgart.



THERESE BRUNETTI

Portrait by Bayer

Spring advanced, and Weber recovered from his passion, feeling old and spent like a man depleted by a long illness. Vogler's death in Darmstadt on May 6, 1814, affected him painfully. He wrote Meyerbeer: "I can't and need not try to tell you how this has shaken me. Peace be to his ashes!—the world loses much in him, and his memory will always be sacred to us, for how completely one forgets little blemishes in thinking of his magnificent personality! I am especially worried about his library and manuscripts. I should be much surprised if he had not made one of us his musical executor, but no doubt the Grand Duke will also make a grab. Watch how the rascals in the musical world will now begin to deify him."

Caroline Brandt sang the charming part of Zerlina for his benefit performance. The more he saw of her, the better he liked her. She was well-behaved, lived quietly with her mother, and had nothing to do with Prague's fast young aristocrats. And Lina really was a good little girl, ambitious and talented; but unfortunately her education had been entirely that of the stage. She could dance and sing and play a part, but she had never tried to curb her hot temper or her jealous rages. As yet Weber knew too little about her to suspect her of these flaws. She hurt her foot one day back-stage, and he took her home and was asked to come again. The acquaintance deepened imperceptibly, and presently Caroline assumed, on what grounds we do not know, that Weber was entirely devoted to *her*, and that without raising a finger she had triumphed over the Brunetti woman. When Therese tightened her hold upon Carl, Caroline took his defection as an insult; and her behavior, though neither coarse nor shrewish, galled him no less than Therese's. Carl, whatever airy gallantries his easy complaisance had led him into, wanted only peace, affection, and stability; he looked forward eagerly to his three months' holiday, hoping it would quiet the possessive little soubrette as well as restore his health and give him strength and enthusiasm to compose. "My life here," he wrote Gänsbacher, "is too miserable, too melancholy, so entirely alone without one sympathetic heart." Yet his subsequent correspondence with Lina shows that some strong bond existed between them even then.

Early in July he left Prague with Frau Liebich and another elderly lady, whom he was supposed to escort to the baths of Liebwerda near Reichenberg. There he unburdened himself to Gänsbacher: "You will scarcely believe me when I say that I left Prague with a heavy heart. But the riddle will be solved when I tell you that I left there a beloved being who, though she is a simple body, might make me very happy, for it really seems she loves me truly. You need not, however, fear that I am blind because of that, nor that my earlier experiences have not left me wise and mistrustful. All the same, I'll find out what stuff she's made of and whether it will stand wear and tear. My three months' absence will be a good opportunity to test it. . . . It is Mlle. Caroline Brandt whom I love fervently and every day I pray God to make her a little better than the rest of her sex. . . . They [the Prague public] have married me fifty thousand times already, but there was no truth in any of it. You know my views and principles on this point [marriage]. It is certainly hard to sacrifice the happiness of the man for the sake of the artist, but it must be. A man can be only one thing; and I detest half measures."

This does not sound as though Caroline's prospects of marriage with Weber were at all good. The rest of the letter has nothing to do with her; it speaks of Gottfried Weber's vexation because Carl has not reviewed his *Te Deum*—but he will and promptly too—and chats about girls known to both whom the friends have nicknamed F Major and D Minor.

Meanwhile he was writing Caroline a strange series of letters which read less like a lover's fervent outpourings than those of a harassed and distracted man to a teasing coquette.

"Liebwerda, July 11, 1814.

"I was with you every minute and followed your employment. My traveling companions entertained themselves with singing and chatter and were sufficiently discreet to respect my silence. Early yesterday, the tenth, we drove from Reichenberg to Friedland, ate dinner and came here towards night. I unpacked, put everything in order and fell asleep with thoughts of you and the fervent

wish that you should rest gently and have loving visions of your dear Carl. . . .

"I look out on forest and meadow. At my solitary window stands the solitary table where I'm writing, one bed, a commode and—if you were to visit me—a chair, that's all my four yellow and white walls encompass. My God, I'd almost forgotten the piano, which is in the best condition except that it's lost twenty strings and whirrs like a beetle in sunshine.

"Nature, as much as I've seen in passing, is lovely here. In future I shall bathe at six, and at eight you can always imagine me clambering around on one of the hills. The only time I got out on the journey—at Liebenau—a host of little flowers enticed me—their name I trust I need not tell you. I plucked and pressed them to my lips— Oh, let me once take them happily from your dear hand.

"Now, farewell, my dear, true life. Write soon and much, for you know how much the smallest thing about you means to me. *BE CANDID and believe that you will find no more truly sympathetic heart than that of your always loving Carl.*"

July 12. "I rise at five and take delight in the thought of you quietly asleep. At six I bathe and think of it as the time when your mother steps to your bed, but will not waken her little daughter, who must in any case get up at half-past seven, early enough! Then I have breakfast; perhaps you do too. Then I go to the baths and drink and run a stretch after every half-glass. Now my Lina dresses or [Mlle.] Bach comes in and they chat—perhaps of me; at 10 or 11 you go to rehearsal, and I fancy I see you there sitting by the piano and singing, but not quite with the old contentment? True? At last it's twelve o'clock, and you're hungry and so am I. At half-past twelve we go to the table, and then I hasten to you—but only on paper and in my heart, until a happier time. And then my Mukkerl * sleeps a bit in spite of prohibition—and—but I'll forgive her if she dreams of me! and I too dream of her. Then I creep about the forests and ravines, and Lina creeps into her costume

* "Mukkerl," "Mukkin," "Mucks": Weber's pet names for Lina, evidently borrowed from one of the kobolds of German folklore.

or into the loges. But at eight I eat and Lina sings. Then I go on working, and at ten I throw myself on my bed and dream of a happier time.

"I have directed such a stony countenance to the other guests at the Baths that they have lost all desire to associate with me. I am on such a fortunate footing with my traveling companions (who are well and cheerful) that I don't have to bother about them. If our ways meet, we saunter together; but if it suits me to abandon them, they accept the hot-brained fellow and think, 'The man's in love so let him alone,' and certainly that's the best thing possible for them to believe."

July 14. "These cursed distances; it always seems to me when a letter is so long on the way that it will be like something nice to eat getting colder and colder. . . . For one so impatient as I, letter writing is a wretched business. . . . 'Mukkerl' understands even the half-word?"

Lina's answer is prim; she is not sure of how he will "take her" and, although she has seen a great deal of the world, it has not been in the best circles—she is young and unaccustomed to the usages of good society. But is not the girl coquettish? Has she not heard that the best way to win a man's love is to pretend coldness?

Her coldness affronts him.

July 19. "Oh, my Lina! I do not understand you. I am in my letters just as I am out of them. At my writing table I am not a different man than on thy breast! Although it's true I can't conjure life into the cold paper for you to read in such a mood as yours, for the warmest outpourings of a loving heart must under such criticism degenerate to wretched twaddle. And what a talent you have for finding the most bitter, most wounding expressions! You blame yourself that you reward me thus 'for my kindness in *entertaining* you!' Certainly there is nothing in me that you do not know. Believe me, I should be much too proud to write such things out of compassion. I *never* dissemble. I *never* deceive, I speak my feelings openly and bluntly and woe to you and to me too if you don't find

in my letters that same character. The purest love to you speaks in them. I cannot think differently of myself; and why should you? I hate those protestations which come so easily to the mouths and pens of scheming rascals, and if you have not felt truth at my breast I would not purchase your belief by oaths. I feel deeply and with passion, but I've no power to put my feelings on view with bombastic language.... Oh, my Lina, if you could look into my eyes! If I could press you to my breast! Yet woe to me if without that, you have no faith in me. I can no more. God grant you rest; there's none for me. And if you look thus on the world, remember that there's one living soul who in spite of your misjudgment will always love you above all others."

Lina suggests that he has a rival. Is this the next gambit in the game?

July 23. "How cordial, how warm and sympathetic was the ending of your first letter, and how cold and brooding begins and reads your second! ... You are always debating the truth and purity of my love, and yet you show the highest confidence when you are not afraid to draw me, for a model, the portrait of a man you once loved, for whom you have a far *higher* regard than you have for *me*. Do you think that if you loved me, *you* would have the strength to endure it if I were continually holding up to you the garlanded portrait of an earlier 'friend'? And if when I spoke of goodness and nobility I always meant *her*?"

He speaks of resignation, but his words suggest annoyance rather than sorrow. "It will be the death of me; indeed, I see that but too clearly. But so be it."

Lina's "portrait of an earlier love" does its work, and he becomes gratifyingly jealous. "From my soul I forgive you such places in your letters as these: 'My dear Moritz showed himself, as always, so noble that he ever seemed my master, of whom I strove to make myself worthy....'"

We wonder about this paragon of a Moritz. Did he exist only in Lina's romantic imagination? Whether real or not, he pricked the heart of Weber, but could not pierce it. Vexed with Lina's coquetries, worn out by his passion for the Brunetti, he yearned for

peace. Insensibly he drifted nearer the stability of marriage. He added a postscript: July 26. "...I can scarcely understand my happiness today; I am like a dreamer, one who wanders by night. I see the world rose-colored, but it seems I must always lay hold of myself and keep asking if it's really true—whether it's even possible." Thus speaks the realist, probing pleasure and pain, unable to accept wholly the romantic appearance of things.

Hardly had he dispatched his lengthy letter, when a more amiable missive arrived from Lina, and he replied:

"Castle Friedland, July 26, P.M.

"My dear, darling, sweet life,

"A few hours ago in Liebwerda when I gave the post my letter No. 5, I certainly never hoped, indeed I couldn't have believed, that all my being, my soul, my feeling could possibly experience such a joyful revolution as that which your precious letter No. 5 of July 22/23 has effected in me. ... How good, how cordial, how lovingly confident you sound in your letter! Ah! could I press you to my heart, could you feel how it beats for you! I will become a different man, I will approach my work with happiness and vigor, I will show the world that my 'Mukkerl' need not be ashamed to acknowledge me as her dearest. A garden of new creations blooms in my soul. Oh, stay thus! To see this happy madness vanish might be too much for my mind and body. But that shan't happen, shall it? My Lina will not change..."

August 5. "You ask the letter back which you sent me, which I cherish. [Probably the No. 5 just referred to.] Strangely, an inner compulsion forbids me to send it back. I can produce no other reason than that it was especially meant for me; I had it in my keeping and only promised to preserve it for you and read it with you. ... Why do you want it back? And why ask for it in such mystical and disquieting terms? Will this strange barrier between us never vanish?" And much more, hinting at Lina's romantic coquetry and the weariness of Weber's expostulations.

From Liebwerda, "duly watered inside and out," he had gone to

Berlin, arriving there August 2, 1814. The city was in a ferment expecting the return of the Prussian King Frederick William III, after his triumphal entry into Paris with the handsome and popular Tsar. Weber did not suppose his own small arrival would be noticed, for his absence had been long; and one friend at least, Dr. Flemming, was dead. He went at once to the Singakademie, where there was a gala performance with a chorus of three hundred voices and nearly as many auditors. Blücher was there, Prince George, and numerous war idols. Weber entered the hall during an intermission. Lichtenstein caught sight of him and hastened to embrace him. The word went round, and a crowd formed in which were old friends and many who wished introductions. The circle thinned about Blücher, and Zelter frowned.

He visited the Beers and found them entertaining the children of an orphanage with some eighty notabilities at dinner. Mamma Beer saw Weber standing shyly in the doorway. "See, see," she cried, "our Weber!" and waddled toward him to enfold him in motherly arms. The guests applauded while the "Queen" protested that he must not go away because their home was his.

The smoldering patriotism of Berlin had flamed up hotly. During the months in Bohemia, Weber had pretty well forgotten his adventure in nationalism, but in his enervated condition he was singularly open to impressions. Everyone was repeating the verses of Theodor Körner, the poet of young Germany, who had been killed in a skirmish in the previous year at the early age of twenty-two.

Körner's parents were educated people, friends of Schiller, and the boy had been carefully and lovingly brought up. He was engaged to a talented actress a year older than himself and had also an adoring sister. Goethe was his honored friend, his patron. Every advantage of home, education, society which had been denied Weber was his. The two young men had never met. Körner's set was distinctly that of the intellectuals, Weber's circle less esoteric. Each followed an abstract ideal—Körner adored the image of a country freed from the invader. Weber's vision had no earthly boundaries: it was a city of three dimensions raised in Heaven at the blast of the ram's horn. Körner died too soon, shouting, "Where

is the singer's Fatherland?" and believing he had found it in the smoke of battle. Asking the same question, Weber replied, "Art has no Fatherland."

Whatever the merit of Körner's poems, they momentarily took possession of Weber. "*Lützow's wilde Jagd*" was sung to the music he wrote for it with all the enthusiasm the worthless "*Horst Wessel*" has since evoked. But Weber's transient patriotism brought him into disfavor with two kings. The King of Prussia was proud of his splendid regulars and aggrieved because the men of the humbler Landwehr behaved as if they, unaided, had won the war. And the Landwehr grew to be associated with Weber's name because the veterans went about shouting Körner's words to his musical settings. For such reasons Frederick William III refused to exert himself in Weber's interests. Later, in Saxony, Weber was made to pay for "Lyre and Sword" and the cantata *War and Victory* by King Friedrich August, who, having been Napoleon's ally, could not be expected to enjoy the war songs of victorious Prussia. For a man who was no politician, Weber suffered considerably from his slight excursions into nationalism.

Much-traveled Tieck had come to Berlin. On August 7, the evening of the King's official return, Weber was on the streets eagerly savoring the sound and color of moving masses when a carriage pushed through the throng and he was uncomfortably jostled. He heard his name, and recognized the poet, who drew Weber in beside him and said handsomely, "*Now* I understand why we're all here. It's your coming, my dear Weber, which we're celebrating!"

As usual, he was on more intimate terms with literary men and those aristocrats who were musical amateurs than with his fellow artists. He was invited to meet Fouqué. The Crown Prince entertained him at a small dinner; he dined with Hardenberg at the Beers' villa, and frequented the circles of the visiting Russian aristocracy. Victoria's "wicked uncle" Ernest, Duke of Cumberland and later King of Hanover, was friendly, and at the house of Prince Radzivill he was always welcome.

He wrote to Caroline that, notwithstanding his successes, he could not shake off his moody indifference; that his friends gazed

at him reflectively and the women teased him and insisted on knowing where he had left his good spirits. Caroline's jealousy pursued and disconcerted him. In pure weariness he wrote: "Nay, rest easy. I shall come home whole and not minus a thousand little pieces. These ladies show me attention only to amuse themselves and because it is the fashion. There's no love in it. They have not all of them—no, not *one* has such bad taste as you."

More than a year had passed since his serious illness, and he was fresh from the baths of Liebwerda; but he was not well. He felt jaded and his eyes troubled him. *Silvana* was to be produced again at Berlin, and he was fighting against the same stony opposition he had vanquished with such difficulty in 1812. "What an everlasting squirrel-cage of striving and labor my life is!" he wrote to Caroline. "I wonder how long the poor machine will hold out. Traveling, which others call hardship, means rest to me. Those are the quiet moments when I belong to myself and no one makes any claims on me. Sometimes all the proofs of respect and consideration I receive, the invitations which ought to make me happy, seem so unbearable that I lose all patience and could massacre them all."

But without them he would have felt deeply injured. It was not easy to satisfy the Weber temperament. There is complacency in his note that during the first week of his visit he had played more often in public than in his year and a half at Prague. He gave a very successful concert on August 26, and after ten days' preparation produced *Silvana* before a full house on September 5. But it had been impossible to prepare the Berlin audience, whose patriotic tone found a romantic opera out of fashion. In the universal misery of the Great War, the deaths of the last act in *Hamlet* appeared trivial incidents rather than catastrophes. The public taste is brutalized in periods of national conflict and it requires a shock to animate the palate.

The same night Weber left the city in a pouring autumnal rain. He had been invited by his old friend the Duke of Saxe-Gotha and intended to finish his leave at his Schloss, going thither by the familiar route through Leipzig and Weimar. At Weimar he found the Grand Duchess Marie in her traveling suit ready to start for

Vienna. She was delighted to see him and made him sit and chat an hour while the horses waited.

When she had gone, he was handed a melancholy letter from Liebich, who implored him to hasten back to Prague; Clement, the violinist, was a good orchestra leader but no executive. But Weber felt he must rest after the strenuous days in Berlin, nor was he in haste to see Caroline. Although it was not difficult to impose upon him, he was inclined to be a stickler for the written word; his contract specified a two or three months' leave, and he had been away exactly nine weeks. He went on to Gotha in some indecision. The Duke had removed to Castle Tonna, where Weber followed him. The waters there had been pronounced medicinal; and Emil August, who was mad only when the wind blew from the wrong quarter, considered a Spa good ducal business. So there he was, advertising its merits by drinking ostentatiously in public and living in his queer, romantic old Schloss, which was as prickly as a pin-cushion with gables, towers, and sharp-pointed roofs.

Weber wrote Lina, "The ancient castle where I dwell and in whose awesome apartments where the old doors and windows rattle strangely—" Then Pegasus comes to earth and the proud, sensitive young man writes frankly: "I rode over in the coach with the old painful presentiment which I always have when I've not seen a person for a long time and think I may be received more coldly than I've a right to expect. But this anxiety was groundless, for the Duke received me as cordially as anyone possibly could."

He had composed some music which he had to write down in the scanty moments the Duke left him. In the wind and rain of the long night when he had ridden from Berlin to Leipzig with a mind still painfully excited by his *Silvana*, he had worked out the famous "*Lützow's wilde Jagd*" and the "Sword Song" to poems of Körner's. Emil August did not want his guest to spend time composing music for Körner's poems, but for his own. Twelve hours a day he commandeered Weber's presence, his greatest pleasure being to edge up close to the chair at the piano and murmur an endless, uncouth tale to which Carl Maria must improvise.

A second, more urgent, summons from Liebich broke into this

odd partnership; and Weber packed up, canceled his Leipzig concert, and returned to his orchestra. As he neared Prague his uneasy, nervous mood resolved into profound melancholy. The city seemed to him a stone pile yawning to imprison him. In November, still smarting at the curtailment of his vacation, he wrote Rochlitz: "I cannot adequately describe how painfully it affected me to have to come home two weeks earlier than I expected.... The mournful, despairing letter from Director Liebich... was only a strong expression of his wish to see himself relieved of his burden a little before schedule time.... Item: another lesson for the future: *Believe only half of the lamentations of a director and stay out your leave until the last moment.*"

All leisure that late autumn was occupied in writing out the music for "Lyre and Sword," most of which had been composed in Berlin or during his subsequent journey. Caroline, who had been born in Bonn and was a stout Bonapartist, found this another subject to quarrel over; and her scoldings not only pained but bewildered Weber, who scarcely knew where he stood, since the impetus for his songs was not patriotism *per se* but was compounded of such elements as the Berlin illuminations, Körner's poems, and the excitement of a time which, quietly recalled in Prague, indicated another dimension.

Meanwhile he was reminded of his conversations during the summer with Hardenberg and others who had expressed a wish to bring him permanently to Berlin. A letter arrived from an acquaintance, Count Karl von Brühl, a cultured aristocrat and musical amateur, Iffland's successor as Intendant of the Royal Theater, informing Weber that he was desirous of engaging him as conductor. Carl Maria liked Berlin immensely—any place where he was not was always infinitely to be preferred, and he wished to leave Prague and perhaps Lina too. But he wrote frankly to Brühl: "I can accede to the wishes of my friends only when I know what shape the new arrangements will take and how much discretion will be allowed me in the reorganization." When he learned that Bernard Romberg was also a candidate, he wrote to Lichtenstein: "Thanks for what you have done in the matter. You understood my deepest

feelings when you spoke straightforwardly to Romberg of the affair, for I can imagine no gain which would make me play a treacherous game with the respect and love of an honest artist. We shall try for it, both of us, and whoever loses is certainly not going to be jealous of the other. The tales and gestures of my fat namesake [B. A. Weber] strike me as very funny. I suppose that among two such enormous evils, he naturally would prefer the smaller.”*

At about the same time Weber declined in favor of Romberg's brother a proposal from Kotzebue to become conductor of the Königsberg theater.

During this period of suspense while he was completing the composition of “Lyre and Sword,” Weber produced *Fidelio* with extraordinary care after fourteen rehearsals. The opera became a favorite with him, although he considered it deficient in dramatic effects. Prague received it without enthusiasm, and Weber was indignant. The public which two years earlier had seemed to him highly intelligent now distressed him by its thick-wittedness and conventionality. He sprinkled vexed ejaculations over the pages of his notebooks, “*O diol ehcul Oh Gott!*” and wrote Gottfried Weber that, as far as he was concerned, Bohemia was one vast hospital.

The busy man found time to spend a day indiscreetly in the box office auctioning off the tickets for Caroline's benefit performance, surprising conduct in one who was usually punctilious in matters pertaining to his dignity. The breach of etiquette was the cause of considerable gossip, and Caroline wept and said she was ruined. Her mother, who was something of a Tartar, scolded; Carl reluctantly suggested matrimony. But he was careful to capitulate with a reserve, one which Caroline was certain to oppose—she must leave the stage. Neither Caroline nor her mother would consent to this condition, yet she would not refuse outright and begged time to consider.

Baron Max writes smoothly that in order not to endanger further his loved one's reputation, Carl Maria determined to leave Prague; and indeed he wrote to Lichtenstein at the beginning of February 1815 that he had paid too little attention to people's gossip,

* Romberg was a tremendous fellow; Carl Maria not above the average.

which had affected Caroline so strongly as to produce the most painful days of his life. But—"I *cannot* renounce my convictions. My wife must belong not to the world but to me. I must support her without a struggle for existence. No devil of a mother shall come between us. One may well think that shows a deficiency of love; but passion shall never, for the sake of a happy present, lead me to incur the subsequent misery of a lifetime. Who could answer for her love in care and trouble which would make me too disagreeable and complaining? . . . She loves me too much to let me go, and made me promise solemnly not to leave Prague on her account because that would make her truly unhappy. This puts me in a strange mood. These eternal doubts—for which I scarcely blame her—don't make the best impression on me, and yet I love her too much to be able to hurt her—indeed, if I did I'd never be happy again. So I leave all to time and fate." Which was indeed extremely convenient.

The more Carl worried about his future and his present, the more furiously he worked. Opera after opera was learned and thrown to the public. Father Fürstenau and his son Anton, celebrated flutists, came to Prague in the course of a tour which had already lasted four years. Weber liked Anton, who was in his twenty-third year, and wrote music for him, an Adagio for flute, cello, and piano. This friendship continued all his life, and it was Fürstenau who went with him on the last sad journey to England.

Gottfried Weber had devised an improved metronome and wanted Weber's favorable opinion. Carl wrote politely that it was a beautiful invention, and that if he possessed one, he would certainly indicate the tempo at the top of his compositions. But he did not think that a musician could greatly mistake the proper time, and he did believe that a little freedom ought to be allowed for differences in temperament.

During this period he received two presents which for sentimental reasons gave him great pleasure. The Grand Duke of Hesse sent him a life-sized crayon drawing of Abbé Vogler; and Friedrich Wieck, tyrannous father of Clara Schumann, a portfolio of songs which he asked permission to dedicate to Weber.

As usual he was entertaining visitors, some of whom he wanted to see and some whom he regretted, among the latter Brother Fridolin, who had whacked him in his childhood. He wrote to Gottfried, the repository of Weber secrets: "My brother recently paid me a visit, in highly picaresque fashion, without purpose, without goal. Now he is with a small company in Carlsbad," where Weber had procured him a berth. Even less welcome was the thief who helped himself to everything portable in Weber's lodgings. A nervous but not a timid man, Weber had a strong sense of ownership and an equally strong sense of order. No one likes to be robbed, but he objected excessively. Nor did he forget that a rumbling ducal voice had once accused him of dishonesty, a charge the most painful which can be brought against a person whose temperament and social position make thievery impossible, while his poverty suggests it as an alternative to ruin.

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CHAPTER IX

Wanderer's Night Song

*Der du von dem Himmel bist,
Alles Leid und Schmerzen stillest,
Den, der doppelt elend ist,
Doppelt mit Erquickung füllest,*

*Ach, ich bin des Treibens müde!
Was soll all der Schmerz und Lust?
Süsser Friede,
Komm, ach, komm in meine Brust! **

—GOETHE

CAROLINE WAS ACTING LIKE A SPOILED CHILD. SHE HAD PASSED over Therese but was now jealous of Christine Böhler, an actress who had recently joined the company. Early in June she said to Weber that one of them, either he or she, must leave Prague because he was making her life unendurable. He was not slow in deciding who should be the exile. Waiting only to secure letters of recommendation from his aristocratic friends, he left Prague for Munich on June 6, 1815.

Despite the terms of their parting, he wrote regularly to Caroline,

* "Thou who art from heaven sent,
All my pain and grief to banish,
Double loads my back have bent,
Double blessings make them vanish.

All my striving I repent,
There's one end to joy and pain.
Peace—Content,
Come, Ah! come to me again."

romantic, embittered letters headed gloomily "By Night," "Night: Two O'clock," etc. Baron Max suppressed many and reproduced none in entirety, explaining that his father's mental state was such that whatever he wrote at the time did not represent his real sentiments. One can forgive while regretting, for Max was a son before he became a biographer. Deeply attached to his mother, idolizing the memory of the pale, charming father who never returned from his mysterious journey to London, he cantered lightly over the unsafe ground of the situation existing between his parents before marriage. We could wish he had spared us both the letters and his apologies. Certainly Weber left Prague in a condition close to a complete nervous breakdown; certainly he considered himself in love with Lina. But when he wrote Gottfried that he had never been in love before, we remember Gretchen, and Therese, and a host of flaxen-haired girls whom he appears to have forgotten. His unhappiness which frequently blackened to despair had deeper roots than an infatuation for pretty, teasing Caroline. But many of the roots were painful to touch upon, more were hidden underground; and it was easy to give the sickness of his soul a name and say, "I am in love with Lina and she does not love me." Nevertheless loud cries break out from the underworld as when a mandrake is plucked up.

"Often I come near thinking that I've lost the power to compose. That would be hard if I should stand in the world an absolute nothingness! Is it not enough, if my destruction should not extend beyond myself?"

"A thing in me which pains me is my coldness for all my works as soon as I've finished them. In spite of the sympathy others show for them, they cannot coax any pleasure out of me."

"Oh, that I might wrap myself up within myself and seem to others nothing but a cold impenetrable mist! . . . When no man concerns himself in my affairs, when I'm all alone or in some great assemblage, I am at my best. When I see the jugglery of mankind dancing about me, I have to laugh at their dreams and emptiness, the mechanical remarks they make to each other, the way they vex themselves with forms and ceremonies, their pitiful grovelings

before the mighty;—and then at last they depart from the arena without having so much as a presentiment of why their Creator formed them. Then I look back upon myself, all my strivings and determination to become good and accomplished, and reflect that perhaps I too am but a fool who presses on after a dream.”

“I have grown so sensitive and yielding that I could even weep.”

Keats and his Fanny Brawne, Weber and his Brunetti; Keats crying out to the indifferent stars protesting lest he be gathered in before he has done his own reaping; Weber weeping at the remorseless days.

In Munich he stayed with his old friend Bärmann. No sooner was he settled than he drew a plan of his room for Lina with “*a.* the window. *b.* the table at which I write. *h.* the chair on which I sit.” He had the passion for realism many a romanticist evinces; and when he finished his handy labels with, “Could I but give you as true a portrait of my soul,” we wonder if his absorption in nice details was not the result of an eager grasp on what was tangible no matter how trivial, since all that was important wavered, uncertain and obscure.

Just after his arrival came the news of Waterloo. Munich made high festival; there were fireworks, *Te Deum*'s, embraces of strangers, roar of cannon to mark the end of the Hundred Days. Weber's spirits were not high enough to enjoy the street scene. He stepped into St. Michael's Church, and there as he listened to the choir formed the plan of a great German cantata to celebrate the victory. As he left the church, he encountered the poet-actor Wohlbrück and with deep emotion confided his project. Wohlbrück consented to write the text, and on the second of August turned over to him the words for *Kampf und Sieg*.

The long, high-pitched letters Weber wrote to Caroline from Munich are still accessible to the curious, but we shall never fully understand what passed between the lovers that summer; for hers to him have been destroyed. It is evident that the influence of her mother and her gossiping companions led her to write him many unpalatable things, and that she dragged out the Brunetti liaison

in a way that was anything but tactful. Baron Max states that shortly before Weber's return she crushed him with the news that she had determined to break off their engagement. Did such an engagement exist? Or was Carl trying the whole summer long to extricate himself without unduly paining the girl he did not wish to marry? His letters are tinged with a most flattering melancholy, but his protestations are those of a great dramatic artist. The note of renunciation that sounds in them almost from the first seems tempered with unmistakable, even though unconscious, relief.

July 2. "My dear life, trust me, I am firmly resolved never to cause you pain. . . . I will spin myself a cocoon, and humanity shall feel me only in my works. I shall flee men in order that my personality shall not do them any harm. An unseen being, I will cradle myself in the thought of how to bring them happiness; I will quicken them with my own heart's blood until the cords are broken and the empty puppet can no longer stand upright."

July 11. "And where in this world can I find happiness except in sharing my fate with you? You are too intimately woven into it for me so much as to conceive of anything else. Be at peace, dear heart, over this mood of mine. You knew before that I am always grave and gloomy, and if I am so now you must not take it amiss."

July 27. "I have gained some composure. Perhaps I should otherwise have grown rather harsh, and have hurt you too often by my severity. I will bear everything patiently—pour over me your grief, your lamentings—all your bitterness. I will receive it with love and think, This comes from my Lina. I stole a beautiful year from her life, and I can never give it back to her but at least I can bear with her. . . . There will yet come a time when you will say, 'That was a faithful heart, but destiny willed that love should crush him.'"

He seems to press her to take the irretrievable step of dismissing him, before which she hesitates. July 30. "Whatever way is least painful for you. But I implore you, *command* me, *force* me—for my love is bound to interpret half-hints to its own advantage and yield to its own compulsion."

The versions of the affair which he wrote to Gottfried and to Gänsbacher are more revealing. To Gänsbacher (August 11): "My

one first Love has torn herself away from me. She lacked the courage to love me unreservedly, and I the courage to make us both miserable after the honeymoon through an improvident marriage without an assured income. . . . I throw myself into the arms of Art, for which I will wholly live, and so must renounce all my happiness as a man." To Gottfried (August 20): "I was on the point of marrying her but retained sufficient presence of mind not to rush matters, and—if she really loves me—to make her my wife only when I have an assured income."

Meanwhile his letters of recommendation had opened the way for both a Court and a public concert, at which it was remarked with interest that he played only German music. He had also the privilege, for so he regarded it, of playing for Napoleon's stepson Eugene, now merely Duke of Leuchtenberg, who had taken refuge in his wife's city of Munich, and who knew more about music than Weber had thought likely. He had quite a talk with him, and a few days later received a ring engraved with the cipher which was now of small weight in Europe. Early in August Bärmann and Weber gave a concert at Augsburg, from which they immediately returned. The acquaintance with the wonderful Rahel Varnhagen was renewed when she took him to a farce because she wished to brighten his melancholy face.

His state of mind, whatever its causes, had been pitiable. Caroline provided a reason for his melancholy, and he made the most of it. When Wohlbrück gave him the text for the cantata at the beginning of August he fastened on it with immeasurable relief and spent every possible moment in studying the poem. He wrote to Rochlitz that it was commendably free of the usual "*Vivat Blücher! Vivat Wellington!*" and to Gottfried: "God be thanked that in the few days I have been thinking about it I have felt my strength returning, and believe I may still be some use in the world after all."

The broadest interpretation of his contract would not permit of his remaining away from Prague after the first week in September. He dreaded his return and the daily contact with Lina, whose love he thought he had renounced, and sat down one midnight to write

her a long and definitive farewell, which amid much romanticizing contains a piece of well-pondered advice:

"Hear the voice of the dying. Be *good!* be *brave!* be *open!* If ever again a person should win your regard or even your love, be open, *true*, and straightforward with him. You can only gain by it....

"Oh, my forever dear and unforgettable Love, I thank thee for so many lovely roses which thou didst twine into my life's garland, for thy deep love and for thy sorrow. Forgive the excess of my love...and think in happy hours of thy poor Carl, who loved thee unchangeably to the last breath and in whom you will live unforgettably till time and his passion have made him ripe to go Beyond. *Leb wohl! recht wohl! recht glücklich! gute Nacht, gute, gute Nacht!...*"

On the seventh of September, three months and a day after his departure, he returned reluctantly to Prague. We can only speculate about the feelings of the disengaged Caroline. Fortunately Gänsbacher was in town hunting up musicians to put spirit into his Tyrolean Jäger battalion, and the old friends were continually together. Papa Liebich had a new house, called "The Sentry" from the painted life-sized figure of a sentinel before the door. Everyone in Prague went to Liebich's house—aristocrats, authors, ordinary citizens, and, of course, stage folk. It was not painful to encounter Caroline in the crowd. Through the autumn Weber's spirits were tolerably good. Virile Gänsbacher was the best possible companion; he was busy with the cantata; Caroline was less exacting.

Enduring loyalty to the Harmonic Society and gratitude to the old Beers made him take great pains with the preparation of Meyerbeer's *Alimélek*, produced after eighteen rehearsals on October 22. The opera had failed in Vienna, and in order to prepare the Prague public for this "original and genuinely German work" Weber took the unprecedented step of inserting a brief explanatory article in the official newspaper a week before the performance. Although this procedure led to "much caviling and the expression of many asinine opinions" he found it so useful that it became his

regular custom when producing new works. "One labor more, of course; but my aim is always to work for the Good Cause."

Now in the midst of labor such a blow fell on him as must wound any conscientious man and might have overpowered von Weber if the injustice of his superiors had not made him splendidly angry. He had never intended to stay more than three years in Prague, and was already beginning to speak of setting out on his long-deferred travels. Not that he felt unpopular. The public had given ample witness of approval and he was on the friendliest terms with Liebich. His company, now used to his severity, adored him; and he was a welcome guest at the palaces of the aristocracy. What, then, was the motivation of the rescript on "The Decline of the Stage" which the Board of Directors addressed to Liebich in November? In it every merit was denied to Weber's conduct of the opera during his entire period in office. The authors criticized his choice of singers for the company, recommended changes in the personnel, and demanded inspection of his contract. Perhaps we shall never know the reason. Someone may have been in a bad humor, others may have desired more Italian operas, or thought that the way to make a man work harder is to find fault when he has done his best.

Weber was learning to understand both his limitations and his capacity; to evaluate himself rather than to accept the strictures of those who knew nothing about his work and ideals. He wrote Liebich a dignified letter in which he did not disdain to answer in detail the insinuations of the directors. He pointed out that he had sacrificed both his health and the precious time he ought to have spent composing "for the world and my own honor" in a position which he had never desired. Through his personal travels and voluminous correspondence he had restored the Prague opera to a position of distinction. The war had affected the personnel, and the choice of works possible with a small company was somewhat limited; but "he [the critic] and those who share his opinion seem to think nothing of the spirited and correct unity of the *finales*, of the orchestra, etc. So, perhaps, they suppose that I, like a second musical Prometheus, can conjure up singers out of clay!"

Especially illuminating is the statement of his views on national opera. Arriving in Prague, "I found a taste in music strangely conditioned by the older Italian opera and the period of Mozart. There was a vague and unquiet spirit not certain itself what it desired. By its nature Italian opera demands few artists, but these must be highly gifted; a sprinkling of bright gems regardless of their setting—all else is subordinate and unimportant. The German digs deeper. He must have a work of art where every element combines in the perfect whole. He does not despise the lively activity of the French, who demand something going on all the time and wish to watch the action; but his deep spirit seizes and encompasses all excellences and strives to unite them. In my opinion the first necessity in a performance is a beautiful *ensemble*. I consider *nothing* as subordinate, for in art there is no such thing as a trifle."

Oral apologies followed, declarations that no one had meant to find fault with him; but his determination to leave Prague on the expiration of his contract was only strengthened. Gänsbacher had been gone since October 6; and Weber, in his old friendless position, fell a prey to deep though temporary melancholy. "At times an unbelievably bitter grief lays hold of me," he wrote Rochlitz (November 26), "which comes in part because I'm dissatisfied with myself at being unable to rise to my work in spite of the deathly coldness of my superiors. And then again, I grow so weak and feel a kind of pity for myself, placed as I am and seeing time flowing past, splendid, irrevocable, and I so useless. And when I've been school-mastering all morning at rehearsal and feel quite let down, even if my duties don't fill up the rest of the day I'm dead to music, or at least to composition."

But the cantata had to be ready for the date of his concert, December 22, and he worked at it night after night until two or three in the morning. *Kampf und Sieg* is among the best of the musical works inspired by the Napoleonic struggle, which, as Weber foresaw, have retained little besides antiquarian interest. His aim was to reproduce the emotions inspired by Waterloo in a musical summary of the battle. Scorning the artificial introduction of cannon shot and shouting, he modified the cantata form to bring it into

line with his dramatic requirements. The contending nations are represented by their distinctive tunes; horn signals announce the arrival of Blücher, and the devout thanks of the victors is expressed in the closing fugue. The performance aroused very satisfactory enthusiasm. It was gratifying to be complimented by a seasoned warrior like General Nostitz, who said, "In your work I heard the Nations speaking—in Beethoven's [*Battle of Vittoria*] nothing but big boys playing with rattles," even though he heard incomprehensible criticisms in other quarters.

The Bohemian winter wrung Weber's thin body. He blamed the air in the theater for a series of sore throats which more than once confined him to his bed. When he was up and out, he continued to have rheumatic pains and his lameness increased. Whenever he was not incapacitated he was at work, and whenever he could not work he dreamed of a long journey; his great gray-blue eyes bright with fever rested on lovely lands far from the weird Witch City, far from woman's love.

Caroline "relented," or set herself to mend the damage of the preceding summer, and suggested that her mother take him as a boarder, because he was not well and needed home cooking. Of her he wrote to Gänsbacher (January 20): "As for my own mood, dear brother, it is still the oddest in the world; for I am filled with love for the person of whom my reason tells me every day that a marriage with her must result in making us both miserable.... I have had proposals from Berlin, and yet, can you believe it? they caused me more pain than pleasure. Should I secure a permanent livelihood there and thus be relieved of all difficulty in providing for a wife, and then do not offer her my hand, I could not but look on myself as a bad-hearted fellow, *although my inmost conscience and conviction would absolve me....*" The italics are ours; the letter speaks for itself. To undertake the support of Lina, her mother, and the large family likely to follow marriage was a step to startle a young composer who was also a practical man; but there is more here than a reluctance to assume pecuniary responsibilities. Must his wings be clipped by a little German *Hausfrau*? Lina was pretty and could be

kind; he was fond of her; but, great romantic as he was, when he asked himself soberly, Is love enough? the answer was not what he expected.

He was interested in the amateur theatricals of the nobility and in the masked balls that were given during the winter, writing waltzes and even making a personal appearance in a boar's head. He went to much trouble to organize a macabre masque for a ball at Liebich's. The instruments of the musicians were wreathed in black. Lina, dressed as Columbine, was borne on a low bier by weeping Harlequins followed by mourning Pierrots. Carl represented Death and carried a scythe inscribed with the words "Eating, Drinking, Dancing are Done"—fit scene for Aubrey Beardsley's pencil. The demands of the opera were as exacting as ever, and in addition he had undertaken all the concert criticisms for the official newspaper. He wrote his old Berlin friend, Amalie Sebald (Krause): "I am the same old ox at the dear public's plow, thresh a lot of straw, wipe the dust out of my eyes, and start in all over again."

Papa Liebich was inconsolable when he realized that Weber really intended to leave. "He appears to see at last what he is losing," wrote Carl. The new Theater President, Prince Lobkowitz, was a friend of Weber's and had been urging him to remain; but neither his arguments nor the exhausting scenes with Lina had power to shake his resolution. At Easter he formally tendered his resignation, to take effect in the autumn, from the position where he had worked three years with feverish energy.

He was delighted to be free, although the shackles had been struck off in a way which left bruises. However, he had much to occupy him. *Kampf und Sieg* was finished, and he was busy dispatching handsome copies to the crowned heads of Europe, who were pretty sure to respond with snuff boxes and rings, in which he took only tolerable interest. But he knew that what the sovereign approved was likely to be popular with the subjects, and this was the best method of advertising he could arrive at. He had decided to forego his regular leave, but was going to Berlin to conduct his cantata on the first anniversary of Waterloo; and in the meantime,

inspired by Hummel's visit, practiced a couple of hours daily on the piano.

A regrettable misunderstanding had arisen with Gottfried Weber, who tended to think Carl Maria not sufficiently zealous in promoting the older man's compositions. Carl had written a notice full of praises for the *Musikalische Zeitung*, but the editors had cut it down to the baldest of announcements. The disgruntled Gottfried naturally supposed the praise to be nonexistent and bitterly reproached his Harmonic Brother. Carl knew Rochlitz, the editor, and suspected that the cuts had been made because the "Vogler School" was considered too partisan. He wrote Rochlitz a full statement of the circumstances and asked him to send Gottfried a copy of his letter, hoping thus to clear up the misunderstanding. Gottfried, however, long maintained an injured silence.

On June 5 he set out for Berlin. On that day ten years of life remained to him. Had he known it, he would have shrugged, saying, "I hardly expected so much."

The Beers entertained him in their villa in the Tiergarten, where they assigned him a beautiful room with a piano and would let no one intrude upon him. He renewed his old Berlin acquaintances, met Hoffmann again—during a thunderstorm—while he was visiting Gubitz, the romanticist and wood-engraver. Weber read the famous *Fantastic Tales* and thought them "thrown together as if he [Hoffmann] had no definite aim in view." And so they seem to this day. It is too bad that with so much invention and descriptive grace Hoffmann would not allow himself to *think*, if only in snatches!

Caroline had asked Carl to speak a word for her because she would like an engagement in Berlin. Six guest performances were arranged by Count Brühl, who wanted to oblige Weber and was hopeful of finding him a place under the Prussian Court. Cantata rehearsals commenced promptly at nine o'clock on June 15. The proceeds of the concert were in part devoted to the wounded soldiers, but Weber was unlucky in the weather and the hall was only half full. Nevertheless the reception of *Kampf und Sieg* was such that the evening ranks as one of the great successes in the

composer's life. The King sent Count Brühl to him with thanks and praises and the wish to hear the work repeated, to which request Weber acceded the next week.

Weber was encouraged to suggest to Count Brühl that, since His Majesty was so graciously disposed, he might like to give him a title—the Webers dearly loved a necklace of fine words—and Brühl believed it could be arranged. He asked Frederick William to name Weber "Court and Chamber-Composer to the King of Prussia." This was denied. Obliging Brühl went back and forth between the man of talent and the man of power. "Weber would be pleased to be called Kapellmeister, your Majesty."—"No," said Frederick William curtly. "Such a title might raise hopes which I have no intention of fulfilling."

He was disappointed, but on the whole enjoyed his stay in Berlin. As usual, he went to a party at Prince Radzivill's, where he was presented to the new Queen of the Netherlands and also saw Catalani, the great singer.

On July 9 he left with Papa Beer and Hans, his youngest son, for the baths at Carlsbad. He had long wished to see if the waters would help his rheumatism but appears in addition to have had a business reason. At Carlsbad he met Count Heinrich Vitzthum von Eckstädt, who had recently been appointed Intendant of the Royal Theater at Dresden and, as Weber knew, purposed with the King's permission to establish a German opera there. Ostensibly the present meeting was only to give Vitzthum some information about a tenor; but its real object was to see if the two men, Weber and Vitzthum, genius and aristocrat, could work together.

For Vitzthum was a patriot. He was a long, lean, deaf man with a neck like a bottle and an ugly face, touching in its expression of melancholy intelligence. He wished to found a German opera because he realized that his fallen, disgraced Saxony could rise to greatness only through the arts. Weber wanted the same end from different motives; he cared nothing about Saxony and everything for his musical ideal. But he was anxious to get a Court appointment. His experiences with the directors at Breslau and Prague had disillusioned him with private enterprise in the artistic world.

Count Heinrich Vitzthum wrote to his brother in Berlin that Weber asked 2000 thalers; he was offering 1500 and expected a compromise at 1800. But where Weber believed he saw scope for carrying out his ideas, he seldom stood out for money. He agreed to 1500 thalers. Incidentally, the Saxon minister Einsiedel considered this modest salary too large and proposed 1200; and it is probable that the contract handed by Einsiedel to Vitzthum to be sent to Weber contained the number 1500 by error, 1200 being the niggardly intention. But in Carlsbad nothing was settled between the principals except an engagement for Caroline in the coming season and a certain established regard between the two men.

Returning to Prague, Weber found Liebich, who had spent so much time in bed, fixed never again to leave it in life, indifferent now alike to conductors and the world. Weber's strong sense of duty, stimulated by his wish to stand well in the eyes of his successor and clear before his detractors, forced him to spend the rest of the summer and the early autumn arranging the affairs of the opera. Library, catalog, wardrobe, notes on individual singers and instrumentalists, notes on the ballet—nothing escaped him.

On October 7 the company assembled in tears to see him off for Berlin. He took the parting with more composure than common, for he had stayed too long in Prague. If, as now seemed probable, the Dresden position fell through, he would make an extended concert tour. Was he not a free man after years of thralldom?

Perhaps not so free after all. For Caroline Brandt was also going to Berlin, as guest artist; and with them went her watchful mother. Caroline was still holding off—she would not give up the stage just yet for an undependable young man with an uncertain future. But in Berlin she discovered that Carl Maria von Weber was a personage. Charming Count Brühl deferred to him; the Crown Prince considered him a splendid fellow; and rich people like the Beers were proud to entertain him. In this benign atmosphere both mother and daughter capitulated. Since he really cared so much about it, Lina murmured submissively, she would leave the stage for him.

Lichtenstein and his bride gave a party for Caroline's twenty-second birthday, November 19, the day of the total eclipse. At the

moment when Carl rose to announce the engagement, the sun shone out again as if to dispel all vestige of doubt and misunderstanding. Carl's wings had grown too strong to fear restraint by the neat little German *Hausfrau*. No longer need Lina weep for past small triumphs, for in Carl's greatness she could lose herself.

She went happily off to Dresden for more guest performances, and returned to a farewell season in Prague. Meanwhile Carl waited to hear from Vitzthum. Not until Christmas did he receive his formal appointment. He had concealed his hopes from Lina, but now informed her quaintly of their future status by remarking, at the end of an ordinary letter, that she must address her next

*To the Royal Saxon Kapellmeister
Mr. Carl Maria von Weber
Dresden, Poste restante*

CHAPTER X

The Lovely Town

*Das Land, das Land so hoffnungsgrün,
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blüh'n,
Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n,
Wo meine Todten aufersteh'n,
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,
O Land, wo bist du? **

—GEORG FILLIP SCHMIDT

IN THE EARLY DUSK OF EVENING, ON JANUARY 13, 1817, WEBER WAS driven across the Elbe into Dresden. He was not unmindful of the bitter-sweetness of that rare moment when life appears to double back upon itself for the fresh start—the clean page. That night he wrote to Lina the thoughts which rose in him when he looked upon the city within whose boundaries he felt himself destined to build another city—the work of a man's life. "May God add His blessing to it!" From this time forward such pious phrases multiply, reverberating in bell-like overtones through his writing. These invocations have a wide range, now sounding the fatalistic note, again reciting a formula to express or allay anger, at last murmuring in a dying fall the sad sincerity of the resigned.

Yes, the lifework must be done in Dresden; and at the thought Weber's ever-taut nerves tightened. As he sat in the quiet room

* "Dear distant land where roses blow,
Where flowering hopes mid grasses grow;
Where those I loved glide smoothly by,
And those I buried live as I;
Dear land, whose speech I understand—
Where shall I seek thee, lovely land?"

soberly writing to Lina, he heard the rushing of Time's horses, and his thinning hair stirred to their hot breath. At thirty he stood on the threshold of his last decade of life. The debts of Stuttgart had been wiped away, all but a few smudges; but the marks of dissipation his body was ill suited to sustain could not so easily be erased. He was already ill, and he knew that his time would not be long. His hunger for the Ideal would not let him rest; his indomitable will drove him through prodigies of labor. Wretched, tormented by the petty intrigues of rivals and the coldness of the Court, his genius took refuge in gaiety and denied the tragic face of life.

But his early death prevented his rising to the great arguments of the universe. Could he have had but ten more years, he might have discovered a plane midway between the romantic vision of a world as he would wish it to be, and the prosaic actual; and there staged operas as expressive of ultimate truth, through his ideal trinity of action, voice, and orchestra, as the Greek tragedies by word and mime. Carl Maria von Weber was a great, unfinished man.

The Dresden of 1817 was a small and friendly city. Some sixty thousand people lived there the year round, although in summer crowds of fashionables halted as they traveled to and from the near-by resorts. Like bright, old-fashioned bouquets the little villages lay scattered on the river bank or clung to the steep heights. Wealthy people spent their holidays in country houses; and Carl, who had a predilection for the nice, coveted such a retreat for Lina and himself. Next month, February, should see him free of debt, when he could make larger plans for his family.

Now, in the last of his bachelor days, he lodged in one of a row of unpretentious cottages called the Italian Village because the workmen imported to build the Catholic Church had once lived there.* His landlady was a scrupulously neat old woman who had formerly kept house for her brother, a soprano of the *castrati*, recently dead. It was a quiet place, and Carl hushed it still more

*In Weber's time the "Italienisches Dörfchen" was situated away from the river bank, between the Opera House and the Zwinger.

with his thick carpets, a necessity because he could not endure the creaking of boards or the sound of a boot scraping along the floor. His piano was installed in the largest room; he put up his pictures, arranged his books, and set out the coffee machine Lina had given him. The more ordinary furnishings remained for a time in their packing cases. Probably he did not possess much of value; Lina brought her own furniture, which was quite elegant. When he stood in the outer door, he saw a garden enclosed by a neat black-latticed fence. An alley of chestnut trees extended almost to the theater. Winter though it was, he could believe the lavish promises of spring.

Morlacchi, head of the Italian Opera, called directly; a handsome, plausible man, a violinist, thirty-two years old. Weber had been prepared to dislike him; but now he felt that he had been hasty, and decided with scarcely more reason that they would be able to work together. After six years in Saxony, Morlacchi did not speak German. Weber understood Italian, having probably learned it from his mother; he was good at languages and, by taking lessons, rapidly improved his Italian in order to be able to converse on an equality with his colleague.

To his chagrin he presently learned that he had been placed in an inferior station to Morlacchi. Contrary to the promises of Vitzthum, the King had not seen fit to elevate the German Opera, new and untried, to the eminence of the old-established Italian company. Weber received the disquieting news from the good and gluttonous Luigi Bassi, for whom Mozart had written the part of Don Giovanni thirty years before. Bassi was well-disposed to Weber, whose Mozart idolatry he had observed in Prague, and reproached him for taking a subordinate position.

Weber hastily corrected him: he was no underling; Morlacchi and he were on a par.

"You're wrong," retorted Bassi; "Morlacchi is Kapellmeister, but it says in your act of appointment that you are nothing more than 'Music Director of the German Opera.'"

Weber hurried to Count Vitzthum to ascertain the facts. The lean, deaf man mournfully admitted the accuracy of his informa-

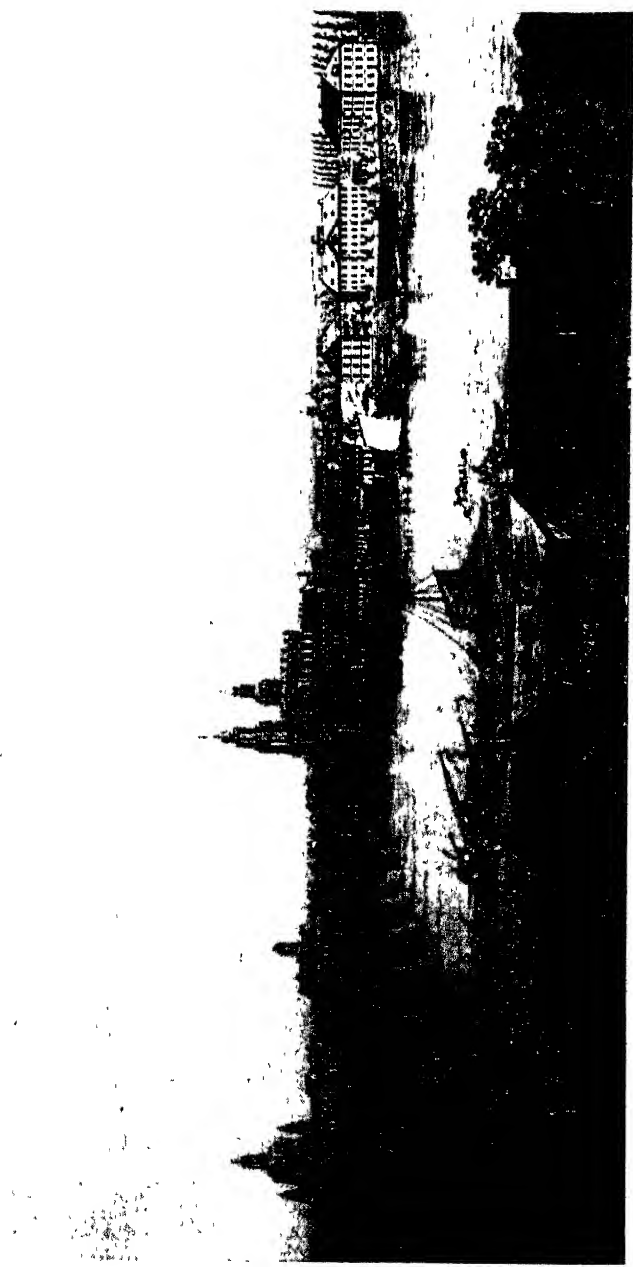
tion; Minister Einsiedel had slated Weber practically as Morlacchi's subordinate.

Weber was learning to protect his interests when the affair was sufficiently important to warrant the effort. This was paramount; the matter involved not only his personal honor but the Sacred Cause. He would stay, he said firmly, until his successor was appointed; no longer.

Vitzthum murmured that the combination of the Court, of Einsiedel, and the Italian faction was too much for him. Weber icily repeated his intention of resigning. He went back to the Italian Village and looked at the pictures, wondering if he would have to take them down. Then he wrote a letter to Vitzthum stating his position. He was not, he said, so much concerned with the question of his own rank as with the defense of the universal artist. "I should consider myself unworthy of His Majesty's service, if I could think, feel, act other than as one who serves not alone the art of Germany but the art of every time and country."

At long last he had his way and the satisfaction of being named Morlacchi's colleague, not his subordinate. As soon as he had seen Vitzthum, he felt able to write Caroline: "I have the happiness of assuring you that everything is settled and my firm stand has succeeded. They realize that they have in me a man who must be taken seriously.... I leave all in God's hands"—not, however, until he had completed his own arrangements.

But why did the Court of Saxony champion the Italian faction and take no pleasure in fostering German opera? The reasons were several, and not without roots of prejudice and stupidity. King Friedrich August was an old man and stubborn. Changes were abhorrent to him, and in the downfall of his great ally, Napoleon, he had suffered crushing humiliation. Weber represented the new order. He was the composer of nationalistic songs and cantatas; the principles which Friedrich August supposed him to entertain were anathema. The family of the royal old gentleman had been converted to Catholicism seventy years before, and Italy was still peculiarly revered. He had a good ear and a preference for *opera buffa*; Italian voices were more musical and Italian melodies more



VIEW OF DRESDEN ABOUT 1825. FROM A COLORED ENGRAVING BY C. A. RICHTER

Frauenkirche at left, overlooking Brühl Terrace and Augustus Bridge. Catholic Church in center, overlooked by Royal Palace.

seductive. Friedrich August went to church and to opera; he dined in state but could not be described as mingling. Since he had scuttled back to Dresden after his imprisonment by the Allies, his subjects saw him at a distance and forgot the tones of his voice.

The stubborn, honest, old fellow had a prime minister more conservative and testy than himself. Count Einsiedel was a stay-at-home Saxon and was strongly in favor of all who imitated his example. What was good enough for him was good enough for all honest folk; who was this Weber fellow but a lolling outsider?

The opening words of Weber's still-unwritten aria, "*Leise, leise,*" might have been Dresden's motto; it was "gently" here, and "hush, hush" there, all the descending gamut from Court ball to the great public festival of target-shooting, at which the crowd comported themselves with such mild stolidity that a single *gendarme* could keep an eye on the fun while he protected a peace which no one wanted to disturb. Even when Napoleon blew up the famous stone bridges, the popular temper had not been raised above grumbling pitch.

The Court provided a raree-show for the townspeople, although the pleasure excited was sufficiently reverent. Many of the royal family were old, and most of them were ugly. In dress they clung to the "good days"—the days before the French Revolution. Images in powdered wigs, panniers, buckled shoes, stiffly brocaded satin, filed over the hanging gallery between palace and church on Sundays and feast days, starting at the first stroke of eleven, finishing on the last, when royalty was seated. There was always a gaping crowd to watch the procession, pathetic as a memorial of the past, and mechanical, like some giant clock whose striking releases a dozen figures to go through intricate but meaningless maneuvers. They sat, these poor down-at-heels aristocrats, behind the glazed front of their private gallery looking like mummies in glass cases or like the stage musicians in *Don Giovanni*.*

* An English visitor at this period described the royal pew as "literally a hot-house." He criticized the architecture and the use of violins in the religious offices, but remarked: "It was only here that I observed that decent custom strictly enforced, (which was universal in the earlier ages of the church,) of making all females take their places on one side, and all males on the other."

Weber had to wear Court dress almost daily; for, in Morlacchi's frequent absences, he was obliged to conduct the church music and must also perform the duty, hateful to musicians, of conducting the orchestra while Royalty sat at table. His uniform was green with white knee-breeches, and he carried under his arm a three-cornered hat with a Saxon cockade. It was necessary to borrow a suit for his first reception at Court, and none could be found to fit him because of the length of his arms. Fastidious Kapellmeister von Weber candidly admitted that he was a figure of fun; but it gave him scant pleasure to provide the public with another spectacle, especially one which exacted no reverence. When he was first presented, the King bowed and said coldly, "I am happy to possess your talent." The old Queen was more gracious and asked after his little fiancée, Caroline Brandt, whom she had seen last autumn on the Dresden stage.

Kapellmeister von Weber was a happier man as soon as he had changed his clothes. At thirty he had adopted a permanent style of dressing, a long tight blue coat with shining buttons, tight trousers, "Suvarov" boots with tassels, frilled shirt, and high immaculate white stock pierced with a diamond pin, the gift of the brother of Saxe-Gotha's Duke. His cloak was yellow with many capes which grew smaller as they ascended, and his hat was round with a broad brim. He seldom went without spectacles, and the elongated lenses increased the anxious severity of the long, pale face. His smile was charming, but in repose his lips were set with a look of suffering and restraint.

Thus he appeared when Count Vitzthum personally introduced him to the orchestra. Carl was in a nervous mood from his battle for equal rights with Morlacchi; troubled also about his tenure of office, which was only for the current year while, with marriage in view, he desired a life appointment. Deaf Vitzthum droned a

During mass, domestics of the royal household, armed with enormous batons, patrol the nave and aisles to enforce the regulation, and remove all pretences as well as opportunities of scandal. The system of separation was not observed, however, above stairs, among the adherents of the court; there the wolves and the sheep were praying side by side. This decorum, too, has its origin in the purity of the royal character, though truly the citizens of Dresden seem to value this most estimable virtue much more lowly than it deserves...."

pleasant speech suggesting it was evident that the King favored German opera, or he would never have procured the services of such a famous leader as von Weber. When it came time for Carl to respond, he asked their confidence and added curtly, "As your director, I shall expect unconditional obedience. Without respect to persons, showing partiality least of all to myself, I shall behave with justice but with inexorable severity." Such tactlessness could not ingratiate; but at the moment Weber did not wish to please. The brothers Roth, excellent clarinetists, were particularly incensed; but after they understood the truculent conductor, they became his warm friends.

This proud Weber, so sensitive where he felt his art or his personal dignity assailed, as a rule did not choose to consort with professional musicians, because most of them relapsed into ignorant, uncouth fellows when their instruments were in their cases. The Court was not for him; if he had hoped to find a royal patron of the temper of Ludwig of Bavaria, the Prussian Crown Prince, or the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, the chilly greeting of King Friedrich August the Just had dispelled the fancy. In the diplomatic circle, where not one of the ministers was native to the country he represented, the case was a little better. Count Bombelles, a Frenchman holding the Austrian post, had a clever wife in Ida Brun; Morier, the English ambassador, was married to the brilliant daughter of Lord Castlereagh; when it was humanly possible, she struck a balance with her husband's tactlessness. These gentry warmly welcomed Weber as an antidote to boredom.

Quite as important were the Dresden literati. There was the society which went by what Max von Weber calls "the truly horrid name" of Poets' Tea, also called *Liederkreis*. Tieck, whom Weber had known in Prague and other cities, made fun of the bread-and-buttery affair, which was no sillier than many an authors' or manuscript club of the succeeding century. The refreshments were scanty, but that is a ridiculous thing to carp at, for Dresden was poor, and many members were maiden ladies like Therese aus dem Winkel or women separated from their husbands, such as Helmina von Chezy, both of whom Weber knew to his cost. Friedrich Kind,

author of *Van Dyke's Country House*, a clever, touchy little man, was a prominent member; and so was Court Councilor Winkler, editor of the *Abendzeitung*, who wrote under the name of Theodor Hell.

After 1819 Ludwig Tieck sat in his house in the Altmarkt, before whose door the garland weavers plied their trade, and poked sour fun at the Poets' Tea. He had his parties too at which he read aloud the plays of Shakespeare or his later favorite, Calderon. Woe to the sneezer and the snuffer, damnation to the man who coughed! With the brothers Schlegel Tieck had founded the Romantic School; but he had since cut himself off from its decadence and was busy with translation and rhapsodies, with public readings and such anodynes. Weber and he were friendly, although Tieck felt himself privileged to pass judgment on much of which he knew little.

Weber frequented the *Liederkreis* because it provided the universal refuge of "some place to go." He was lonely, and the winter was cold in Dresden, so that he was the more depressed. Therese aus dem Winkel, who played the harp, painted, and wrote reviews signed *Th.* or *C.*, disliked him. She was not very young and not in the least pretty; he might have spared her his caustic wit, but he was rude and she retaliated.

He needed friends. Intimacy with Morlacchi was impossible. How shall we judge the long war of the Kapellmeisters? Most of our information comes from Max von Weber, who idolized his father. It is certain that Morlacchi was a competent violinist and a distinguished composer; admitted that he was lax at rehearsals and preferred a slovenly performance to the trouble of calling a halt. Certainly he laid hindrances in Weber's path and shrugged from his own shoulders duties which fell heavily upon the slender ones of his colleague. Yet, as Ernest Newman drily remarks, "What one musician has to say about another cannot, as a rule, be regarded as evidence."

Weber made an odd friend in old Franz Seconda, who, like the King, clung to the wig and knee-breeches of his youth. In all weathers he could be seen hanging about the theater door like

an anxious ghost. For forty years the brothers Seconda had conducted theater and opera in Leipzig and Dresden. Franz had directed the theater in Leipzig in the summer and transported his company to Dresden for the winter. Joseph had charge of the opera troupe which served the alternate seasons. It was enough to make any old man tough and crusty, struggling over vile roads with shrieking prima donnas and fighting actors. In their turn the brothers had made a good many people miserable, among them Ludwig Geyer (the stepfather—father perhaps—of Richard Wagner), who had been an actor in Franz' employment but possessed an agreeable tenor so that Weber sometimes made use of him after he took over the opera.

The Secondas had not been allowed to produce their operas in Dresden itself, but had given their performances at the Linke'sches Bad, a little theater situated in the public gardens across the Elbe. In 1814, when the King was in exile and Dresden under Russian rule, old Franz had lost his contract and the theater was declared a state institution. The next year Friedrich August, safely back in Saxony, had ratified the decree and appointed Count Heinrich Vitzthum head of the project. The sincere patriotism of the lean, deaf Vitzthum had evolved the scheme of a German Opera, which Weber's genius created. Old Franz had thus some reason to dislike Weber as his supplanter. Incomprehensibly, he loved him, following at his heels like a snapping mastiff.

Weber chose Méhul's *Joseph* for his first opera, largely because there was only one woman's part, and the choral work was unimportant. His company was inferior to the Royal Opera, most of his singers being actors who had served in the Seconda troupe. He possessed the nominal privilege of borrowing a soloist now and then from Morlacchi, but that gentleman usually had a convincing reason for refusing to lend. According to the custom he had inaugurated in Prague, Weber published an educational article descriptive of the opera. For a Court functionary to address himself directly "to the Music-Loving Citizens of Dresden" was an innovation in Saxony and not approved, but Weber continued the practice. He studied the costumes of ancient Egypt pictured in giant tomes at

the library. At the theater he directed the painting of the scenery. The rehearsals were strenuous. He could never endure to be kept waiting, resenting the waste of time and the injury to his dignity. At the first rehearsal, the singers and instrumentalists drifted in pretty much when they chose. Silence, and his large, piercing eyes, enhanced by spectacles, conveyed his outraged sense of their tardiness so eloquently that next time no one was late. "Always be a little ahead of time rather than behind," he once admonished. "Everybody ought to be punctual, but for a soldier or an artist it's indispensable."

His forces were not wholly pleased with the strictness of the rehearsal. Weber insisted that classic operas must be performed with perfect fidelity in every detail. Eduard Genast relates an amusing anecdote about a performance of this same *Joseph* in which he had the temerity to insert a tiny Italian embellishment. Weber gave the singer such a glare that the moment the curtain fell the wretch hastened to his dressing room and tore off his costume preparing to flee. He was standing in beard and wig when Carl tracked him down and hissed, "Where did you get that stupid stuff? Don't you suppose that if Méhul had wanted any such knickknacks he would have put them in better than you? I insist there be no repetition. You understand? Good night! Sleep off your Italian jag."

The performance came off on January 30, sixteen days after Weber's arrival. The King attended, refrained from coughing (his habitual mark of disapproval) during the entire evening, and expressed satisfaction at its close. The public followed the royal lead with enthusiasm. But the remarkable success of *Joseph*, great accomplishment as it was, left the new director with Herculean efforts ahead of him. He had still to build a German opera company from almost nothing, and it was many months before it began to approximate what he had left in Prague. The soloists at his disposal were no more inadequate than the chorus, a makeshift arrangement in which the female parts had been sung by boys. Knowing the importance of the chorus in German opera and regarding it as a training school for future soloists, Weber set him-

self to acquire competent singers of both sexes whom he had specially trained in ensemble singing and eurythmics.

Not until March did he find time to write the beloved Gänsbacher—a long letter covering the whole of his two months in Dresden. The Italians have grown peaceful, he writes, and indeed, "Art has no Fatherland and we ought to value whatever is beautiful no matter what clime or region produced it." He was worrying over the one-year clause in his appointment, although he had been assured that in all previous cases it had been renewed for a life term. "I know my Star too well not to dread some difficulties. But as God wills! I place my trust in Him and fear nothing, though in future I shall have to provide for more than myself." He had promised to pay Lina's mother a small annuity; "It was better to make this sacrifice and insure peace and quiet at home."

He does not seem so jubilant over his expected marriage as Lina might wish to think him. He says wistfully that his fine projects of travel have vanished and that, once married, he supposes it will be harder than ever to get away; probably he will degenerate into a Philistine. He ventures to advise this friend who is nearing forty: "Guard well your liberty and do not allow F Major to beguile you into making any promises. Independence is noblest and best for a man."

This is hardly the voice of the ardent lover. Yet Carl was genuinely attached to Lina, and she was giving him better reason. A change had come over the quick-witted, ambitious girl. Until that moment in Berlin when she had received a vision of the laurel wreath about Carl's brow, a faint contempt, a feeling of superiority, had tainted her affection. But as soon as she had recognized his potential greatness, she had been artist enough to be submissive, woman enough to put her future husband's career ahead of her own.

They wrote each other long letters—ninety-one from Lina, eighty-seven from Carl. Collected, they would make a fat book, he asserts, which ought to be published as the Love Story of Two Gnats—he often displays this tendency to the rococo. It would be a financial success, and they could buy a carpet with the proceeds. He

sends her drawings of the alcove and window dimensions for her to make the curtains. She has given him a coffee-pot and taught him to make coffee; and when he meticulously brews his cup, she seems very near. They reckon up their assets and decide to keep her furniture, for prices are high. He has bought a mahogany secretary, silver, and carpets; and is *very* economical "but money flies!" Much of it had flown away a month earlier when he gave a fine champagne dinner in Morlacchi's honor and followed that with a dance for his company.

Through all the excitement of his first months in Dresden, Weber had not lost sight of the fact that his vocation as a composer was toward opera. He had been there but a few weeks when Friedrich Kind, the little poet, undertook for him the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, of which he wrote enthusiastically to Caroline that there had never been anything of its kind before.

It has been generally conceded that Weber was the victim of his librettos. Aside from the puerility of most of the material offered him—he never attempted, like Berlioz and Wagner, to write his own opera-books—it must be admitted that he was frequently defeated by his own romantic imagination. For if a poem pleased him, he would read and reread it until it glowed with the light of his own fancy. The lines would be as dull as ever, but he would have poured into them a rich content which he credited to their author. Not that Weber seized upon every libretto offered him. As he said, a composer cannot take a text "as a schoolboy takes an apple." In 1816 Körner's father complained, "Maria Weber has had *Alfred* now for almost two years and I hear nothing of his composition." Meanwhile he had written to Gubitz in Berlin: "I feel a terrible eagerness to fall to work on an opera, and I beg and entreat you to send me something soon." In the autumn of 1816 he became enthusiastic over "Tannhäuser," a subject proposed by Clemens Brentano, which Weber characterized as "full of passionate and wonderful interest." Such a theme would have been first-rate preparation for his *Euryanthe*, but the project came to nothing.

Tieck, the most talented poet among the composer's friends, might have made a great librettist; but at the time when Weber most

needed him, he was a soured and disillusioned man who compensated himself for his disappointments by exacting more homage than a man of Weber's temperament would have been able to pay throughout a lengthy collaboration. They accomplished nothing together beyond Weber's composition of a trio for women's voices for Tieck's version of *The Merchant of Venice*.* As for Weber's other dramatic collaborators, the dullness of Wolff's *Preciosa* is redeemed by little save the jewel tones of Weber's incidental music. Theodor Hell, the fourth-rate poet of *Die Drei Pintos*—the unfinished work destined to remain as enigmatical as Dickens's *Edwin Drood*—was in a literary sense entirely unworthy of Weber. Helmina von Chezy, librettist of his great but ill-fated *Euryanthe*, was powerless to protect the composer against his own miscalculations. After studying the list, one is forced to the conclusion that Friedrich Kind served his purpose best, partly because Weber's tact was a match for Kind's obstinacy.

Eight years had passed since the night when Weber and Alexander von Dusch had read Apel's Ghost Story of *Der Freischütz* † and planned to write an opera. It was this Bohemian tale of bullets cast at midnight with the aid of Satanic powers, and of retribution through the marksman's involuntary shooting of his own bride, that Weber showed to Kind and Kind appropriated. When Kind promised to write the libretto—naturally with the addition of a happy ending in which the forces of light would be triumphant—the little poet and the frail composer fell rapturously into each other's arms. In ten days the libretto was finished, and Weber carried it home with exultation.

He wrote all the details to Lina, and she replied that the appearance of Kind's hermit in the first scene was not practicable: the opera ought to begin with the lively business of the villagers and the tavern. Weber reported Lina's comment to his author, who yielded with a bad grace, though to the unquestionable advantage of the opera. Kind desired royalties on performances of the work,

* Tieck said of *Der Freischütz* that it was "the most unmusical row that ever rowed upon a stage."

† "The Marksman Using Charmed Bullets."

but Weber (who had never yet composed a paying opera) was determined to pay him a fixed sum, and for the time being the author contented himself with the fair payment of 30 ducats.*

A libretto is extremely important, but to Kind the libretto was the whole opera. He never ceased to believe that he had written *Der Freischütz* and that Weber had stolen his thunder. There was a story current in Dresden that Weber had the face of the Sistine Madonna, and Kind the infantile expression of her child. Thus through eternity, so ran the *bon mot*, *Maria trägt das Kind* ("carries the child"). Kind and his adherents thought it went the other way.†

Weber did not make too sweeping an assertion when he wrote Lina that nothing like *Der Freischütz* "had ever been done before." Besides the extreme romanticism of the subject, the new dramatic coloring of the orchestration, his persistent and versatile use of the leitmotif entitles him to most of the credit of inventing what Wagner perfected. His noble characterization of women marked a new development in music. It is not without interest that the "Laughing Chorus" in the first act grew out of Weber's vexed attention to the false intoning of sleepy old women in Pillnitz chapel on a drowsy afternoon. The eerie music of the Wolf's Glen was suggested by the mist through which his carriage drove one morning from Dresden to the Château. Its lowering forms swept down threateningly, parted, drifted by; and in the stillness he heard the voice of the Prince of the Power of the Air. The tables and chairs overturned in a beer garden with their legs ignominiously up-ended in the rain sounded in his ears the note of horn and trumpet. Nothing so common and so mean but could change under his eyes to beauty.

At Easter Weber went in quest of singers to Prague, where he visited Lina and conducted his old troupe in his own opera, *Silvana*. Its success heartened him like his favorite port wine. There were shouts of "Bravo, Weber!" and he savored the triumph of one who has long known himself undervalued. When he went back to Dres-

* \$65. The usual price for an opera-book was not more than \$40.

† *Was wäre Maria ohne Kind?*

den, he worked harder than ever producing an astonishing list of operas. Unluckily, he had invested his savings in Ballabene's bank in Prague, which collapsed that spring; it was doubly unlucky that he had advised Lina to keep her money in the same institution. Pride and the certainty of her mother's excited fault-finding made him quietly cover her losses and conceal his own; and it was not until ten years after their marriage that he told her what he had done. In his diary he wrote: "Thus far the Lord has helped me, and He will continue to do so. I trust His mercy"—a perfunctory dismissal of a vexatious subject.

In the spring the German Opera was ordered to remove to the small theater in Linke'sches Bad. Weber battled for German rights; if his company was to be exiled to the suburbs, so must the Italian. Einsiedel was ill, and Weber triumphed.

Yet who would not have been glad to remove to the charming gardens? The gentry went by gondolas and the company in fair-sized boats, toward sunset, along the broad river. Accompanied by a few romantic friends, Weber played his guitar or collaborated in improvising wild tales in which the teller would stop at a moment of anguished suspense, calling upon another to continue. But often when the sun was setting, a cold shadow fell on Weber's face; he shivered, and a deep depression laid a chilly hand across his lips.

Incidents continually were occurring which forced him to wonder if he had been well advised to come to Dresden. For example: Vitzthum had asked Weber to direct a charity concert in the Frauenkirche; * but Morlacchi, asserting that he was *primo maestro*, undertook to supplant him. Einsiedel as usual sided with the Italian, sent for Weber, and kept him waiting an hour and a half in his antechamber. When he was at last admitted, he observed with hauteur equaling that of Einsiedel, "My chief assigned me this duty, and he alone can relieve me of it, in which case I shall immediately resign my appointment." The dispute came to the attention of Friedrich August the Just, who, in Weber's view, showed that

* The Protestant Cathedral.

he had come by his title honestly, for he decided in Weber's favor and ordered him to direct the concert.

Immediately upon this distressing squabble arrived a letter from the impulsive Brühl at Berlin: Kapellmeister Gürlich had died that very day; would Weber accept his position? Weber was eager for it. He had good reason to dislike the attitude of the Saxon Court and ministry. He loved Berlin, probably because he had never lived there for long; he had an inherited romantic predilection for change. When he consulted Count Vitzthum, who had been unable to secure him a life appointment, his superior promised renewed efforts in order to keep him; but Weber continued to give the Berlin offer his most serious consideration, sending Caroline tabulations of its pros and cons and closely inquiring of Brühl about the degree of independence offered him, his relation to his colleagues, and the articulation of the salary to the cost of living in Berlin. The negotiations ended when the theater in the Prussian capital was destroyed by fire and the King failed to endorse Brühl's action; but the flattering offer from outside Saxony strengthened the hand of Vitzthum sufficiently to obtain the new Kapellmeister his life appointment. Carl was not entirely sorry to have the Berlin negotiations fall through. He must have realized that wherever he was would be a storm center. Besides, he was in love with Dresden and dreamed of a country house in Hosterwitz.

Morlacchi left on one of his frequent eight months' holidays; and in his absence Weber had to undertake the music in the Catholic Church. The organ was one of Silbermann's and famous as his best, although Sir George Smart later judged it nothing extraordinary. The exceptional piety of the Court made the service onerous; not only was the full choir with orchestra employed twice on Sundays and solemn feast days, but there was a long list of special church occasions.

Before entering on his duties, Weber confessed and received the sacrament. He was accustomed to observe religious forms with the exactitude he showed in the conduct of his dress and housekeeping. If he experienced doubts on spiritual matters, he kept them to himself; but apparently he took his religion for granted. Protestantism

was abhorrent to him because it was cool and drab and he disliked the singing in Protestant churches. Yet the secular nature of Weber's sacred music shocked the Lutheran Spohr, and has brought it under the ban of the Catholic Church. His Masses are infrequently performed, perhaps because of the theatrical touch imparted to his sacred music by his sense of the dramatic. His inevitable "As God wills" must remain enigmatic; in Weber there is no glimpse of a soul who thirsts for satisfactions not possible in this world. The world never granted him what he yearned for; but until the end he believed that it might be coaxed or coerced into doing so.

As to religious music, let him speak for himself: "Why should we always prostrate ourselves before the Godhead as if blinded by His glory? Wherefore should we not trustingly look upward to His tempered beams and accustom ourselves to being near Him—as indeed every page of the Bible teaches us to do? We worship His majesty—His distance is immeasurable and casts us like worms in the dust of the earth; but His love we can reach through loving Him in return, and this makes us divine and capable of Heaven."

That autumn, the daughter of Prince Max was married to the future Grand Duke of Tuscany. The ceremony was to take place by proxy in Dresden, and Vitzthum was determined to have the fête an honest German affair. He engaged Kind to write a festival play with music by Weber. Then, when all was ready, Einsiedel countermanded the order and required an Italian cantata within fourteen days—an anomaly, since the Tuscan bridegroom was as German as his bride. Morlacchi was absent, so Weber was employed to write the music in Italianate style. As the weeks went by and the marriage did not come off, he began to be afraid that the procrastination of the great would prevent him from getting to his own wedding in Prague, already once postponed, to Lina's great disappointment. Much was involved besides the immediate happiness of Carl and Lina. His leave of absence was not long, the bride's mother must be escorted to her son, and the bridal pair planned a concert tour to pay the expenses of the wedding journey.

He met Prince Max, father of the royal bride, strolling with Prince

Anton, the future King of Saxony, along the river bank; two elderly brothers, affable and simple. "Well, Weber, my dear fellow! So you're getting married? And when is it coming off?"

"As soon, your Royal Highness, as the Court festivities are over."

"Ah, that's a shame! My fault, of course. We'll hurry things along, my dear Weber! Yes, yes, hurry along!"

Yet the wedding did not take place until October 29. Weber's little cantata, entitled *L'Accoglienza* ("The Welcoming") made a charming spectacle despite its total want of dramatic effect. Allegorical figures of Husbandry, Learning, Art, and Trade sang the praises of the Tuscan Hapsburgs. The Genius of Florence appeared, greeted the bride, and caused the stage clouds to part, revealing a prospect of the city on the Arno and a crowd of Florentines who sang a jubilant welcome. Applause was enthusiastic, and next day the King sent Weber a diamond ring in token of his approval.

Carl had everything ready for his own bride. Old "Don Giovanni" Bassi, the great gourmet, kept coming to the new flat. He inspected the stocking of the pantry, where all was in order even to the canisters of tea and coffee. Weber was on the point of starting for Prague when Kind burst in to tell him that the King wanted his play after all, and he must have a song for it by November 6. Carl could not delay his departure but promised to send back the music, which he composed in his traveling carriage and wrote out in Prague. The rhythm of movement was usually helpful and the lack of pianoforte and paper no hindrance, as he never wrote down a piece of music until the scoring was completed in his mind. But on this journey he was tired, excited, feverish. He began to fear that he would be too ill for the marriage and might even die. Then, at the last posting station, the little bride with her indefatigable mother was waiting for him. She had come to meet him, and though she might not say so, in her young heart she meant something symbolic by the little act. For she was merging her life with the man on whose head she had seen the immortal garland, and her ambitions were attuned with his; her talents no longer counted save as they could advance his interests. Pity may well have

mingled with her adoration, for he seemed ethereal in his frailty. Her hand in his, his long arm about her plump little waist, they bumped along to Prague, oblivious of Mamma.

The wedding day was set for November 4. The short time intervening was gay with parties, but the music had to be finished and dispatched to Kind; and so it was with a charming note on the very eve of the marriage.

Very early in the morning Lina and Carl confessed and took communion in the ancient Church of St. Heinrich. Afterward he shut himself up for an hour alone. What did he think of in that quiet time? Before the shadowy greatness of his operas, did he see himself and little blonde Lina, a quiet, loving, wedded pair of young Germans, walking away from this present Carl, hand in hand toward the mysterious backdrop of the future?

CHAPTER XI

Bridal Chorus

*Du Kleine mit dem blonden Haar,
Die längst schon meine Freude war,
Ich gehe, rauhe Winde wehn;
Willst mit ins Hüttchen gehn? **

—GLEIM

THE BRIDAL HAD A FESTIVE AS WELL AS A RELIGIOUS ASPECT, FOR MANY friends accompanied the pair to St. Heinrich's, and the men of Weber's old opera troupe surprised them with a four-part chorus. The wedding trip took the young people through Eger, Bayreuth, Bamberg, Würzburg, and Heidelberg to Mannheim. Up to this point Lina's mother had made a third; but there they left her with her son Louis and the husband from whom she had long been separated.

Gottfried Weber was occupying an important legal position in Mainz. Weber had hoped that personal contact would end the estrangement between these two members of the Brotherhood. But Gottfried had a large family and many interests besides those which were musical; nor had he ceased to bear a grudge against Weber for neglecting to further his compositions. The six days they spent together were to have been the high point of the journey, but proved its nadir.

Count Vitzthum had commissioned Weber to engage musicians

* "Dear little wife with the fine gold hair,
You who are always my joy and my care,
I hie me in for the rough winds blow,
Won't you with me in my little house go?"

where he found them, and part of the expenses of the tour could be charged to the German Opera Company; the young couple thriftily attempted to raise the rest by concerts. They played and sang at Darmstadt and at the university town of Giessen; they visited Gotha's Duke and Weimar's Duchess, and in Leipzig saw the critic Rochlitz. Everywhere Weber had reason to be proud of Caroline's beauty, talent, and good manners. On the twentieth of December they were at home in Dresden, not in Weber's old quarters in the Italian Village, but in a flat in the Altmarkt.

Carl had teased Lina on the wedding journey with stories of fearful disorder; she would have to jump over boxes and bales; naturally there would be nothing to eat. Now he stood aside smiling, while Lina ran in to find everything so neat, so orderly; pantry stocked, feather beds white and fluffy as puffs of cloud, cook and slavey curtseying. How pleased she was! What airs she gave herself! The furniture she had brought into the family was expensive; she possessed a fine sofa and Carl had bought a beautiful mahogany desk. It was her first taste of independence, masterful Mamma being tucked away in Brother Louis' house in Mannheim spending Weber's pension as she or Brother Louis chose.

Caroline had a bunch of ponderous keys at her girdle and an account book. She, too, had wandered all her life and found it sweet to be a little German *Hausfrau*. They had a big dog and a gray Angora cat called Maune. The young couple breakfasted early, Maune and the dog waiting expectantly beside Carl's chair. Afterward Lina went about the house humming and jingling the absurd keys, and Carl followed her talking of household affairs, admiring her, now and then singing out something with which his deepest thoughts were occupied. Ten in the morning was the rehearsal hour. On the infrequent days when he need not go to the theater he liked to walk with Lina along the Brühl Terrace by the Elbe or to pay visits of friendship or ceremony. They dined at one o'clock. At first Lina was disconcerted by her husband's habit of appearing with several unexpected guests, but soon whoever came was sure of welcome and a good dinner. In the afternoon all Dresdeners took

nap. Then came the hour for coffee. Unluckily the newspaper had by now arrived, and Carl turned at once to the music criticisms. Never was he indifferent to what was said of his work. He would become excited and walk so fast around the little parlor that, when taxed, he admitted running. Lina was lucky when she could keep him from answering his critics. Sometimes when he had written a vitriolic reply he would destroy it, the tension sufficiently relieved by the act of expression. If his diatribes appeared, they made him enemies. Lina wept when the critics assailed her husband, and his friends were uneasy because he often went too far.

The opera performance was at six. After it was over, although often desperately weary, Carl would feel the need of companionship, especially of men friends. Muffled in his fur-lined coat, he would walk through the little alleys behind the Schloss to a high-shouldered corner house where the Italian Chiappone kept a delicatessen. In a back room Carl met his cronies: Tieck, who had translated Shakespeare but preferred Calderon; Kind, who tried his hand at all kinds of literary work; Editor Winkler, who wrote as "Theodor Hell"; Bassi, the first Don Giovanni—second- or third-rate men, but the best Dresden afforded. There was good talk over Burgundy or caviar, but only Weber ventured to hint at politics. It is said that he told naughty stories; but none of them are extant, a fact which would please him.

Although he often felt slighted, he was popular in Dresden; and the young couple went frequently to the homes of diplomats and to the *Liederkreis*, where Weber still sang "rogue songs" to his guitar. Lina was considered very pretty and talented, but her jealousy amused people. The Webers were clever at charades or at any kind of impromptu entertainment. Lina could declaim verses charmingly while Carl improvised the dramatic accompaniment. Often he played for dancing, especially waltzes, in which he took delight. "Come, look alive!" he would call. "When the master plays, the 'prentices must dance their best!"

Lina was very kind to the young members of her husband's company, but she was given to acting the *grande dame* and thus affronted the Costenobles when they came to Dresden. For the



COUNT HEINRICH VITZTHUM VON ECKSTÄDT

Painting by Ludwig Geyer

Costenobles had known the Weber family for many years, back to the days of the Weber Comedians; and in Prague when Lina was on the stage she had danced in and out of their lives with happy informality. "Oh, Heaven! what a contrast! We were brought into a splendidly furnished apartment where Frau von Weber advanced to meet us with high aristocratic mien, and with all the formality of a woman of the world invited Jeanette to take her place on the sofa next to the highly and well-married hostess. I was most graciously permitted to take the settle opposite. It embarrassed me like the devil to find the person who was so natural and friendly with us in Prague, so stiff and ceremonious here."

Carl Maria filled his letters to his friends with the joys of new-found domesticity, doubly precious because his relations with the Court were so often painful. To the romantic Gubitz he wrote: "When there is storm without and the mob hedges me about, I can close the door at my back and step into the circle where everything bids me forget, where everything helps me endure." And to Gänsbacher: "I must immediately tell you...how *happy* and *cheerful* I am in my domestic relations and how much my beloved Lina adorns my life and helps me to bear its burdens. No one would ever guess that my Lina had ever been an actress, she has become such an industrious, intelligent, and painstaking housewife.... May God be thanked for it and may He keep it so.... The separation from her mother was the most difficult point, but she bears this too with quiet submission and, to my great satisfaction, recognizes its necessity."

The benevolent tyrant imposed other conditions. Lina liked the pleasant show of housekeeping and was proud of her prettily set coffee table; but she had never learned to cook. Perhaps von Weber wanted no more than the assurance that Caroline was in every respect the accomplished *Hausfrau*; perhaps he knew gay, self-willed little Lina would never realize that he was master of the household until he had insisted on the performance of some ungrateful task; probably it was only the expression of an artist's deep need for outward order. Whatever the cause, he gave the cook a holiday and bade Lina get the dinner. She had Carl and the small

slavery to help, and there was no matter for tears nor reason for burning the roast; yet tears and smoke were forthcoming. With gentle persistence he mastered Lina and obtained peace in his household. One drawback remained—the silly girl was still jealous.

She had no reason. The German burgher, the man of affairs, loved his wife and was weary of other earthly women. True, Weber the composer cherished a passion for a mistress, but against her Lina could have no defense. Sometimes the desired one appeared as Agathe; again she was embodied in sound, in color, action, form—she was his conception of the ideal in music.

The Dresden ladies smiled on him. They thought him romantic and admired his sweet mouth, the eyes with lowered, folded lids, his way of bending his head gently to one side. He was like a hero of a three-volume novel, and they preferred him to the broad-shouldered cavaliers with rolling red necks. Lina wept. Carl went out of the house and stayed away long enough for a lover's assignation. It was the same the next day and the next. He offered no explanation; but his face was high and indifferent. Lina bathed herself in her tears; she luxuriated in woe. Then one day Carl staggered into the house with a heavy burden, a bust of himself done by the sculptor, Matthäi. He explained gravely that it was a gift to a wife from an affectionate husband. Would she be so good as to read the accompanying paper? Lina saw a list of dates and hours spent at the studio. The sculptor had signed it. She had the grace to blush. If not cured, she was quieted.

The demands of marriage and society left Weber little time to work on the new opera which Kind had written for him soon after he came to Dresden. Moreover, a painful rebuff by the Court in the early part of 1818 had a crippling effect on his creative power. Ever since his experience at Breslau he had taken special interest in the problem of seating an orchestra in the theater; and at Dresden he had found an arrangement resembling, as Ernest Newman remarks, "the fantastic invention of some grimly humorous lunatic." The conductor sat at the piano in the center of the orchestra, behind him a cellist and a double-bass who read from his score. At an earlier date they could make out their simple parts with com-

parative ease, but Weber was not only attempting to direct stage business as well as music, he had also introduced the practice of conducting with a baton, so that they had to crane their necks like turtles to see the notes. In front of him another cello and contrabass completed his encirclement and drowned out the rest of the orchestra. A third contrabass occupied a position of banishment at the extreme right adjoining the King's box. On either hand of the conductor were arranged the violins and violas, among which three shiny trombones stared him in the face. Farther left were woodwinds, horns, and trumpets; and drums and other trumpeters occupied a sort of hollow beneath the royal box, whence they could neither hear their fellows nor see the leader.

The arrangement was less intolerable in the older Italian opera, where only a pleasing accompaniment to the singers' voices was desired; but it flew in the face of Weber's conviction that opera, as a union of voice, orchestra, and action, must give due emphasis to each element and be under the immediate control of the director. For the Saxon marriage festivities he had tried a new arrangement, moving his desk up to a point where it was visible to everyone and grouping strings on one side of him, brass and woodwinds on the other.

In the excitement the innovation had passed unnoticed, but the repetition of the experiment after his return to Dresden was not so happy. The King was pained to hear the blare of trombones replace the accustomed thumping of kettledrums beneath him, and the upshot of the ensuing week of intrigue was an order to restore the original seating arrangement. Weber's clear and temperate memorandum of protest to Count Vitzthum had no effect, but his humiliation found momentary solace in a crushing reply to the criticisms of Therese aus dem Winkel, which drove her from the columns of the *Abendzeitung*. He was a more effective controversialist now than when he had called his critics names in Freiberg; but the emotional process was scarcely different.

The year 1818 was the fiftieth of Friedrich August's reign, and the golden anniversary of his marriage with Marie Amalie Auguste of Zweibrücken would take place the following February. These

two events must be celebrated, although the King would have preferred that the first of them should pass unnoticed, for he had not recovered from his humiliation at the hands of the Allies, his disappointment at the overthrow of Napoleon and the loss of Poland. Weber set aside his opera to write compositions of considerable length for both of these festivities, and in addition undertook to compose music for the Queen's name-day in the summer of 1818.

It is hard for us to understand his repeated offerings to the royal family. The King was cool to him both as an individual and as the leader of the German Opera. Nor was Weber indifferent to the inartistic stringency of composing to order. He wrote Gänsbacher: "These Occasional Compositions, which are mere ephemera in the artistic world, belong to the darker side of an official post, and their impermanence makes them dreary work no matter how devoted and loyal one is to the person they are written for." He goes on about the kindness and generosity of the Court. In our modern view he appears too attentive to place and power, but for his generation his independence was extreme. Possibly the contest was stimulated by a desire to race Morlacchi and his faction; and if he could not outrun them, at least to stay the course.

The affair for the Queen's name-day, which was also that of the King and of Princess Auguste, went off the best. Kind had written a poem called "Nature and Love," which Weber turned into a tiny cantata with fresh and charming music. The many young princes and princesses were interested in Grandmother's fête and came to the last rehearsal in Weber's little country place, some of them walking over from Pillnitz and others riding out from Dresden. When the cantata had been gone over, everyone sang folk songs, and after dark Weber set off fireworks in honor of the Royal House. At eight in the morning of the great day the cantata was given in the Queen's private apartment, to her immense pleasure. Friedrich August wandered in and out during the performance. For Weber's sake one wishes that the restless old fellow had sat through it.

The next celebration, that of the accession, came in September, and was to be marked by solemn church music and a jubilee concert. Morlacchi declared he was too busy to produce anything new

for the latter event; and Vitzthum, not consulting his superiors, encouraged Weber to prepare a cantata for the concert and to make it as brilliant as possible. Early in August, Kind the indefatigable handed over the poetry. For the next two weeks the composer sat almost constantly at his work table, his face, flushed with fever, supported by one long hand while the other set down his firm, clear notation. In three days he wrote out sixty-three pages of the full score. This terrific concentration was too much for a man already ill with tuberculosis, but the succeeding disappointment and humiliation cost him more. For when the Jubilee Cantata was completed, melancholy, deaf Count Vitzthum told him it was not to be performed. At the public concert given to celebrate fifty years' reign of a German monarch in a German country, every composer on the program was an Italian. Weber, Vitzthum reported, might play his overture, but nothing more. Weber indignantly refused, but later capitulated. The brilliant Jubilee Overture with its impressive introduction of "God Save the King" is familiar to us all; time completed the severance ordained by the Saxon monarch, and the remainder of the cantata is never heard. Solace to Weber's pride lay in a subsequent charity concert at which the cantata was given in full with tremendous success.

The value of a Kapellmeister was gauged largely by the number of Masses he produced, and in November Weber composed his second of the year for the Golden Wedding. It was accepted, but in a mutilated condition, his Offertory being replaced by music of Morlacchi and Polledro.

Meanwhile he was worried about Caroline, who was pregnant; and he was ill himself. His throat troubled him, and he could not rid himself of a severe cold. He consulted two medical advisers, each opposed to the other as definitely as he himself to Morlacchi. Between visits he followed the advice of the last doctor who saw him. One, the Court physician, a ponderous old fellow in knee-breeches who took snuff, pronounced Weber's ailment a stomach complaint. His younger colleague said with more justice that the trouble lay in the larynx. Between the two schools Weber got nothing to eat and, when nourishment and rest were all-important, had

neither. His nerves played tricks on him and his temper was barbaric. And all the time he obeyed the doctors, he was ironically certain they could do him no good.

Lina's little girl was born on December 22. She had a hard time and so did the young husband, who wrote Gänsbacher two days later, still considerably agitated, that she had borne her sufferings heroically. "These must be witnessed, not described, in order rightly to appreciate the courage of a woman. Thank God it is over! ... What a singular feeling it is!" He wrote his friend that the King and Queen were to be godparents to little Marie Caroline Friederike Auguste; and so they were by proxy, but to Weber's intense mortification, when the day came, there appeared as sponsors not the Court lady and chamberlain whose presence he had every reason to expect, but the King's valet, Schmiedel, and a woman of inferior position in the palace.

Within a week came word of the death of Lina's father, Brandt, the disappointed violinist. Though he had been little use to her alive, she wept for him as she lay in bed with little Marie Caroline in the circle of her arm.

Eighteen hundred and eighteen was over. Carl was a father. *Der Freischütz* was scarcely more than begun, and his compositions for the great days of the Royal House had met such scant appreciation that he might call the effort wasted. There was something wrong with his body; he could not get the better of it as he used to do. However, since a remedy was not to be found, he must ignore his illness. He had his compensations: Caroline, a dear little daughter, friends who were faithful; and the spring must come at last. Courage was not difficult for him since, never having been robust, he had been forced to learn endurance. He hurried on through life.

CHAPTER XII

Klein Hosterwitz

*Ein Gärtchen und ein Häuschen drin
Wünscht ich schon lange mir,—
Jetzt hab' ich eins nach meinem Sinn;
Sag, Freund, gefällt es dir?
Das Gärtchen ist ohn' Schmuck und Pracht,
Das Häuschen schlecht verziert,
Doch wird darin recht viel gelacht,
Geschertzt, sympathisirt.—**

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

IN THE SPRING OF 1818, WHICH FOLLOWED HIS MARRIAGE, VON WEBER had been mightily pleased to stroll with his pretty young wife across the Augustus Bridge and then walk on along the farther river bank. The Webers prolonged these excursions to the point of fatigue because they were determined to find a summer home near Pillnitz, five miles from Dresden, where the Court resided in warm weather. Not only did they share the common German love for country places, but it was impractical to stay in Dresden when Carl's services were so frequently required by the royal family. There was but one road thither, and if the trip were made by boat it might occupy several hours.

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And now it's here and you are near,
Its faults I'm sure you'll pardon;
For though it lacks both size and style,
Music and jest our hearts beguile,
Mirth, and the sympathetic smile."

Song composed by Weber in 1803

More than a year had passed since Weber had entered on his work in Dresden. From the beginning the city had laid her wistful and nostalgic spell upon his heart. Prague had piled heaps of stone on his frail breast; but in the rococo spirit which informs the Saxon city he found something akin to his own. He suspected that the soothing touch was rather drug than healing balsam, but the longer he lingered, the less he could do without it.

They had not hoped to have a summer home that first year, but his health made it possible to consider the luxury a necessity. In Klein Hosterwitz, within easy walking distance of Schloss Pillnitz and on the same bank of the Elbe, there was a house in the vineyard with a five-roomed flat for rent. Hosterwitz has always deserved her name of Little; but in those days there were only twenty-one dwellings, and the population numbered one hundred thirteen souls.

Loveliest of towns! The tinted stucco of the walls, the flaunting brilliance of flower beds, make a mass of pale jewels richly set to fasten on the river bank. The ancient, melancholy church, the steep walled street up from the Elbe, the *Laube's* behind quiet houses, the beer garden filled only on Sunday because the folk are poor—all remain as in the past; and Weber would know loved Hosterwitz again. Of the many places in Germany where his presence lingers, no other speaks of him with such delicate precision as the small house on what was then the only road to the Schloss. Close to the street stands the yellow wall of stucco; but when the visitor opens the green gate and steps down the stony path, he sees that the house is built in two wings at right angles to each other, giving the garden an air of pleasant secrecy. The yellow stable just beyond hugs the green fence and hides the *Laube* where Weber worked. A lonely goat is tethered where Weber's restless horses stood, and where the black and scarlet carriage was bestowed.

In the earlier days the young couple were too poor to furnish both establishments, and their belongings had to be carried to Hosterwitz in springtime and back to Dresden in the fall. The elegant, spindle-legged piano stood close to the living-room window where the bust of Mozart regarded it with gentle speculation. The

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In cold or rainy weather he worked by the open window, but when the day was fine he would establish himself at the table in the ivy-covered summerhouse. Today the garden is still his bright-flowered garden; the box border gives out the same harsh sweetness when the foot bruises it. Beside the *Laube* grows his acacia, a giant in these days, its trunk tight-bound with ivy. Strange not to see him writing there, the little skull-cap on his head!

The vineyard held the garden, and beyond the vineyard stretched flax and cornfields with fruit trees growing up like sentinels. There was a path from the house running downhill to emerge not far from the river, where a quadruple row of magnificent chestnuts led leftward to the Royal Park. Toward the right was the hamlet of Hosterwitz. But what Weber loved best was to cross the road and climb upward to the mill where he could eat black bread and goat's-milk cheese; then on to the Saxon Switzerland with its strange, uncouth formations, with vineyards covering the fertile patches and châteaux perched like bold birds among the crags. Highest of all, the beech trees rustled over the faces of the gleaming rocks. In some moods he was as simple as in most he was complex and subtle. It gave him immense satisfaction to lead a stranger through the valley and abruptly point out to him his surprise view.

The Webers were hospitable here as in Dresden, but life was shorn of ceremonial; and even if the visitors were royal, supper was plain fare. The King and Queen did not come, for they were too elderly for junketing abroad even if they had considered such a course possible; but old Prince Anton, who would be King by and bye, was a guest; and the many young princes and princesses walked over from Pillnitz Schloss or rattled out from Dresden. Prince Anton, himself a musician, left fifty volumes of unpublished compositions; and Princess Amalie, who could sing and play the piano, composed an opera which was actually performed in Dresden.

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Members of the German Opera were welcome in Klein Hosterwitz. They could swim in the Elbe or bowl at the inn, and if they forgot to go home, were kept overnight even if that meant a row of guests on the kitchen floor. Weber's fine blue broadcloth coat was packed away, and he wore in its place a long gray linen duster.

Sassaroli, the church soprano, whose voice Weber enthusiastically described as "admirable in the grand and noble style; breath like a horse," was warmly welcomed. His disposition was sentimental and kindly and his love of children so excessive that he used to weep at caressing them. The elder Sassaroli had submitted his son to the fate from which Haydn's father rescued him: in order to preserve the boy's beautiful voice he had been castrated.*

The banker Abraham Mendelssohn, son of the great philosopher and brother of the Dorothea who married Friedrich Schlegel, once visited Hosterwitz. Years later an old lady thought she could remember a ten-year-old boy with black curls, the gifted Felix, playing in the garden with the Webers' pets. Miksch, the director of the opera chorus and a great singing teacher from whom Caroline took lessons, was another guest who well knew the road to kindly Hosterwitz. Others, like Zelter and Carl's old Breslau rival, Schnabel, came for only a day.

The Webers had long been friendly with the great tragedienne, Madame Schröder, and had known her three daughters when they were dancing in the Prague ballet. Of all the guests who came to Hosterwitz none was so irresistible as one of these, Wilhelmine, who inherited all that was grandest in her mother, together with the voice of her father, Friedrich Schröder, the great operatic baritone. As Madame Schröder-Devrient, she became one of the greatest prima donnas of her century, of whom Wagner said she was an artist "whose like I have never seen on the stage since." She was seventeen when, in 1822, Weber saw her at Vienna as Agathe in *Der Freischütz* and secured her a guest engagement in Dresden. The next season she thrilled Vienna by the dramatic fire of her performance in *Fidelio*, but was permanently acquired for

* Sassaroli had at any rate the consolation of receiving the highest salary in the Court musical establishment: 1716 thalers, to Weber's and Morlacchi's 1500.

Dresden and became the first to sing the role of Euryanthe there under Weber's direction.

Helmina von Chezy, author of the *Euryanthe* libretto, brought her sons to Hosterwitz for a day in 1822 while she was in retreat in the Saxon Switzerland trying with all her scattered powers to rewrite her work to Weber's taste. She tells of how little Max von Weber jumped and ran about them and then went to hide in the bushes whence he stared out at her with great black eyes like a nixie. She reported him as a gifted but unfriendly child. Her account has symbolic value, but the facts of the story cannot be accepted, for Helmina had characteristically forgotten that at the time of her visit Max was less than four months old.

Among the literary men who visited the Webers, the one who has left the most memorable name was Richter, admired of Carlyle, who styled himself Jean Paul. Fastidious Weber revered his genius but had an aversion to the rough, uncouth man. Of all the writers with whom he came in contact, Goethe alone excepted, Jean Paul was the most original and profound; but his vein was satirical, and a romanticist cannot advance beyond irony. To invade the realm of the satiric might turn him into a realist. Jean Paul's heroes were lumpish fellows, and the hands of his heroines coarse and red from washing clothes in cold water. Weber did not like that sort of thing, of which he had seen too much in the old days.

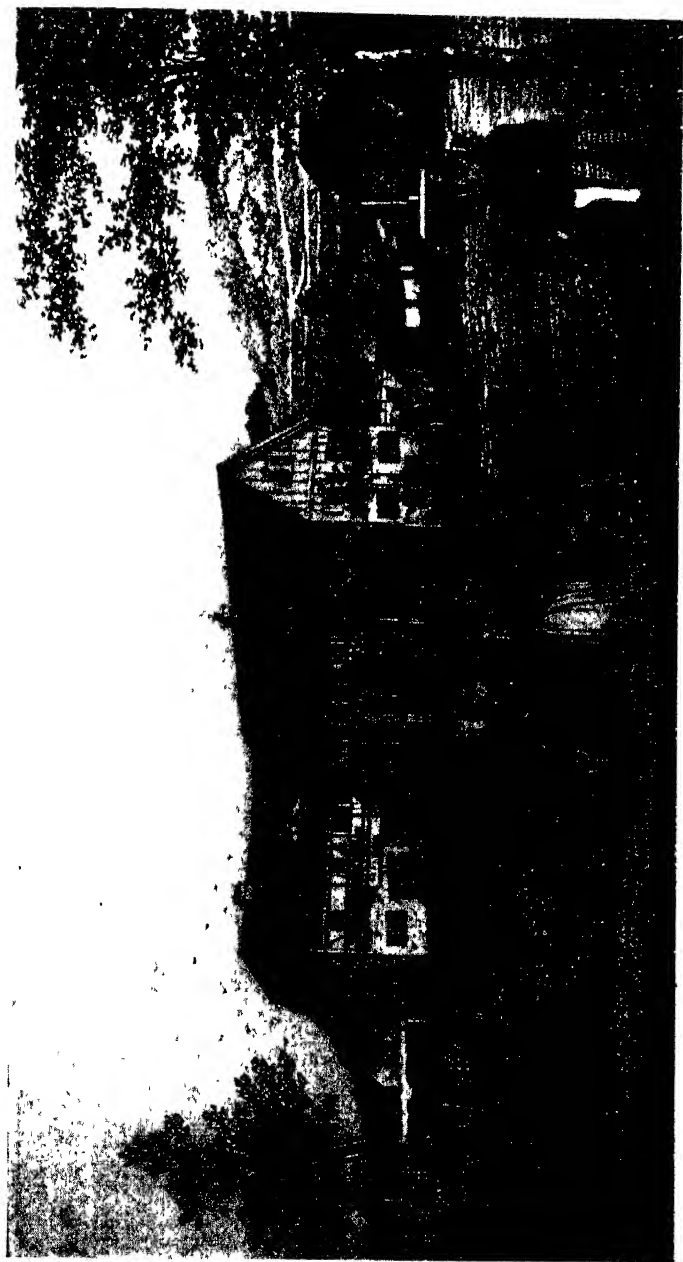
Fouquet, author of *Sintram and his Companions*, was more to his taste. Georg Brandes and Carlyle have done Fouquet a disservice, finding him only bodiless, glittering armor. He should be read before the heart grows dusty. Only the amazed eyes of childhood can glimpse the wonder of Aslauga's golden hair or see the fountain form the arms of mournful Undine as she weeps her knight to death. Though the romantics of Germany did not write for children, their appeal is to the childlike of the race. It is the same with the English school. Many men and women of genius have praised *Wuthering Heights*, but did they not read it first when they were young and their faces not yet muffled in the seven-fold veil? The tournament in *Ivanhoe*; Rebecca beautiful as

the sunset, clinging to the gray, stooped Isaac: the arms of Lenore clasping the skeleton as the charger thunders in among the graves—is there anything today so lucid as these pictures? We have lost our happy power. The colors in the moth-eaten tapestry are grown dim. Yet Weber saw the pure outline and perceived the radiance long after his outward eyes were failing and his hand trembled as it wrote the symbols of his vision.

A thick-set young German who first visited Hosterwitz in the summer of 1819 with a little old lady bobbing along at his side bore the unforgotten name of Heinrich Marschner. He had come from Pressburg to hurry along the production of his opera, *Henry IV and d'Aubigné*. Like Weber, he was an ardent fighter in the cause of German opera; and Carl did much to further his career, although the two men did not like each other. Marschner was appointed Weber's assistant in 1824, when he would have preferred Gänsbacher, and enthusiastically attempted to have German operettas sung and acted by amateurs in order to train the public to an intelligent interest. He resigned in 1826 on failing to secure an appointment as Weber's full successor.

In Weber's leisure when the day was fair he sat in the *Laube* at his composition while pretty Lina sewed in the garden. Sometimes, especially in the first summer of 1818 when she was making baby clothes, it would come over him that he was very happy, and he would stretch his arms and flex his long fingers, exclaiming, "Ah, but I'm a lucky chap!" after which he invariably added, "God preserve us!" and raised his little cap to those Dark Powers who must be respectfully addressed if they are by any means to be propitiated.

But in the summer of 1819 these radiant moments seldom came. The shadow of serious illness, just past, the memory of Marie Caroline's fretful cry, the recollection of Lina, ill herself, hurrying between his bed and the baby's crib in the other room, the poignant moment when she told him their little girl was dead—these rested heavily upon a man who had no philosophy beyond that of work and an unthinking acceptance of Catholic tenets. When he submitted to marriage he expected to enjoy all that a man buys



WEBER'S HOUSE AT HOSTERWITZ

Artist Unknown

with his freedom. Extremely fond of children, he longed for the happiness of fatherhood, and it seemed unfair that in that time of overflowing households his daughter should have lingered such a little while. With an ironical smile, the romanticist turned to substitutes and enlarged his menagerie. Besides the great hound and the gray cat Maune, he secured a raven which croaked "*Gute Nacht*" no matter what the hour; a starling; and eventually even a monkey. "So, instead of children I have a dog and a monkey." Meanwhile he coughed and was nothing but skin and bones. Tender with his wife, he was bad-tempered with everyone else and frequently railed on the subject of Morlacchi and Italian cabals.

Kind and he were still on collaborating terms. The poet had written a new libretto, *Alcindor*, on a tale from *The Arabian Nights*. Weber had been commissioned to write a spectacular grand opera to celebrate a forthcoming royal marriage, and had been turning over the material in his mind—he composed always in his mind—even before going out to Hosterwitz. Then, on June 28, Count Vitzthum appeared at the house in the vineyard with a face as sad as sackcloth. *Alcindor* could not be performed.* He had shown his displeasure at the Court prohibition by sending in his papers, and his resignation had been accepted. Weber implored him to reconsider, but it was too late. He walked down to the ferry with his ex-chief, and there they parted with tears, Vitzthum looking an uncommonly grim Charon. His attempt to restore luster to Saxony by the establishment of a German Opera appeared to be a signal failure.

Yet once more that summer Weber proposed to celebrate a royal marriage. Not only his stubborn pride but sentiment persuaded him to the trial, for little Princess Maria Josepha was only sixteen and until the year before had run wild at Pillnitz. She was to marry King Ferdinand of Spain; and Weber, who knew her well—one hopes he knew little of Ferdinand—desired to compose

* Weber and Kind attributed the cancellation to an Italian intrigue, consisting of telling the pious King that the new opera was filled with gross superstition. The tool of the Italian faction was believed to be Seconda, whose brother-in-law, a dry-goods merchant, was trying to dispose of a large quantity of blue cloth. Seconda was persuaded to go the King by a hint that the libretto of *Alcindor* called for spirits costumed in *pink*!

the festal music. He petitioned to Minister Einsiedel and waited six weeks for an answer, to meet at length with a refusal.

At this time of mortifying rebuffs he composed the waltz which is still young when the stodgy German courtiers who snubbed him have been dust a hundred years. "Invitation to the Dance!" how charming! how perennially gay! He dedicated it to Caroline, whose memory needs no lovelier garland.

In July, while he was despairing of the German Opera, there came a pleasant prospect from Berlin. Count Brühl, who had long been his friend, wrote that he would like to study the plan of *Der Freischütz* with the view of using it for the opening of the new Schauspielhaus, which was being built to replace the theater which had burned. Weber spent a day at the Brühls' summer estate in order to go over the arrangements. It was Brühl who wanted to call the opera *Der Freischütz*. Weber and Kind had called it *The Huntsman's Bride*.

On August 1, 1819, the King of Prussia paid a pacific visit to his old enemy, King Friedrich August, who received him at Pillnitz. Naturally, all Dresden drove out to the Château to witness the meeting, and such a crowd formed as Weber loved for its color and rhythms. Friedrich August stood between his brothers, Prince Anton and Prince Max, on the steps of the Schloss and waited for the cordially disliked Frederick William III. The Saxon monarch wore a gray satin coat with diamond buttons, square-toed shoes with fine, huge buckles; he was bewigged and powdered, a throw-back to the days before the French Revolution.

Up drove the Prussian King in an open carriage with one adjutant. He wore a forage cap on his cropped gray head, and his uniform was severely plain. The gray military cloak was left in the droshky. He was Prussia, up to the minute, the new age, the man of the hour.

Weber thought the difference between the two men quite striking and observed to Lina in what he supposed was a confidential tone, "Doesn't it look, this meeting, as though the Past and the Future greeted each other?" Unluckily the hum had died away in that mysterious fashion familiar to all who mouth their secrets in

public places. His words were heard and reported. The King liked Weber less than ever.*

Autumn came, and he had to return to the cold damps of Dresden. In December he was able to promise Brühl that *Der Freischütz* would be ready in March. To his chagrin he learned that his opera could not have the honor of opening the Schauspielhaus, for the unconquerable Goethe had written a poem for the purpose. *Der Freischütz* would, however, follow and be the first operatic performance.

Christmas and New Year's were celebrated in German style. Carl wrote little verses to send with his presents as he had done in happier days or in those days which now seemed to have been so. He appeared in a masque, and was as always the life of the party. But in his diary he wrote soberly: "Thus the year which brought so many sorrows has ended gaily. May God continue his blessings and receive thanks and praise for the strength given us to bear His trials." Such resignation smacks of resentment, and indeed he believed that he deserved better treatment at God's hands. If he died, say next year in 1820, he would soon be forgotten; for he would be leaving little of the stuff which filled his brain. Time, long familiar to him as a river, assumed the swiftness of a cataract. But the Great Year awaited him; the rushing waters were restrained.

* On the same occasion Morlacchi was much commended for playing the overture to Rossini's *La Gazza Ladra* ("The Thieving Magpie"), in allusion to Prussia's attempt to annex Saxony at the Congress of Vienna.

CHAPTER XIII

The Great Year

*Die Nebel zerreißen,
Der Himmel ist helle,
Und Aeolus löset
Das ängstliche Band.
Es säuseln die Winde,
Es rührt sich der Schiffer.
Geschwinde! Geschwinde!
Es theilt sich die Welle,
Es naht sich die Ferne;
Schon seh' ich das Land!**

—GOETHE

FROM THIS POINT WEBER'S BIOGRAPHERS ARE FACED WITH THE FAMILIAR necessity of putting the *multum in parvo*. Should we include all that Weber wrote, composed, and did during the last six and a half years of his life, omitting none of his voluminous correspondence, especially with Count Brühl, Lichtenstein, and Spontini, and his controversies with his opponents, our work must assume encyclopedic proportions and not only try the reader's fidelity, but conduct

* "The mists are rising
And leave not a wrack,
And Aeolus loosens
His unruly pack.
The winds are singing,
The sailors make haste;
Be quick now! be ready!
On over the waste:
While the far shore entices
The future suffices."

him into a labyrinth of which it has taken us some years to find the satisfactory clue. Nothing essential to an understanding of Weber has been omitted, but much that is of interest to his lovers must be passed over with a brevity we deplore.

The year 1820, the Great Year of the composer, was perhaps the happiest of the man. He had reached a stage where nothing could appease his longing unless it had a direct connection with his work; as long as he was convinced of his own fruitfulness, he could tolerate his private misfortunes. His delicate body was still the machine whose motions were controlled by his will. Periods when its ills were too clamorous to disregard came later in his life with appalling frequency, but he was as yet merely a frail person, not in the least an invalid. Indeed, he never suffered that indignity, for sickness could not subdue his courage and death could give only the *coup de grâce*.

He was now thirty-three years old; if he intended to compose anything of lasting value, it was high time he set about it. By the standards of his century he was not a young man, and musicians usually matured earlier than other men. But he was ready; and very little in his past had been sterile. The seeds sown in those distant years when he had played in the empty theater with the children of actors, and when he had wandered among the villages of forest and mountain, now bore the rich fruit of the slowly ripening. In this Great Year he completed *Der Freischütz*, May 13; and within a fortnight had begun the composition of *Preciosa*, working with such rapidity that two months later he was able to dispatch it to Berlin, fully scored and accompanied by a long explanation of the music.

Preciosa emerged after a long gestation. As far back as 1812 in Weimar he had met Pius Alexander Wolff, the celebrated actor of the school of Goethe who was known as the "German Hamlet." Weber, although he considered his friend Wolff an admirable actor, was inclined to find fault with the Weimar school for its stiff classicism. But Wolff's *Preciosa* was Wolff off the boards; the little drama was romantic in subject and treatment. Years before, he had sent it to Iffland, who had returned it, allegedly because it

was about a gypsy band and its presentation might arouse an immoral interest in a gang of ruffians then prowling about Berlin!

For some years *Preciosa* was abandoned. Then in 1820 Count Brühl advised Wolff to send it to Weber with a request for new incidental music. The composer received it with misgivings astonishing when one considers what he could swallow in the way of a libretto. Nevertheless the gypsies haunted him, and his imagination gradually invested them with a color and fire far beyond Wolff's tame creation. The subject, which concerned the joys of a vagabond life, appealed to the eternal wanderer. Tieck had written thus in *Sternbald*; Eichendorff too in *Life of a Ne'er-Do-Well*. He was not a good critic of literature, and the songs he set to music were usually inferior lyrics; but the stupid librettos of his gorgeous operas were not to him what we read, but rather resembled tapestry worked in Tyrian dyes of which we possess only the blank pattern. Those Spanish folk songs to which he and Spohr had listened half the night in Weimar, leaning weary but entranced against the ramparts while the soldiers sang, floated airily into his mind; and *Preciosa* was born as soon as *Der Freischütz* was finished. The subjects were indeed different, but both were genuinely romantic.

Nor did his productivity for the Great Year rest on these accomplishments. Theodor Hell brought him a comic Spanish libretto, his own work, called *Die Drei Pintos*; and Weber welcomed it—feeling that he was thus provided with pleasant, light occupation for the summer. *Die Drei Pintos* was destined never to reach the stage as Hell and Weber planned it. The composer, working at it intermittently during the rest of his life, never completed more than the first act—owing less to the inadequacy of Hell's libretto than to his own consuming desire to write not little operas, but great.

The year 1819 left Weber a disappointed man with a spirit frayed by constant sawing between the Italian faction, the hostile Court and Minister, cares of his position as Kapellmeister, and his domestic anxieties. Yet he was able to find courage for a fresh start and met the Great Year with gallantry. He was considerate

of others and very certain of what was due himself. For example, his observation of New Year's Day, 1820:

No one is forgotten; there are little gifts, visits of ceremony and visits of friendship, notes written, each attention nicely proportioned to the merits of the recipient. First event of all, the call upon their Majesties. He dons the detested Court suit, pulls up the wrinkles in the silk stockings, wishing for the thousandth time that his calves were more shapely; buttons the fine white waistcoat, fastens into the shirt frill the diamond pin given him by Weimar's Grand Duke—Heaven and Caroline know what it meant to iron that frill!—puts on the green embroidered coat. Caroline hovers anxiously about. His insignificant size has long ceased to trouble her, although for his health's sake she could wish him weightier. Now comes the supreme moment, and to prepare for it he puts the spectacles astride his aristocrat's nose and peers intently into the mirror. Yes, the white stock must be tied but the operation is not simple; he can and will finish it with a magnificent rosette. His inordinately long fingers make a firm knot, and the mystery follows. He is decently proud of his achievement and says to Caroline, "Any fool can write an opera. But where's the man who can tie his cravat into a rose? That's me," he finishes. Lina must not think he means Spohr or Einsiedel or even old King Friedrich August. He kisses her; they are not at all bored with each other, this young couple. Next he visits Their Majesties, the Court, the foreign diplomats who like him extremely, his colleagues, his friends—and distributes his New Year's tips as he goes.

Morlacchi surprises him; he too seems to be making New Year's resolutions. The first letter of the day is from the Italian and Ah! what peace it breathes, what an almost passionate desire to move onward down the years, co-workers, hand in hand! It resembles a piece of music written for the violin of which he is a master, muted, played *pianissimo*. Weber hears the melody and his soul is soothed. One of the New Year's calls is upon Morlacchi.

Alas! the holidays were scarcely over when a discordant note was heard, *sforzando*. Perhaps it was more Weber's fault than

Morlacchi's. In January and February he produced two operas of Meyerbeer, *Alimelek* and *Emma di Resburgo*. The operas differed in style, the *Emma* showing an acute case of what in Weber's opinion was the "Italian disease." He took infinite pains with the production, both because his genius compelled him to do well all that he did, and because of his affection for the Beer family. But he could not conceal his honest opinion of *Emma*; and he published it in the *Abendzeitung*. It was so pungent that the Italian faction considered itself affronted. Fräulein aus dem Winkel, or someone who detested Weber as heartily, retorted angrily in its behalf. Gossip and slander were unleashed. The petty scandal reached Minister Einsiedel, and since quiet was Dresden's magic word, he promptly applied the throttle. Baron Max takes pains to say that he soothed Weber with assurances of the King's favor and vague promises of benefits to come; but it was common report in the city that Weber had been censured. The worst result was the usual one: anxiety and anger conspired to make him ill. He did not like to be misunderstood, and shortly retired from journalism.

Meanwhile Lina's second baby was born, dead. The winter limped along, and there was sadness in the little household. The Beers sent him a handsome present, but what comfort was that to Lina? He would not even let her see the pair of silver branched candlesticks because, once she had seen them, it would break her heart to let them go. For he could not keep them and wrote the Beers to explain that in his position he could not afford to accept a gift for producing the Little Bear's operas. Did he remember with a bitter blush that roué of a duke, that ragtail of Stuttgart royalty, who said young Weber had made off with *his* candlesticks?

Three brothers Beer were in Berlin when Carl's letter came. The candlesticks were promptly sent back to Dresden without a word to the old Beers; "Papa and Mamma would be desolated if their dear Weber did not keep their trifling present!" But Carl was adamant, and the chest kept on its travels until the Beers retained it.

At this time he was having trouble with Miksch, the singing master under whom Caroline had been studying. Carl interfered, believing he was forcing her voice too high; and Miksch indignantly refused to give Caroline any further instruction. But von Weber never allowed a private quarrel to take precedence over his ideal for German opera, and in spite of Miksch's enmity, secured his appointment as director of the chorus. Perhaps he considered the forcing of such voices less detrimental than an injury to Caroline's; but it is possible that his objection to Caroline's teaching was due to his being in the house during a lesson and suffering from a shrill note; he was given to these attacks of nervous irritability.

Lean, deaf Count Vitzthum had been replaced by eminently handsome Hans Heinrich von Könneritz, who shared the aristocratic predilection for Italian opera, but as a man of honor intended fair play for the German side. He evinced considerable satisfaction when he told Weber that in deference to the Queen's request, the King would henceforth permit the seating arrangement of the orchestra on which the Kapellmeister placed such value. Weber was gratified; but the concession which two years earlier would have seemed almost as vital as life itself had lost much of its power to please. Those days when the Dresden stage seemed the universe had been left behind. Weber was still Kapellmeister, but he was already infinitely more the composer of operas than their director. He peered beyond the stage of Dresden to the splendor of the present world and the new century. But from this time on his joy in creation was tainted by a body hastening to decay. The smell of death was poignant in his nostrils, and in every gift of life he perceived a faintly ironical flavor.

In the spring of 1820 he was too poor to keep a carriage but too delicate after his winter's illness to walk the distance between the summer theater at Linke'sches Bad and the house in the vineyards of Hosterwitz. The Webers found a cottage in a suburb with the pretty name of Kosel's Garden, in the fringes of a wood of fine old trees. It was on the river bank; and by a path along the water's

edge Dresden could be reached in half an hour. On April 13 the Webers moved, with the big dog and Maune, the gray cat, but no baby.

The spring was late that year, and the wind howled in the bare boughs of the great trees. Nor did Caroline like the lonely foot-path, for it passed by the spot where an artist had been murdered. To content her and to satisfy his own whimsical humor, Weber made himself an arsenal, walked weighted down by a brace of great pistols and a gentleman's swordstick. He was a good marksman and a good bowler, and liked competing with the army officers of Dresden.

In the early summer the practical man, Weber, surveying the situation at Berlin from comparatively quiet Dresden, decided to give up his original plan of spending his leave in the Prussian capital. The new theater was not finished, the lordly Spontini was still a novelty there and extremely popular. Weber had no mind to be a nonentity. He determined to spend his leave touring North Germany and Denmark. He reckoned the expense and sent off a bale of compositions to Schlesinger, who returned him 1000 thalers,* which Baron Max dourly considers inadequate. Weber added to that the 40 friedrichsdor Count Brühl had sent in June as the first installment in payment of *Der Freischütz* and—yes, he could afford to take Caroline.

As usual he provided himself with letters from important people, who on this occasion included the Grand Duke of Weimar and his peculiar old patron, the Duke of Gotha. He wrote himself to his godfather, Prince Carl of Hesse. Caroline, who had so recently lost a child, was again pregnant. The journey planned to restore the health of the Webers was a reckless project in her case, for it meant uncomfortable jaunts in springless vehicles, excitement, and bad hours; but the pair had no compunction on such scores and made a gay start on July 25, 1820.

With Weber travel was a passion, and this journey was not like the others: there was a pleasing dignity which had been lacking in them, for he was now a considered and important man, a power

* About \$750.

in the world of music. He had enemies, but to say so was tantamount to an admission that he was one to be reckoned with; as for friends, archdukes and princes regarded him with affection. Very distant seemed the flight with his crazed father over the Württemberg border guarded by *gendarmes* whose big-booted feet itched to fetch him a kick should he seem disposed to linger; infinitely far away, days when a weary little lame trouser had tagged along in the rear of the Weber Comedians. But a pilgrim he was and had been; nor would he cease to wander until the day of his death.

The pair went first to Leipzig, and thence to the university town of Halle, where the welcome of German youth was wine to a dry throat. The faculty of Halle was all devotion toward the composer of "Lyre and Sword." Carl Loewe, the future ballad composer, undertook the business arrangements for his concert. Oehlschläger, the Danish romantic, whom Carl had known since Stuttgart days, was in Halle; Oehlschläger, who owed much to the German school but whose clear mind could shape the foggiest conception into plastic form. It was he who translated *Der Freischütz* into Danish.

The learned men of the University presented Carl with the volumes they had fathered until he said privately that he was equipped to proceed as a book agent. The Singvereine honored the patriot von Weber by gathering, four hundred strong, in the street where he was lodging. They cheered as if they would never stop cheering, and then they sang his songs for men's voices.

Göttingen was as cordial. Carl wrote home to his friend Roth, the clarinettist in Dresden: "After the concert eighty students who form a Singakademie sang '*Lützow's wilde Jagd*' for me, and gave me three lusty cheers and then when I had spoken cheered me again and again. That very night I packed up and reached here [Hanover] yesterday. The nervous strain and the intense heat have been too much for me; yesterday and today I have been wretched; however, just this minute I begin to feel better. Poor Lina has shared my complaint. There seems to be nothing to do

here,* and early tomorrow I shall go on to Bremen. The Dresden gossip delights me; please keep it up. These abominable lines are the first and only ones I've been able to write. Excuse me to any of my friends you happen to meet, Friend Kind, Böttiger, etc. Really I've nothing to write, for if I were to describe all the kindness and all the enthusiasm which has been lavished on me, I'd make myself appear a ridiculous boaster. But if I find the warmth abroad too genial I can comfort myself with the reflection that in Dresden the atmosphere is far too chilly."

He had sent Kind a message by Roth but soon followed it with a letter. "It is almost incredible," he wrote, "how much interest Thuringia has in music, and I found people who were considered merely dilettantes who were worthy of all honor." He does not intend Kind to miss the sound of the students' hearty *vivats* and repeats what he has written to Roth. Then: "Arrived in Hanover August 19 and everything is thoroughly disagreeable. We were both sick, Romberg sick, von Knipphausen away, the Duke of Cambridge away...no theater, no artists, but enough rain to make up."

Perhaps they had taken summer influenza in Göttingen. In Hanover he was too indisposed to give a concert even if the circumstances had been favorable. A very dismal place, this Hanover. The young couple felt lost and lonely and went on to Bremen next day. It seems to have stopped raining, but the weather was sweltering. Carl, Lina, and the coachman all fell asleep, and in broad day the carriage went into a ditch by the roadside. Weber forgot his aches and pains, pulled Lina from the wreckage, thrust her *eau de cologne* under the nose of the stunned postilion, unharnessed the horses, lifted the heavy baggage out of the coach in order to lighten its weight. Then, when the driver had sense enough to help, the two raised the carriage and put it back upon the wheels it had deserted. He would not trust his belongings nor his wife to the drowsy dunderhead but mounted the box and drove to the next posting station. Lina vowed she could not understand

*"Something" or "nothing" to be done meant to Weber the giving of a concert.

how he had worked such miracles, but Carl's body still did pretty much what he asked of it, and in spurts of energy could accomplish surprising feats.

Lina had supposed she felt sufficiently miserable in Bremen, but she was worse in Oldenburg. There Weber gave two concerts, one for the townsfolk and the other at the Court, where Franz Anton's old patron at Eutin, Duke Peter Friedrich Ludwig, was regent for an imbecile nephew. At the second affair, Caroline rallied sufficiently to sing two of Carl's songs. One of the princesses suggested a theme, and he improvised charmingly upon it. It was one of those pleasant evenings where everyone had a good time and no one made very much money, for the Court was run on Lilliputian lines. Sixty-seven thalers was all the tickets brought in, but the Duke made Carl an additional present of 25 friedrichsdor (\$100), which doubled the original sum.

On August 31 they went back to Bremen, where Carl gave another concert which netted him about \$100 in our money. Small sums these, compared to the payments accorded present-day artists; but it should be remembered that the expenses of giving a concert in those days were insignificant. The musician was his own manager and dispensed not only with the services of a concert agent but with the necessity of paying him a commission. Modern virtuosos do not give daily concerts, and the receipts have to last longer. In Weber's time the same program could be played in a dozen neighboring towns and scarcely a pair of ears would hear the repetition. There was less, too, of the tremendous nervous strain which a musician suffers when he plays perhaps twenty times in a season to enormous, hypercritical audiences. Von Weber was not to be pitied for his pocketfuls of thalers.

At Hamburg he was forced to leave Caroline behind. She had suffered from shock in the carriage accident, she was recovering from a bad cold, and she was going to have a baby. Carl wrote lugubriously to Kind that he "could not describe" his "anxiety at leaving her thus alone in a strange city—but it was better to put up with this temporary pang than to incur a greater disaster." He left her in a doctor's house where everyone was very kind to

her. Carl Moritz, son of Carl's half-brother Edmund, was in Hamburg and devoted himself to his young aunt, to whom he was attached in spite of his peevish disposition. Brother Fritz, who had failed to teach Carl to play the violin, was also in the city; not as Music Director, as Max would have us believe, but as a violist in the theater orchestra. The two met on friendly terms and left Hamburg together for Lübeck to visit their brother Edmund. Edmund, who had always evinced more solid qualities, was Music Director at the Lübeck theater.

Carl's first letter to Lina written on his arrival at Edmund's shows pretty well how much he missed her.

"My dearest Little Mother,

"Cheerful and in good health though half ruined by the detestable roads, we got here last night at seven o'clock. Edmund met us with great delight and when we'd dragged ourselves to his house, we sat talking until half-past twelve, and now that I've slept like a log, I inquire and I do pray God that my Lina feels as well as I do. My dearest life, my thoughts have never left you. We all drank first to your health at dinner, and last night your ears must have tingled. I am anxious about you, hope you're being brave and don't grieve too much. I shall hurry as fast as I can to Schleswig to get your letters. I hoped I could write by last night's post but got here too late. Now, refreshed and cheerful, I've dragged myself out of bed just to say I love you forever and in my thoughts give you a million kisses. Edmund is quite stout and looks uncommonly like my sainted father. His girls are pretty, dear things, and I'm sure one of them will delight you. Until now I've not been able to choose between them. They will probably all come back to Hamburg with me, for you shan't make this martyr's journey. Every rib in my body was cracked, we were so jostled and thrown around. Now, dear good Mukkin, don't exert yourself, and for God's sake don't economize.... Eat well. Be cheerful and don't miss me. Do you hear? Now mind me nicely, darling Mukkin, so that I need not worry about you. It's noisy all around me and I must stop writing. Within the hour we go

to Eutin. From there you'll get news of me. Have any letters come? Everyone sends hearty greetings. Remember me to Moritz and the naughty animal.* A million hugs, my dear love, and many kisses. When the coachman brings this, give him six or eight shillings. God bless you and make you well and cheerful so that I find you quite restored to health. Thine till death, thy true lover, Carl.

Lübeck, Sept. 11, 1820, 6 A.M."

The drinking of healths and the recounting of boyish memories had kept him up until half-past twelve, but he rose before six to write to Lina. It is such a letter as any affectionate young husband might send the absent wife. Does it disappoint us, there being in it hint neither of the musical genius nor of the man of letters? It is resonant with the annoyances of travel, the kitchen clatter of breakfast, the shillings owed the coachman; it is in a word commonplace. Perhaps that was why he loved Lina so much, why she suited him so admirably—because with her he could be commonplace. It was not necessary to ride upon the wings of eagles when he talked to Lina. Domestic details are sometimes infinitely warming to a mind chilled by long abstraction.

Thus to Eutin, twenty miles away, went the three brothers Weber. They left Lübeck at seven in the morning, reaching Eutin at noon. Wandering arm-in-arm down the streets of the little town, they paused speculatively before the stucco house where the youngest, the son of the frail Bavarian, had been born to a wanderer's life. Fritz and Edmund already saw in him the rising star of their family, but they did not see the tablet which by commemorating his birthplace would mark that house as famous, nor did they guess that their brother's monument would one day stand pensive in the grove.

Loyal folk, these Eutiners! To Carl's surprise and consternation Town Musician Fürstenau, uncle of the young flutist Anton Fürstenau, who would make the last sad journey with the master, had arranged a concert in honor of the native son. He could not treat

* His nephew, and the monkey he had bought Lina.

such kindness curtly, and the brothers stayed in Eutin from September 11 to 14. Fürstenau had an autograph album in which Carl wrote words often in his mind: "Perseverance wins the goal." He was pleasantly warmed by his reception and told himself that no one could say of him, "*Kein Prophet im Vaterland*." The three Webers may have swaggered a little in their mature prosperity, enjoying its contrast with the wretched poverty of their youth.

In those days, as in our own, it was customary to stroke the fur of greatness. Carl did his share, though he was a touchy fellow and proud. His godfather, Prince Carl of Hesse, was father to the Queen of Denmark and governed Schleswig and Holstein for its king; and Carl desired a good word from him to pave the way for his visit to Copenhagen. The letter he had written him from Dresden was sentimental and servile—he "longed to kiss the hand of his great patron" and wished, no doubt sincerely, that Franz Anton could be there to enjoy the same inestimable privilege. But, if von Weber bent like the sapling toward the mighty, none ever sprang more haughtily erect at a repulse. The Prince, a man of seventy-six, who had experimented in spiritualism and styled himself "Magus," received him lolling in his bed, extended a languid hand with a letter for the Danish Court Marshal, and dismissed his godson with a bored "God bless ye."

He hastened on to Kiel in an open carriage, soaked to the shirt by the pouring rain. At his concert on the twentieth, the lads of the University inexplicably failed him; the applause was scattered, the orchestra bad, the proceeds scanty, and Weber thoroughly put out. Contrary winds delayed the Copenhagen steamer (!) and for two long days he lounged about Kiel, trying to sleep off his vexation and then venting it in letters to Caroline. "After the concert we went to Wiedemann's where there must be more music. Curses!!! I wasn't called on, indeed, but the *Delinquenten* * showed off all the more; trios and duets from every opera and in every language were ground out while I would a thousand times have preferred to be in my bed. Does my restlessness surprise you?

* "Dilettantes"—ironic.

It does everyone. But it's to be expected, for Love drives me on so that I count each hour and hesitate at no obstacle."

The next day, still in an evil humor, he started a letter at seven in the morning. "The steamer isn't ready. I shall waste away with impatience. Days are precious to me, and I don't know now how I shall get everything done in the time remaining. . . . You'd never believe how hard it is for me to sit still and do nothing. Indeed I oughtn't to make such a fuss, for I'm only a day late. But, dear God, how long a day can be!" There is more here than the impatience of a man who wants to finish a business trip and get back to his wife. A tortured body and a harassed mind cry out in the querulous lines. Then at eight o'clock that same evening he wrote jubilantly: "Praise and thanks to God: I've just had the news that the steamer has arrived and at half-past nine I can sail. When you get these lines, I'll be, by God's help, in Copenhagen. For God's sake and mine too, don't worry about me. If a letter from Copenhagen doesn't come as soon as you think it should, remember that I can't tell how long we'll be at sea and whether I shall arrive as the post leaves or if I'll have to wait a few days for one. But I'll run and race and chase the sooner to come back to my Lina's arms. My dearest life, I bless you and your child from the depths of my soul. Trust, as I do, in God. Ever and eternally thy most tenderly loving Carl."

His tormenting restlessness was allayed by the prospect of action. Ennui forgotten, he thought solicitously of Lina's anxieties.

An hour before sailing he went to church to hear the cantor, Apel, play the organ. A full moon shone into the choir loft; there was no other light save that of a candle burning here and there. Apel improvised on the chorale "Direct Thou My Steps." The scene was mediævally romantic, and Weber listened and looked about him in passionate wonder at the solemn blending of the rich sounds with the muted splendors of the dim church.

The friends with whom he had been staying escorted him to the boat. Never before had he looked out upon the open sea. He was peculiarly fortunate in that enlarging night, for the moon shone like molten silver over the waters, the lighthouse blinked its one

Cyclopean eye, the dark shore was pricked with gold where candles burned in solitary homes. A cannon fired at the sailing, and the stars cried out. He stayed on deck until midnight, and his thoughts swelled to eternity.

But romanticism is never far from the prosaic, and when he had gone with slow steps to his cabin, the creak and jar of the little boat made him seasick. He went back to the deck and fell asleep upon a roll of sails. The sun rose in splendor; he accorded the luminary due admiration, and to his stomach a hearty breakfast which pleased him so well that he followed it by a second. At three o'clock a table was set on the deck and the passengers ate hugely. To Weber's naïve amazement, he was again seasick. Then the boat docked at Copenhagen, and he wrote Caroline, "Finally after midnight we ran into harbor after the quickest and most prosperous voyage possible, in which we covered 47 leagues in not quite 26 hours."

Oehlenschläger, whom he had met in Halle, was back in Copenhagen and received him cordially. The concert had to be postponed because a Swedish pianist, Passy, was advertised at Court and, as Weber said to the Court Marshal, "He who comes first to the mill must be allowed the first chance to grind." The delay was valuable, for he made the acquaintance of the foremost men in the city and was delighted by the orchestra, on which he decided to confer the honor of the first public performance of the *Freischütz* overture. Indeed, he had a thoroughly good time, eating and drinking with the Danes and exclaiming, "It is impossible to be more fêted than I have been here, and that will be something for me to treasure in my memory, since it's so very different at home!"

On September 27 he was entertained by King Frederick VI and his wife, who had been a princess of Hesse. He spent four hours at the royal castle and wrote enthusiastically to Caroline of their delightful kindness. He had fallen in love, so he said, with Queen Sophie. "You know that I have been about considerably with the great of this world so that their enchantment has ceased to affect me; so you can trust my judgment." The King and Queen, then,

could not have been more gracious if they had been merely gentle-folk! It was a weakness of Weber's—he should not have cared so much—but how could he help it?

It was gracious of him to go to the Swede's concert, but as he wrote Lina, his sacrifice was futile, for the hall was almost empty. "And what a concert! The orchestra was *splendid* but, dear Mukkin, a pianoforte concert is a wretched, boresome business. If I thought that I ever gave so doleful a performance, I'd hack off a finger in order not to weary people to death." Progressive Denmark was displaying the rudiments of the modern concert business. "Since yesterday I've been overrun with Jews and speculators who wanted to get boxes in order to sell them at a higher figure, but I've been well advised and have a Jew of my own who takes care of everything for me. . . . Heaven send us good receipts! The folk complain bitterly of poverty, but I see no sign of it in all their merrymakings."

On October 4 he played at Court. On that occasion the orchestra gave the overture from *Così fan Tutte* better than he had ever before heard it. He himself played his *Rondo brillante* and the variations on "*Vien qu'à Dorina bella*" with overwhelming success. In his joyful report there are words which indicate dawning wonder at life's inequalities. After all, does perseverance infallibly bring success? Is there something stronger than simple faith in the church, superstitious belief in a star to be cajoled, hard work? Is life perhaps a tragedy, a problem to be endlessly labored over and never solved? If this man had but continued to think instead of everlastingly to *feel*! His tact is so exquisite, that again and again it lights upon reality; but the mind is too often the romantic egoist's. "Indeed, the dear God is unfailingly gracious to us; this I see more clearly every day as I look about me and observe many noble souls to whom life is always unkind."

He wished the King would give him money and *not* a gold snuff box; but a snuff box it was and a fine one: "It is really very pretty, but what shall I do with all these things?" Already temperamental Carl was weary of the diversions of the Danes. He went to a party and played until one o'clock. "Thus passes away

my stupid life. Nothing to do but eat and play the piano. In Hamburg things will be just as mad, and I'll be glad when I'm back in quiet Dresden, where I shan't be worried by continual parties."

His public concert came off on October 8. The overture to *Der Freischütz* was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Next day he left Copenhagen and retraced the journey to Caroline in all haste both to see her and to get back to Dresden without overstaying his leave. On the twentieth he gave a concert in Hamburg, and then the couple started homeward, taking with them a tiny monkey whom Caroline had not been able to resist because the solemn face was so like Spontini's. They had paid three gold Louis for him and Weber often said that money was never more wisely spent than in purchasing "Schnuff."

In spite of all precautions Lina had miscarried, and because of her condition they broke the journey frequently. On the second night the bad weather obliged them to stop at a tiny hamlet where they were put up in the tavern ballroom. The autumn wind howled, the ancient building shook, the rain spattered down the cavernous chimney into the draughty hall. Such a night of tempest would have thrilled any one of the romantic crew. Carl's and Lina's pleasurable excitement was turned to real anxiety when they were awakened by a dreadful thumping. He drew his blunderbuss and went to the door—no one was there. The horrible knocking sound continued in the pitch darkness until Carl found at last the poor little devil Schnuff scratching himself and bumping his elbow against the side of his traveling chest!

One more concert was given in Brunswick and then on November 4 they were at home again with \$450 net gain from the pleasure trip. Everyone was glad to see them; Carl couldn't understand how he had ever tired of Dresden. On November 19 the Webers celebrated Lina's birthday, which Carl now believed to be his as well. Caroline, who was full of fun, had an animal parade; she had dressed the great hound as an elephant, the gray cat as a donkey, and Master Schnuff as an elegant lady, to bring Carl his presents. At night there was a surprise party and games. In a charade Carl represented "Athlete" which, considering his phy-

sique, might seem preposterous: he laid hold of an immovable piece of furniture and raised his whole body until he was entirely supported by his hands and forearms, to which his piano playing had given tremendous strength.

That winter he went often to Tieck's house to hear him read. Many of the plays chosen were by Spanish authors in whom Weber was peculiarly interested. The readings frequently lasted four hours during which the old romantic would not permit so much as a wriggle from his audience; as autocratic in 1820 as a famous Harvard professor a century later. *Preciosa* and *Die Drei Pintos* had reawakened Weber's enthusiasm for Spanish themes. He had already begun to feel he must compose a grand, tragic opera, and considered the subjects of Pizarro, Don John of Austria, Columbus, and especially the Cid, on which Kind was eager to collaborate. On such plans the Great Year closed.

CHAPTER XIV

Top of the Mountain

*Sie sangen von Marmorbildern,
Von Gärten, die über'm Gestein
In dämmernden Lauben verwildern,
Palästen im Mondenschein,
Wo die Mädchen am Fenster lauschen,
Wann der Lauten Klang erwacht,
Und die Brunnen verschlafen rauschen
In der prächtigen Sommernacht.**

—EICHENDORFF

JULIUS BENEDICT, A BOY OF SEVENTEEN, SON OF A WEALTHY JEWISH banker of Stuttgart, was accepted by Weber as a pupil in February 1821. The youth, destined to be knighted by Queen Victoria, to write a popular opera called *The Lily of Killarney*, to visit America as Jenny Lind's accompanist, and to be a biographer of Weber, found the family of his teacher still living on the third floor of the house in the Altmarkt over a warehouse. His first sight of his new master was at the piano working over the arrangement of *Der Freischütz*. The observant boy thought he looked very ill. He was painfully thin, and the half-closed eyes were set in deep sockets above the prominent cheekbones, over which the skin

* "They sang of marble statues
And of gardens, where the walls
Are wreathed with dusky leafage
Through which the moon-light falls
On girls at the palace window
Awake at the lute's serenade,
And of brooks which sing divinely
Through the night the high gods made."

was stretched like parchment. Twelve lessons a month were agreed upon, but the Webers became attached to Benedict; he was continually with them and his music constantly supervised. He felt himself lucky in coming that winter when Weber was engaged in completing *Der Freischütz*, for he was able to get a subjective understanding of what the world was shortly to hear as a finished performance. Weber played the piano a great deal that spring, selecting not only his own compositions but the sonatas of Beethoven.

March 14 was the première of *Preciosa* in Berlin. The critics were dubious but the public approved, and its attraction for the general not only raised the expectation of the coming opera but prepared a favorable reception. Weber did not avail himself of Count Brühl's suggestion that he choose the cast for *Der Freischütz*, for he knew little about the material Berlin offered. One favor Brühl requested: an aria for Johanna Eunicke, in whom he took a personal interest. Such interpolations were the bane of the composer, but Weber felt it necessary to oblige the Count and "*Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base*" was the result.

On May 2, 1821, Lina, Carl, and the great hound started for Berlin, where they were to be the guests of the Beer family. Lina was half sick with apprehension, and her husband assumed a firm composure in order to quiet her tremors. The absence from his post was designed to last two months, so long a leave being made possible by the redecoration of the Dresden Opera House, which necessitated the company's removal to the little theater at Linke'sches Bad.

Conditions in Berlin were not favorable for the première of the first modern German opera. The Prussian King had recently summoned from Paris the proud, the oracular Spontini, and created him General Intendant of Music with transcendent powers. Spontini was tall and finely built, an imposing figure with a saturnine face. His pride was colossal. He reckoned himself "Emperor of Music at Berlin," and frankly admitted that it was impossible for music to develop beyond the limits to which he had brought the art.

Nevertheless he was a serious and conscientious artist; and his operas, in which only musicologists are interested today, were of a merit which Weber gladly acknowledged. If the paths of these two men had not met when national feeling was at its height, the German might have found in the Italian an ally in the "Good Cause." It was Weber's misfortune to be projected by the circumstances of history into a struggle which went far beyond the dispute between the romantic and the classical in art. Berlin was rent into two mighty factions, captained by the rival musicians, Spontini and Weber. The city resented Frederick William III's infatuation with the foreigner, once the favorite of Napoleon. National feeling seized upon the composer of *Der Freischütz* as the most promising stalking horse of a campaign directed against Spontini and all he represented.

The lines were sharply drawn, and many warring issues seemed at stake. The art of Italy and France contrasted with the racy product of the German soil; the classicists—cold Goethe distant indeed but in the van—did battle with the postwar romantics; reactionary Court politics opposed a naïve nationalism; the spirit of the Landwehr and of "Lyre and Sword" was arrayed against the Prussian regulars beloved by Frederick William III; even the ideal of manhood—should it be mighty like Spontini? or nervous and highly sensitized like Weber?

Everyone who was anyone took sides, although many a partisan did not stand where it was natural to expect him. For example, there was Hoffmann, the romantic, and Weber's former boon companion, who took an equivocal stand but did not conceal his admiration for Spontini. That was natural because he had translated the libretto of *Olympia*. Weber watched him warily, preferring as always to be friends as long as possible. He made allowances for Hoffmann. For Hoffmann, like many another romantic—like Weber himself, longed for classic beauty as a wanderer longs for the homeland, and he saw in Spontini the only living descendant of the art of Gluck. Weber knew, too, that in the chameleon Hoffmann there were moments of fidelity and that he was as honest in these friendly moments as in his biting, mad-dog humor.



GIOACCHINO ROSSINI
Portrait by Jules Boilly



FRANCESCO MORLACCHI
Artist Unknown



GASPARO SPONTINI
Painting by Jean Guérin

Heine, too, one of the greatest of romantic poets, was in a captious mood, making regrettable puns on Kind, the child, and his childish libretto. It was Heine who gave us the best description of the composer at the period of *Der Freischütz*: "Weber's exterior is not particularly prepossessing. A slight figure, poorly built legs, and a long face with no especially happy feature. But in this face one plainly sees the thoughtful seriousness, the certainty, and the serene resolution which exercises on us so magnetic an attraction in the pictures of the old German school." Disease and the flight of youth had stripped away his beauty; but Weber himself had created that purposeful and serene countenance.

The energetic Brühl had already set the choruses to work; and the painter Gropius, pupil of Schinkel, the architect of the Schauspielhaus, had sketched the scenery. The reading of the opera took place on May 9.

Five days later Spontini's *Olympia* was given before a brilliant audience in the Royal Opera House, Unter den Linden. There had been forty-two rehearsals—Weber succeeded in securing sixteen for *Freischütz*—and the stage costs were enormous. Yet *Olympia* was not the expected success. It provided a superb spectacle, was excellently presented, the libretto was better than good, and the music undeniably important, though it is interesting to read Zelter's comment on Spontini's "petty melodic forms" as being ill-suited to heroic subjects and his criticism of over-heavy instrumentation of slight musical ideas. But there was another opera in the offing, and Berlin was not a large city. Nor is it likely that all the intriguing and cabals were the work of the Spontini faction; Weber's partisans, pure as they proclaimed their motives, did what they could to injure the "Berlin Emperor."

Hoffmann gave a party for Weber two nights before the opening of *Der Freischütz* at the Lutter und Wegner restaurant, where his name still echoes. Among those present were Fouquet, author of *Sintram* and *Undine*, the actor-author Devrient, Witzleben, and the poet Rudolph von Beyer. Weber was late in arriving and found the guests impatient. They were all more or less talented and came to a Hoffmann evening with pencil and paper or it might be an original

poem in the waistcoat pocket. Hoffmann teased Weber in a half-good-natured way about Spontini; but Weber would not be drawn and returned evasive answers. Singing was the rule of these tavern habitués, and Weber led a Mozart canon in compliment to the host. At its conclusion Hoffmann shouted a toast, "To my favorite composer—next to Spontini!" Weber, preserving his equanimity, bowed with an enigmatical smile. The clever fingers of Hoffmann began to sketch the guest of honor, and as he drew he invented a ridiculous story of how Weber had once eloped with an innkeeper's wife. Weber, much tickled at the fancy, came across to shake hands with his host. Then Hoffmann, tinkering with the sketch, which he could not finish to his satisfaction, cried out, "The face doesn't matter! The *spirit* is the important thing."

The Schauspielhaus had been opened on May 26 with a drama and ballet, but the popular attention was focused on June 18, the sixth anniversary of Waterloo, when *Der Freischütz*, the first modern and thoroughly German opera, would come upon the boards. Weber approved the cast, as he had reason; for Madame Seidler was charmingly pretty with a good voice, and the other principals, Eunicke, Carl Stümer and Heinrich Blume, were all competent. He was less content with Gropius, who had made the wild forest into an elegant park and transformed Agathe's little chamber to a fine lady's boudoir. And the dresses of the ballet were far too fine, but he could not afford to offend the popular taste of Berlin. At the last rehearsal the wing of an owl was incapacitated and the fireworks refused to explode. If the mechanics of the opera were at fault, the performance would descend to farce, as anyone can testify who has seen the swan balk in *Lohengrin*. The final rehearsal was exhaustingly long, but Weber astonishingly kept his temper.

Meanwhile Lina wept in her comfortable room at the Beers. She was distraught and believed all the gloomy prognostications she had heard; she was convinced that the Spontini faction intended to wreck her husband's opera. Julius Benedict, who had come from Dresden, employed himself in cheering her. She was a young woman who required a great deal of petting.

On the morning of the eighteenth, the Beer household woke to

gloom. Weber alone was confident. He had finished his work and laid it on the altar. The issue was out of his hands, and he had set about completing the Concertstück in F Minor. Lina was lying on her sofa, and young Julius was trying to beguile her melancholy when her husband came in and offered to play them the score. During his performance—Julius wrote sixty years later that he had never heard Weber's playing of the Concertstück bettered—he diverted them with a murmured narrative of a lady in a tower and the return of her Crusader.* Having tranquilized his wife, he ate sparingly and lay down to rest.

Boy-like, Benedict was at the door of the theater two hours before it opened. By six the mob was tremendous, but owing to good policing no one was seriously hurt. In the audience that night there were few army officers and aristocrats, but many students and men of the Landwehr who had sung Weber's choruses, most of the artistic and literary celebrities of Berlin, the critics, musicians, Hoffmann, Gubitz and Lichtenstein, the Mendelssohn family, and Heinrich Heine, who lounged directly under the Beers' box where Lina sat with Meyerbeer's brother William and his wife. Heine was twenty-three, nonchalant, elegant in a velvet jacket with fine lace falling over his long, delicate hands. His hair, that hair which George Sand smoothed tenderly on their first meeting, was loose about his melancholy face. Marvelous, unfortunate, unforgettable youth!

Did Weber glance up at the Schauspielhaus as he approached it in the twilight? In that classic building the conducting of an opera must always be a tremendous event, and when it was the *first* opera and his own! This should have compensated Weber for much. As the clock struck seven, he limped to his place. The din subsided, and from every corner of the crowded house, expectant faces looked at the pale intelligence. Then there was applause, the bellowing of rough students and the clapping of heavy hands. At last the Overture rose gently; loveliest of overtures resembling the richly decorated cover of a child's book of fairy tales, tantalizing

* The only "program" of which there is any record among all Weber's instrumental compositions.

the little one with hints of the feast within: here the golden-haired maid, there the frightful demons, yonder the wild glen. How naïve, how charming is this romanticism! To escape the unsolvable, tragic present in a childlike return to a past which never was, which never could be! Weber, whom Nature intended for a classicist, Weber, who had not altogether understood the divine command—this Weber was a magician before whose power Michael Scott could hide his head. He had only to wave that very small baton * and the audience, yes, and the singers and cunning players upon instruments were on the Flying Carpet—breathless in the demon-haunted wood.

Following the Overture rose a storm of applause which sixty years later had not been paralleled in Benedict's experience even by that accorded Jenny Lind. Weber bowed repeatedly, but he was eager to continue, to open the fairy-tale book for them; it was not possible until he had repeated the entire Overture. Then, in the breathless pause before Kilian's song and the Laughing Chorus, came the great moment of his life. He stood upon the very pitch and pinnacle toward which he had been laboriously mounting since he was thrust forth, felon-wise, from the gates of Stuttgart. This was the height; the triumphant pause for which his mother bore him in Eutin, struggling through her pangs; mightiest of triumphs, man's doing of the thing which was never done before! The eminence was bleak—there loomed a gaunt cross; but at his feet clouds veiled the precipitous descent.

The ecstatic moment passed, but the opera proceeded with no slackening of enthusiasm. Only the Hunting Chorus puzzled more than it pleased. The Bridesmaids' Song went straight to the German heart and has never left it. The aria "*Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*" received the greatest applause.

There was one awkward incident: a Weber partisan had the unfortunate idea of showering the stage with copies of his spiteful

* Weber was one of the first German conductors to make regular use of a baton and introduced the practice in Prague and Dresden. One of his batons is preserved by the Weber family; there is a small ivory baton inscribed with musical notation among the Weber relics in the Körner Museum, Dresden. Weber did not, however, restrict himself to any one method of conducting. In 1825 at Dresden he "beat time with a roll at a square pianoforte."

verses, which said that though Spontini gave the public *elephants*, Weber gave *Music*. This was out-Heroding Herod, and on the first opportunity Weber attempted to appease Spontini by inserting a newspaper notice concluding, "A witticism which can be but a scratch to a celebrated man has wounded me like the thrust of a dagger. And indeed, compared to an elephant, my poor owls and the rest of my foolish creatures can appear only in a very sorry light." There is little use in such apologizing, and Spontini never forgave Weber for his partisan's crude attack.

The customary celebration took the form of a party at Jagor's on Unter den Linden where, after the performance, the principals of the cast met with the Beer family, Lichtenstein and his wife, the author-actor Wolff, Hoffmann, Gubitz, the Webers, and Julius Benedict—who, like the guest of honor, might have been better in his bed. Lina was extremely nervous, and Hoffmann was in his evil mood. He began to gibe at the owl in *Der Freischütz*; and Lina, who thought he was making fun of her husband, burst into tears. Everyone was horrified and turned to Gubitz to *do* something. The good-natured professor of wood-engraving retired to an adjoining room to scribble verses in Weber's honor.

Zelter once wryly observed that it was difficult to tell whether Gubitz carved his verses out of wood or fashioned his wood into verses. They were poor stuff, and Hoffmann went under the table while he was reading them. When Gubitz had finished, out he came with a laurel wreath in his hands and one of his most awful grimaces on a face peculiarly accomplished in that line. He crowned Weber, and with a satanic smirk demanded of the audience if his victim were not now as fine as Tasso. The spirit of the party had no alternative to improvement, and it was long after midnight before the exhausted revelers separated.

Weber tersely recorded the greatest event of his career in his diary: "This evening *Der Freischütz* was presented as the first opera in the Schauspielhaus with incredible enthusiasm. Overture and Bridesmaids' Song encored. Out of seventeen, fourteen pieces loudly applauded. All went excellently well. I was called out and went

forward with Seidler and Eunicke, as I couldn't catch the others. Plenty of garlands and poems. *Soli deo gloria.*"

The garlands went to Dresden, and Lina hung them above the drawing-room mirror. Weber set the laurel wreath on the bust of Mozart with the words, "That belongs to you!" Weber was very proud of these withering tributes, and showing them once to a visitor remarked, in a manner half-modest, half-ironical, "*Die hat mir alle Der Freischütz eingebracht.*" *

They stayed in Berlin until the thirtieth of June. On the 25th he gave a concert which, as frequently happened after an astonishing operatic success, was a financial failure. For the rest, these Berlin months wore the highest colors of his life. Everywhere he was fêted. The Crown Prince showed him marked attention; Count Brühl, Prince Radzivill, brilliant Rahel von Varnhagen delighted to entertain him. Hoffmann's criticisms of the opera text were only a momentary shadow mingled with high praise of the music.

They returned to Dresden. Lina was still ailing, and it seemed wise to install her with her friend Charlotte von Hanmann in a cottage at Schandau, five miles out of the city, where she could try the benefit of a mineral spring. On Weber's drive from Schandau back to Dresden, he was in a minor accident. The horses and carriage were on the ferry which crossed the Elbe when thunder terrified them, and in their plunging they very nearly fell into the river dragging him after. Weber was much shocked, imagining what might so easily have occurred, and did not go to bed that night until he had written out the rough draft of a will.

"This evening, urged by an unprecedented feeling, I yield to the inner voice and hereby announce my intention and decree what shall be done with my possessions after my death and that these lines have the effect of a will.

"It is my firm, last, and only wish that all I possess or which may come to me after my death should be the possession of my dear wife, Caroline von Weber, *née* Brandt, and I declare her to be my sole heir.

* *Der Freischütz* brought me in all these."

"My brothers and my kindred have no claim whatever on my property, for I inherited nothing but have earned it all. It is my chief duty to provide for my wife's assured future especially as for love of me she put aside her own great artistic talents which would have richly supported her. Furthermore, my wife brought me a considerable sum of money and most of our furniture.

"Now therefore, since it might please Almighty God to take me hence this very night, I lay it to the charge of my brothers and kindred that they lay no obstacle in the way of this my firm intention if these lines should not be in accordance with the proper forms and usages or be subject to other legal objections.

"And I curse heartily any man who seeks to prevent this will standing, for this has been my intention as long as I have called my dear wife my own.

"God grant me strength to attend to all this legally. But, O Lord, let Thy will be done!

"Dresden, July 21, 1821

"CARL MARIA VON WEBER

"Royal Saxon Kapellmeister"

The day after his return to Dresden he went to call on Kind, intending, if he were in a good humor, to have the fun of telling him all about *Der Freischütz* in Berlin; and, if he were in a peevish mood, to put him in a better. Kind was not at home; the house was closed, and the poet gone to Teplitz. Weber waited a fortnight and then composed a charming letter to his librettist; there isn't time, he says, to write all he has to tell but he must send a friendly greeting and an inquiry as to when Kind will return. "The *Liederkreis* meets at our house on the 27th. A whole packet of newspapers awaits you; I could send them on to Teplitz for your delectation, but I fear the duty on such a pack would not allow them to pass. I have several letters about the later performances and am told that if it were possible the applause would seem to grow greater with each production.

"*Der Freischütz* is requested at Copenhagen for the Queen's birthday, and at Leipzig. Certainly other demands will follow. Lina and

I long to see you; send me two lines to say when you will return so that I can be there and rejoice beforehand. I embrace you and your dear ones with real affection and am always and ever,

“YOUR WEBER.

“Dresden, July 16, 1821.”

Kind let him wait twelve days for an answer. He was in a thoroughly bad temper. It was his firm belief that *Der Freischütz* was his creation, tricked out with insignificant music by Weber; it was outrageous that Weber should have all the glory and almost all of the cash.

Weber answered Kind's querulous complaints with tact and good sense. “Dear, good, highly honored friend! . . . Poet and composer are so welded together that it is laughable to believe that the latter can achieve anything without the former. Who gives the impetus? Who the situations? Who kindles the imagination? Who makes possible the development of the emotions? Who provides the characterization? The poet! Always the poet! . . .

“But do you suppose that a composer can let any libretto be put into his hand as a schoolboy takes an apple? That he accepts it blindly and pours his music over it, content as long as he can let go what he has been holding in?

“Nay, dear friend, believe me, no one has a greater respect for the poet than I, and I don't for a moment forget that of all others you deserve first of all my gratitude, which surely I have in my heart and will gladly proclaim whenever the chance offers. But on this occasion it is certainly out of place.”

He was sorry that Kind had not received his share of congratulations, “But you must find your reward in the effect of the whole production and in the honest gratitude of your true Weber.”

But Kind was implacable. Neither money nor fair words soothed his injured pride. He would not accept Weber's delicately proffered gift of double the original sum paid for the libretto.

Again the subtle smile of Fortune came too late. While Caroline was resting at Schandau, Weber was offered the director's post at Cassel with full powers over the opera, a pension in the offing, and

a present salary of 2500 thalers (something short of \$2000). He wrote to Caroline: "A thousand thalers more than I get here! The night was an unquiet one. The more I thought about leaving Dresden, the worse I felt. Next day I gave the letter to Herr von Könneritz without saying anything. Yesterday I dined with him and drove with him to Pillnitz, but he said not a word on the subject and I was either too obstinate or too delicate to bring the matter up. Tomorrow I'll ask an answer in writing. What do you think of it, my dearest? ... Surely you're no more attached to Dresden than am I!"

Attached to Dresden he might be, but he was far from satisfied with conditions there. Only a day or two before he had clearly expressed his views on the folly of the Saxon Court in trying to maintain separate German and Italian opera establishments. "They cannot possibly do enough to keep *both* of them at a height. They are unwilling unjustly to favor one at the expense of the other, and so *both* are at a low level." Könneritz, his new chief, he considered a man of good intentions but too great predilection for the Italian party. More than once that year he calmly declared himself in favor of discontinuing the whole German opera.

It was necessary to press von Könneritz for an answer. The minister managed to procure him a raise of three hundred thalers—certainly far less than he had been entitled to hope—but Morlacchi was given the same increase, which spoiled the compliment. Nor was Weber offered the decoration he coveted. A "Ribbon to stick on his coat" would have meant much to Weber, but the distinction frequently granted indiscriminately was denied *him* to the end.

The affection the Webers felt for Dresden scarcely accounts for his refusing Cassel, especially as they were both young and Carl had been a resident for only five years. It may be that his failing health warned him against new projects; perhaps the composer had so assumed the ascendancy over the conductor that he did not wish to become entangled with more executive duties; possibly it was an inertia of the soul. "I know," he once wrote, "that a deadening, suffocating atmosphere which is death to Art pervades this place, and that I could and would do far more were I to leave it;

but I cannot make up my mind to leave this damned, delightful nest!"

His abnegation was the making of Spohr, who had recently come to Dresden with no assured support in order to have his daughters, especially Emilie, study with Miksch.* Weber knew that Spohr still considered him an amateur, but this did not deter him. He called, told him of the Cassel offer, and said that he had decided to decline it and would be glad to recommend Spohr. The latter fussed a little about leaving the daughters in Dresden and the difficulty of renting a desirable apartment; but after some discussion both at his house and at the Webers', where Lina's practical advice was forthcoming, he went gratefully to Cassel for 2000 thalers and there remained for many years.

Already *Der Freischütz* was being performed in all the great cities of Germany, although sometimes in mangled and distorted form. On October 3 seventeen-year-old Wilhelmine Schröder appeared as Agathe at Vienna in a production purged by the Emperor's command of hermit, devil, and firearms. "What is to be done with this absurd censorship?" lamented Weber.

At home there were vexations and anxieties. Caroline was having a very difficult pregnancy. The renovated theater was reopened with an Italian opera, when he had hoped for the honor of giving *Don Giovanni* in German dress. The Court refused to let him produce *Die Drei Pintos*, which he had expected to finish for the Dresden stage and dedicate to King Friedrich August. When the decision was told him, his intense chagrin brought on his first hemorrhage. Caroline despaired; but when he was somewhat recovered, he remarked with gentle irony, "As God wills."

* When Weber and Count Brühl had been in correspondence in 1817 on the possibility of Weber's leaving Dresden for Berlin, Spohr had written Rochlitz to the effect that, if the Dresden post fell vacant, he would very much like to have it.

CHAPTER XV

Sister Euryanthe

*Wer nie sein Brod mit Thränen ass,
Wer nie die kummervollen Nächte
Auf seinem Bette weinend sass,
Der kennt euch nicht, ihr himmlischen Mächte! **

—GOETHE

IN NOVEMBER 1821 DOMENICO BARBAJA, THE VIENNA IMPRESARIO, requested Weber to compose an opera after the style of *Der Freischütz*, to be produced at the Kärnthnertor Theater early in the season of 1822-1823. The nervous reaction following the success of Weber's first great opera had conspired with his chagrin at the coldness of the Court and his uncertainty as to whether he had been wise in refusing the Cassel post, to cast him into deep depression; but his spirit rose at Barbaja's offer and forced him to tremendous activity. His bodily strength was spurious and his dream too near the infinite for realization. Barbaja wanted an opera resembling *Der Freischütz*; but Weber determined to soar above former flights and write a grand opera with recitatives to fill the place of dialogue; it must silence the critics who considered him a popular composer; it should be a work pre-eminently aristocratic. He bespoke a universal opera which could appear on every stage.

It is possible that with a perfect libretto he might have attained his ambition. Yet how many operas have been written to perfect

* "Who never ate the bitter bread of weeping,
Who never knew the sorrow-laden night
Of him who crouches on his bed, ne'er sleeping;
Such knows thee not, O thou creator's might!"

librettos? Or consider the plot of *Wuthering Heights*, which is atrocious; it is Emily Brontë's passionate belief in her story which carries it past the barriers to conviction. The deficiencies of *Euryanthe* might have been passed over if Weber had not polluted the springs of genius by his ambition to bring forth a learned work. Labor ought to precede creation. Theory should underlie the work of art as the roots grow under the tree; they support but are not visible among the boughs. No doubt he "trusted in God and in his Euryanthe," but he was not thinking entirely about his opera. He, Weber, had an impression to make upon the world.

His impetuosity hurried him into partnership with Helmina von Chezy. This lady, who has borne the stigma of Weber's tragedy, has been unfairly described by Weber's biographers. She was not "past the meridian of life." When Weber and Frau von Chezy settled in Dresden in 1817, he was in his thirty-first year and she in her thirty-fourth. Frumpish she may have been, but there was a reason, the more touching because it was ludicrous—a heart attack followed by a sudden access of weight. The woman who had been a pretty, slender blonde found the change extremely mortifying. Her clothes would not cover her, and she was too poor to buy new. Nor is it decent to quote Weber as calling her "the thing," when what he really said was "the little, precious, tricky thing, neither feminine nor masculine," which sounds like the description of one of his own fairies from *Oberon*.

Born Helmina von Klencke, she was the child of a divided house, both her mother and her grandmother being divorced women, the grandmother twice. Helmina was seventeen when she dissolved her first marriage and, intoxicated with the theories of freedom, went to Paris where she lived with Friedrich and Dorothea Schlegel in a fever of romanticism. Dressed in white, hatless, a kerchief tied over her floating curls, she frequented libraries and museums, reading a little, reflecting less, and scribbling interminably. Her second husband was de Chézy, the librarian and orientalist. This marriage too irked her, and at twenty-seven she returned to Germany with her two little boys, who were her constant companions.

Her husband made her an allowance and her writings brought

her in a little money; but her restless wandering from city to city was expensive and her habits were disorderly. Occasionally she suffered terrible depression over her wasted youth. In one of these periods, in Berlin, she sent for Gubitz, poet, editor, and wood-engraver, whose talents did not match his versatility. He was young then and scarcely knew the lady, whom he found in tears. It was her birthday, and the recollection of her follies and the burden of her present loneliness had made her desperate. Gubitz could not free himself until midnight. His efforts to console the poor young woman have the wooden sound of his own carvings. Her unseasonable visits plagued the wives of her men friends. Lina von Weber detested her long morning visits. Gubitz tells a sorry tale of her coming with her boys to spend the evening when he was first married. She refused to go home at midnight, saying that she was afraid. Gubitz offered gallantly to escort her, but she insisted she must spend the night. It was impossible to dislodge her, and three impromptu beds were made up in the little drawing room. Nor would she leave next day until night fell.

In 1817 she moved to Dresden and was active in the *Liederkreis*. Weber, that born clubman, met her with effusion and reminded her that he had known her in Darmstadt. He complimented her on her verses which, it is said, he considered the most lyrical of contemporary poets. In succeeding years he kept his eye on her, and at intervals suggested that he was in the market for librettos. When she protested that she seldom so much as saw an opera—she was poor—the children took all her time—she knew nothing of dramatic conventions—he said that her intuition was more valuable than the half-knowledge of would-be musicologists.

After Barbaja's proposal, he was walking one day with Lina on the Elbe bridge when they came on Helmina standing within the curve of the parapet to admire the romantic sweep of the river. There he asked her to write the libretto; and there, with great but insufficient misgiving, she agreed. He sent her with commendation two operas of Spontini to study—*Vestale* and *Olympia*. She remembered that she had once sat next Spontini at a dinner and he had said to her, "The world does not know yet what music is. They

must learn that from me." Did she think she had learned it at that dinner table? Weber promised to let her know when music of a dramatic nature was to be performed in church, and professed himself always ready to advise her. On this shaky foundation the romantic lady proceeded to write a libretto for a composer of European reputation.

The two, almost equally to be pitied, went over Helmina's little repertory; and after much discussion he selected "The Tale of the Virtuous Euryanthe," thus identifying himself more closely than in the past with the medievalism of the official literary romanticists. He begged for harsh rhythms and bold, unusual cadences; but she could not understand him and distorted her inane but musical verses into grotesques. His tact was perfect. Every effort met with praise, but after the kind word there was invariably a new suggestion. When he wrote, "You are an angel," his touchy little poetess would have scourged herself to content him. She was in a horrible situation, but she did not know it. Indeed, by some unlooked-for mercy she was never to realize her failure, but would write of Weber and *Euryanthe*, seventeen years later, not only without rancor but with rare sweetness and appreciation. Unfortunate Helmina! The bad verses of her contemporaries are forgotten; they lie in quiet graves under the ivy; but she wanders, half disconsolate, half protesting through the shades, immortalized by the music she is charged with ruining.

A silly woman, but not without talents; cruelly called an aristocrat by birth and a plebeian by nature. But when one is poor and must live by one's wits and support two children, it is not possible to be much concerned over the elegance of the means. Shabby and shoddy she may have been, but she was Weber's victim as surely as he was hers. Matters might have been worse for him; what if he had married a woman like Helmina?

Between composer and librettist, *Euryanthe* was revised eleven times, without ever becoming stage-worthy. The old tale of the wager that a woman's virtue could be destroyed—a variant of which was used by Shakespeare in *Cymbeline*—was, to begin with, full of the rambling, episodic inconsequence of a *Morte d'Arthur* or a

Faerie Queen. But the chief defect of the opera's plot was the introduction of a poisoned ring as the unconvincing proof of Euryanthe's dishonor. Weber and Tieck, whom he consulted, agreed that the censorship could not and ought not to authorize a reference to the violet birthmark under Euryanthe's breast, which had served the purpose in the original and in Shakespeare. The difficulty was clumsily circumvented by bringing in the ghost of the hero's sister, a suicide by means of the poisoned ring. Weber had another strong though vague reason for insisting on Emma's suicide and Euryanthe's consequent vow of silence. He wished to include the supernatural, not only because that device had been so successful in *Der Freischütz*, but because *Euryanthe* was designed to be a drama of the universe involving the real world and the unseen. The demons of *Der Freischütz* were suited to the Wolf's Glen and the beliefs of rude foresters, but the chivalric background of his grand opera demanded a more lofty view of the spiritual world.

Much of absorbing interest has been written on the problem of *Euryanthe*. "The textbook of opera writers," it has been subjected to repeated experiments during the past century by men deeply enslaved to its beauties. For the ordinary reader it may be sufficient to agree with Sir George Smart that the opera demands not only highly trained performers but a highly trained audience. To the general, it remains caviar; and *Euryanthe* need not hope to attain the popularity of her eternal debtors, *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. Efforts to separate poem and opera are defeated by the very perfection of Weber's characterization. It remains the opera of Euryanthe and Adolar, Lysiart and Eglantine.

Correspondence with Vienna progressed satisfactorily. Barbaja agreed to pay Weber's expenses to come, feel the ground, and choose his soloists. The impresario wished to produce the opera in July, but Weber wrote that this was impossible. The libretto was not finished, and his official duties absorbed most of his time. More, he had on hand an opera which he intended to dedicate to the King of Saxony. "Besides, my good wife expects her confinement in May. That means several weeks when my head won't be good for any

work. A *German* who means to do the right thing by music can't just shake it out of his sleeve!"

The opera he mentioned was *Die Drei Pintos*. In the letter to Count Einsiedel requesting leave to visit Vienna, he had informed him that he would first complete that work for the Dresden stage. The Minister had replied curtly that it was out of the question for him to produce two operas of his own, and *Der Freischütz* must suffice. In the preceding chapter we have noted the effect of this rebuff on Weber's health. Henceforth he had no expectation of any long continuance in life, but took each forward step with the uncertainty of a pilgrim wandering by night.

His deplorable physical condition did not interfere with his exertions. Morlacchi was absent again, and Weber had to take over his duties with the hateful addition of the Court table music. For state banquets at Pillnitz he was required to appear in Court dress and direct the performance of Italian ditties during the meal. What leisure he found he devoted to the text of *Euryanthe*. Act I of *Die Drei Pintos* was finished, and he left it untouched, composing nothing new except a "Hussar Song" for men's voices.

On January 26 Dresden saw and heard *Der Freischütz*. Eager for the praise of the home city, Weber had given great thought to the production. The costumes were authentic this time, having been copied from those carved on old stone statues at a royal hunting lodge near the city. Professor Lichtenstein, the zoologist, sent him the owl and the eagle from Berlin. Tieck said it was beneath a man of genius to worry over such details, but if Tieck had worried a little more we might be reading him today. Weber was anxious and harassed and wrote to Lichtenstein: "I wish it were over with. I couldn't put it off any longer." Lina felt too ill to go to the performance, and Weber bought tickets for Kind and Frau von Chezy, as none were placed at his disposal. It was not the price in money which vexed him.

Der Freischütz, here as everywhere in Germany, was a signal success. After the first act an enormous bush of laurel hung with poems and garlands was passed up to the stage over the heads of

the cheering audience. Frequent bulletins were sent from the theater to Caroline's sofa for her reassurance. Afterwards there was a Weber party, and at bedtime Carl wrote in his diary: "All went splendidly. Little I could have wished otherwise. I was called out and took Fräulein Funk and Madame Haase. I should have liked to take orchestra, chorus, and carpenters with me. They all deserved the honor."

He had given up journalistic work, wearied with the endless controversies that had attended the establishment of German opera in Dresden, and now clung only to the impossible hope of finishing his *Künstlerleben*. When he declined to contribute to the popular *Wiener Zeitschrift*, reprisal was made in a biting review of *Der Freischütz*; and Weber, who knew well the importance of a favorable press, feared the attack would injure his coming *Euryanthe*. At best it was an unfortunate period for him in Vienna, where Rossini's prestige was tremendous and the leading critic, Grillparzer, no friend to German opera. Politics were tabu in the imperial city and, as frequently in times of repression, the citizens substituted questions of art for those of government and became furiously partisan.

Helmina had completed the first act; and Weber, eager to begin composing, made ready to visit Vienna and explore the situation without further delay. But he was coughing; and the hemorrhage, which had not been repeated, was too recent to forget. The taste of death was salt on his tongue. He wrote to Lina, sealed the letter, and bade her open it only if ill befell him during their separation.

"Before the journey to Vienna 1822

"To my ever and above-all loved Lina,

"God grant that you may not read these lines. But if the Almighty indeed wills it so, the Heavenly Father will give you strength to bear the trial. I can but thank you from my soul for your true love and patience, and may God bless you and the memory of your Carl be a dear but not a sorrowful remembrance. As I write I am in health and spirits, but I consider it my duty to write you what occurs to me that you might need to know."

The receipt for his will is in the little drawer of the cupboard. Lawyer Gehe has charge of the business.

"What I have is thine. Would God I could have laid by more for you."

In his account book are the statements of the theaters which have presented *Der Freischütz* and *Preciosa*; which have paid and which owe him money.

"I am no man's debtor and you must not let yourself be deceived by any claim."

In this year's diary she will find a statement of his assets.

"My old diaries burn, unread.

"And now, God bless you, my heart is too full—I can say no more. Always, here and yonder, ever and eternally thine own loving

"CARL M. VON WEBER."

On February 11 he left Dresden for Vienna, stopping over at Prague, where he reluctantly consented to direct a performance of *Der Freischütz*, which fell out to the enthusiasm of the audience and his own satisfaction. Young Henriette Sontag in the part of Agathe "sang very nicely," he wrote; "but she is still only a beginner and is a bit of a goose in her manner." When he reached Vienna and saw for himself his mutilated *Der Freischütz*, from whose bones hermit, demon, and firearms had been picked clean, he wrote in his diary: "*Der Freischütz! ach Gott!*" and thrice underlined it. The performance was faulty. Of Wilhelmine Schröder he wrote: "Pretty. Magnificent voice, appropriate acting, perfect intonation, but still deficient in some respects as a singer." Before he left he was to some extent successful in dealing with the censor, and presently wrote Lina with unconscious pathos, "At any rate they've let me have my devil and my bullets."

His popularity in Vienna, where he had not been seen for nine years, was past belief. The press lauded him, and he was made much of by the literary circle frequented by Castelli, Grillparzer, and Caroline Pichler. Franz Schubert, who had sung Weber choruses for men's voices and loved *Der Freischütz*, was with him frequently, his gentle, near-sighted brown eyes darkening with admi-

ration. He too had an opera libretto by Frau von Chezy. It was his *Rosamunde*. The police kept a close watch on Weber's activities because the government, quick to perceive the dread specter of Revolution in any sort of popular enthusiasm, was not disposed to allow partiality toward one composer at the expense of another; and Weber's admirers were not less vociferous nor less intriguing than those of Rossini. Weber himself was prejudiced against the Italian rival who was so soon to eclipse Spontini and the rest of his generation; but when he had heard a performance of *The Barber of Seville*, he involuntarily exclaimed, "That is not Italian; it is European." There was some vague talk of inviting Weber to conduct German opera in Vienna, and a much more definite proposal for him to give a concert, when he fell ill, probably with tonsillitis and pleurisy.

On the seventh of March, still very weak and suffering, he conducted *Der Freischütz* as a benefit for Wilhelmine Schröder. It was his first public appearance, and the house was jammed to the doors. The applause was tremendous, and wreaths and ribbons hurtled to his feet after the first act. He was deeply gratified and wrote in his diary, "There could not be greater enthusiasm, and I tremble for the future since it is hardly possible to rise higher."

His concert was good-naturedly postponed in order to spare a less known artist the trial of playing on the same day with him; but when on the nineteenth his own came off, the results were disappointing. It was often so, and it seems probable that, though a gifted pianist, it was his conducting of opera which enveloped him in a magician's cloak of glamour. There, frail and insignificant as he was physically, he achieved the most enormous popularity. When he met with disappointments, he was always grieved and angry. To his mind no success ever balanced a setback.

Two days later he left Vienna and was at home on the twenty-sixth, shortly before Caroline expected him. Frau von Chezy was sitting in the house with her when the carriage stopped. Running to the window, they saw him coming with his arms full of laurel, and went downstairs to help him carry up the withering tributes, poems, ribbons—bright trifles which he valued.

Two days later he resumed his full duties, and in addition was busy moving from the third-story flat in the Altmarkt to the house which is still No. 18 Galleriestrasse where the Webers occupied a more convenient apartment up one flight of stairs. Lina was not able to do more than direct; but Weber took his usual interest in the placing of every piece of furniture.

He heard by chance that an old servant, Christiane Adamin, who had attended his mother when she died in Salzburg and remained long after with the family, was in a destitute condition. It was embarrassing to learn that Franz Anton had owed money to this poor creature. Weber hastily paid up arrears and settled a pension on her which Lina paid scrupulously after his death.

On April 25, returning to the new house after conducting a Mass, he found Caroline with a son, who was christened two days later Max Maria Christian Philipp, but called Max in honor of the hero of *Der Freischütz*. Weber noted somewhat critically in his diary, "He came safe and unharmed into the world, only a little pig-headed. God bless him and make him good."

As a composer he was now upon the mountaintop, but if he could rise no higher he wished the summit to flatten into an unending table land. He was horribly afraid of a descent. To Lichtenstein he wrote: "That damned *Freischütz* will make hard going for his sister, *Euryanthe*, and many times I'm all in a ferment when I realize that my reputation can't rise much higher."

By the middle of May, Caroline was sufficiently recovered for the family to go to Hosterwitz, where that summer they entertained a great deal. Among the notable guests were the poet Wilhelm Müller, Tieck, Jean Paul Richter, and Sophie Schröder, the tragedienne, with her lovely daughters Wilhelmine and Betty. But Weber was preoccupied with *Euryanthe* and walked the forest glens repeating the words of Chezy's sorry poem.

He liked horses and took a great interest in vehicles. *Preciosa* was being rehearsed in Dresden, and as he had frequently to cover the ground from Hosterwitz, he thought it sensible to drive himself. Whether it was his inexperience or his bad luck, on the third day the horse shied and broke the harness so that he had to walk to

Pillnitz while a boy fetched up the rear with his elegant droshky. Arriving already crestfallen, he found a letter from Spontini announcing a visit for the next day, June 11.

Dresden was Weber's home and it would not do for him to be rude to a visiting musician. Spontini too was on his best behavior and attempted to flatter Weber, a task requiring considerable finesse, since the German was as shrewd as he was touchy. Weber, he asserted, had an enthusiastic following in Paris. To prove his words, like the conjurer he so much resembled, he pulled from his wallet two clippings, allegedly press notices from celebrated Parisian critics. In each clipping Weber's name followed immediately on Beethoven's, and the warm encomiums of his works were almost identical. Weber was in that sad minor mood where he asked nothing better than to be beguiled. Without doubt the wily Spontini had taken the scissors to the "*prix: 4 fr. 50c.*" The extracts were not musical criticisms, but advertisements inserted by Maurice Schlesinger, Paris representative of the music publisher Schlesinger of Berlin. A Beethoven Sonata and Weber's "Introduction [*sic*] à la Valse" were being offered to the French public at a price!

Throughout the ensuing months Weber was engaged in a multiplicity of activities which did nothing to further the completion of his opera. He carried on his regular musical duties, augmented by those of Morlacchi and his assistant, the dying F. A. Schubert; secured a guest engagement for his brother-in-law, Louis Brandt; composed, in addition to the first act of *Euryanthe*, two little cantatas for celebrations of the Royal Family; continued his large business and personal correspondence; gave Benedict a daily lesson; played with little Max; frequented the *Liederkreis*; neglected nothing. Again and again the date of *Euryanthe* was put off, until it was evident that the performance could not take place until late autumn of 1823.

On April 29 of that year, after fourteen rehearsals, Weber produced *Fidelio*, with Wilhelmina Schröder in the role which was perhaps her greatest. He had been at pains to give the opera in a fashion to satisfy both himself and Beethoven, with whom he had

exchanged several letters. Beethoven received forty ducats, and in his acknowledgment to von Könneritz spoke of Weber as his "dear friend." *Abu Hassan* was also prepared for the Dresden stage that year. During the spring, Weber's old companion, Ludwig of Bavaria, now a king, visited Dresden and dashed the spirits of the Italian faction by observing that Rossini's music could be heard in other places, and that he much preferred something by Weber. At *Preciosa* the volatile king astonished the staid Dresdeners by calling out to Weber from his box and ostentatiously applauding him.

Weber spoke often during these months of his longing for Hosterwitz, where he could rest. But when the family went there in early summer, he was up every morning at six. It should be remembered that Hosterwitz was no vacation land; his duty called him to Pillnitz or to Dresden almost as rigorously as during the season. Whenever he was free to do so, he busied himself with *Euryanthe*. The scoring, completed in his mind before a note was written, occupied about sixty days and, with the exception of the overture, was finished on August 29, 1823. A Weber overture was always finished after the opera, because it was, in effect, not only the prologue but the epilogue, summing up the action and characters of the drama as well as foreshadowing them.

On September 16 he left for Vienna in charge of Julius Benedict. Caroline was again *enceinte* and stayed in Dresden with Max, now almost a year and a half old. Weber's situation was less hopeful than on his last visit, in February 1822, for his illness had advanced, he was disillusioned about the worth of the libretto, and apprehensive over the possible behavior of the librettist. Friends on whom he had rashly counted disappointed him, and even Madame Grünbaum, his old star from Prague, who had promised a mature Eglantine, was now, like the rest of them, a year and a half older.

He wrote to Lina almost daily. He was afraid Max would forget him: "You don't know what an interest I take nowadays in children, especially if I can see in them any resemblance to Max." When he went to Schönbrunn the day was not entirely wasted, for he saw there a little princess of Max's age, "a dear, dear child who gave me a little pat and was so friendly and at home with me that

everybody was surprised." The ten months' baby at Madam Grünbaum's could be quieted only in his arms. "[Max] costs me a lot of money. Whenever I see a child I have to give him something, and they all love me."

He went to Rossini's *Semiramide*: "Of the music I can say no more but that it is Rossini's!" But the voices of Fodor and Lablache: "You know that when one feels a kind of gooseflesh up one's back—that is the *real thing*."

Madam Grünbaum accepted the part of Eglantine but wanted him to alter the name of the opera to correspond with her role. He laughed and said, "Now isn't that just like an Italian prima donna?" She argued that if she did not sing the title role it would be thought that she was no longer leading lady. "Wait," he begged, "until you have read the book." But he insisted that she should not take the part unless she felt satisfied with it. He would not have been sorry if she had refused, for "naturally, she is no Fodor," and Weberian women should be young and lovely. Weber, who as a younger man had scrawled diatribes against women in his account books, was among the first adequately to portray them in music; and his varied characterizations give to his good women an infinite loveliness, and to his evil the potentiality of all goodness as well as of all evil.

He wrote Lina that Julius Benedict had decided that Berlin was only a village compared to Vienna, and he too felt as much at home in the great city as if he were a fish in the sea. Reports of his health seem intentionally a trifle over-optimistic. Everyone says he looks ten years younger. "I cough a trifle, but no more than I do at home when I've been talking."

On the twenty-ninth he was introduced to the club called "Ludlam's Cave,"* whose nightly meetings were held in an upstairs room of Heidvogel's Inn which was reached by a steep, ladder-like stair. The members of this roystering society, whom Weber was anxious to have favorably disposed, were representative men in literature, music, and kindred arts; the guests were called "shadows" and, on initiation, became "bodies." The statutes, not wholly inno-

* After the drama by Oehlenschläger.

cent of political satire, required that the stupidest should be the president or caliph, and the next stupidest the *Viz-dumm* or Vice-stupid. They smoked long pipes, drained heavy tankards, and sang or declaimed verses. Grillparzer was a member, as was Moscheles, the pianist. Weber came away saying uneasily, "But that is too crazy, that isn't for me. If I didn't have to keep in with that set for my purpose, I should stay away." But he grew into a loyal Ludlamite and shortly before his last journey remarked, "I have spent the happiest hours of my life in the Ludlam," an observation more credible if he had not made it of so many other occasions. The support of the society was extremely important and helped to achieve the brief success of *Euryanthe*.

Meanwhile Frau von Chezy was badgering him. On October 1 he wrote cryptically to Lina, "Von Chezy is in Baden. I can tell you some tales." On the tenth he learned that she was talking about him. Presently he got a modest request for 600 thalers accompanied by a threat that if he did not send it, she would come to Vienna and forbid the production. He answered temperately that he would fulfill his engagements and send what was due to her, commenting to Lina: "I wished, as I always do, to use mildness and persuasion up to the last moment." Von Chezy sent an ultimatum: at 7 A.M. she must have the money or a guarantee. He made no reply to her, but to Lina he wrote that he was upset and knew she would be too; but that he shared everything with her, sorrow and joy alike. Next day Frau von Chezy sent a messenger to ask if he had nothing to say. He said laconically, "Nothing."

The following day at dinner with the Grünbaums he was comforted to hear that everyone said Frau von Chezy was half-demented. However, he sent his hornet fifty ducats, impressing on her that it was not her due but a gift. He wrote Lina that he hoped she would not be annoyed by his purchase of peace. But by October 18 Frau von Chezy had appeared in person. Weber said that all would be perfect "if that damned Chezy were not here." On the twenty-second he writes: "That female is a perfect horror," for she has refused to accept the fifty ducats and tells everyone she will go to law. At the very performance the poor creature makes a scene,

appearing at the theater with spluttering cries of "I am the Poetess! Let me through! I am the Poetess!" until the crowd, good-naturedly jeering, passes her on over the heads of the seated.*

On the fifth he made the historic visit to Beethoven. Letters had passed between them while he was preparing *Fidelio* for the Dresden stage, and Beethoven had already declared himself a stout partisan for *Der Freischütz*: "Caspar, the monster, stands firm as a house," he had said gleefully. When he saw young Benedict in Steiner's music store, he demanded brusquely, "Are you Weber's pupil?" The boy, conscious of the awful condescension of the god, could only nod. "Well, then, why doesn't he come to see me? Tell him to come to Baden with Friend Haslinger," pointing to Steiner's partner. Julius seized the tablet and wrote, "May I come too?" Beethoven laughed and said, "*Ja, kleiner naseweis.*" †

Weber rose at six in a torrential rain and set out with Benedict and Haslinger to cover the twenty miles to Baden, where Beethoven lived until cold weather drove him back to Vienna.

Everyone knows how the great man's chamber looked—no one but Hogarth's unnamed English woman has a good word to say for his housekeeping—the poor, desolate place, the dust, the dirt, broken strings in the pianoforte, bed unmade, the greatest musical genius of the world wrapped in a dingy dressing gown! He sprang up and hugged Weber, crying, "There you are, *du Teufelskerll*," handed him the tablets, and began to dress; he had planned to take his guests out to dinner. As he threw on his clothes, he grumbled about the public's indifference and his nephew's ingratitude. Dreaming of later journeys, Weber suggested that he travel through Germany or better still to England. The unhappy Beethoven cried, "Too late," and pointed to his ears. However, through the meal he was more cheerful and spoke much of his artistic ideas. When they parted he embraced Weber six or seven times and promised, if he could, to come to the first performance of *Euryanthe*.

* Helmina received 30 friedrichsdor for the original text but claimed further payments on account of frequent revisions, which were going on through an intermediary almost up to the day of the performance. Weber apparently undertook to secure her a special honorarium from all publishers and theaters purchasing the opera.

† "Yes, little saucy one."

The short, swart man with the godlike forehead and the rough lion's mane had only a little longer to live than the thin figure he clasped in his arms. They met no more.* Weber's party examined the mineral baths, sampled the waters, and returned to Vienna, where he wrote to Lina, "What an affliction is his deafness! One must write everything for him." Yet the visit was not the great event for Weber it seems to us of a century later. His fame equaled Beethoven's, and his expectations overshot it. He was sad to see the man of genius poor, unkempt, and deaf, but it did not occur to him that he was gaining more than he gave by that day's expedition.

When rehearsals for *Euryanthe* began, Weber was irascible and difficult to satisfy. Even little Henriette Sontag, who had the title role, complained; and when a morning rehearsal continued until half-past three, Madame Grünbaum cried out that her children would starve. The company was enthusiastic and gave him all possible support, but some of Weber's brother musicians who attended rehearsals were observed to shake their heads. Prominent among them was young Franz Schubert, who had admired *Der Freischütz* but did not conceal his disappointment in the new opera. After the performance Weber questioned him about his opinion; and Schubert, himself composer of a dozen operas, muttered that he thought it lacking in melody—not so good as *Der Freischütz*. Then he unwisely brought out his *Alfonso and Estrella* for the criticisms of Weber, who caustically observed that "first puppies and first operas have to be drowned." Yet it would be too much to speak of a Schubert-Weber feud. Weber was preparing to give *Alfonso and Estrella* when his health broke finally at Dresden.

When the twenty-fifth arrived, the crowded Kärnthnertor Theater presented a brilliant spectacle—far more so than the Berlin Schauspielhaus, for here resplendent uniforms and jewels gilded the audience. The overture, completed only a few days earlier, was not encored; for the uncertainty of the violins marred its perform-

* Beethoven did not attend the performance of *Euryanthe* but said to Benedict, "Tell Herr von Weber I should have come, but what for?—for a long time now—" and pointed to his ears.

ance. The opera began at seven and ended at ten, but the critics complained that it was too long and word went around that the reason was because Weber wrote for eternity. Rosenbaum, secretary to Prince Esterházy, called the opera magnificent except for the incomprehensible recitatives. Griesinger of the Saxon Embassy rated it with *Fidelio* and the operas of Spohr, "which everyone praises for deep erudition but—leaves unattended." Grillparzer noted in his diary, "This opera can please only fools (idiots or scholars) or footpads and assassins." Nevertheless Weber was called out to acknowledge the applause after each act and twice at the end. Then he went to a supper in Ludlam's Cave which was tendered him by twenty-seven poets and artists. He had been elected a "body," though indeed he had never felt so much a "shadow." It was some time after midnight when they escorted him home. To Lina he wrote, "Thus ended a day which will always be memorable to me, and I hope also in the musical annals of our time."

He conducted the second and third performances, after which Kreutzer undertook the fourth, to Weber's complete satisfaction. He saw no more of von Chezy, whom he now termed "a good poetess but an insufferable woman," and would have liked to go home but had still to wait for an audience with the Emperor. On November 1 he was granted a private interview from which he emerged with the usual impression of Francis I's bonhomie. To Lina he wrote, "How human, how delightfully simple is this great monarch!"

On the return journey he stopped in Prague in order to direct the fiftieth performance of *Der Freischütz*, and found a wildly enthusiastic house. He had left young Benedict in Vienna to watch the progress of *Euryanthe*, for he was himself far from certain of the quality of what seemed on the surface his greatest success. Julius could not bear to report the wretched falling-off in attendance, the cuts which completely dissolved the already incoherent story, the sloppy ensembles, the bored conducting. After twenty performances the voice of *Euryanthe* was long silent in Austria.

Benedict might soften or delay his account, but Weber had access to the newspapers. Already disappointed and embittered, he sank

into profound melancholy. It was not likely that he would live long enough to write another grand opera, nor did he wish to attempt again a labor which in prospect loomed so threateningly. For fifteen months, from October 19, 1823, to January 23, 1825, he maintained a haughty and impenetrable silence broken only once when, after tiresome importunities on the part of Ferdinand de Cussy, he wrote the music for a poem by the Frenchman. His duties at the Opera were performed with bitter exactitude; but the elasticity of the man was gone.

It is a long time since we have mentioned Johann Gänsbacher, friend of early Vienna and Darmstadt days. Their mutual affection was as strong as ever and the correspondence had been faithfully kept up between them. At the beginning of 1823 Weber, struggling under his own duties and those of the irresponsible Morlacchi, had taken the long-contemplated step of asking for an assistant, and suggested the name of Gänsbacher. To the latter he wrote full particulars, suggesting that he submit a Mass to the proper authorities and explaining the deficiencies of the church acoustics. Letter after letter was dispatched; Weber and von Könneritz sent small advances. Gänsbacher requested two months in which to make up his mind, but ultimately accepted instead the excellent post of Music Director of St. Stephen's in Vienna, where he remained until his death. Heinrich Marschner was given the Dresden position. Weber's disappointment was crushing, but his congratulations to Gänsbacher were disinterested and sincere.

Money at any rate was beginning to be plentiful; and von Weber could now afford the smartest little scarlet and black carriage in Dresden. *Der Freischütz* had brought him 80 friedrichsdor (\$320) from Berlin, and he was receiving on an average perhaps \$100 from each of the innumerable German theaters producing it. Its unprecedented popularity enabled him to ask Barbaja for 240 friedrichsdor (almost \$1000) for *Euryanthe*, and even this was small beside what was paid him for *Oberon*. He was pleased in January 1822, when Berlin sent him an honorarium of 40 friedrichsdor in view of the continuous success of *Der Frieschütz*; but a year later, when the much smaller sum of 100 thalers was dispatched to him

on account of the fiftieth Berlin performance, he refused it, writing to Count Brühl that the offer had wounded him deeply.

"In view of the publicity that unfortunately attends everything nowadays," he wrote, "this offer is bound to become known. Imagine therefore an article on these lines: 'The fiftieth performance of *Der Freischütz* in the course of eighteen months was publicly celebrated by our Opera management. This case, so rare in theatrical history, deserves signaling in a special way, especially as, according to report, these fifty full houses must have brought in 30,000 thalers. Accordingly a gratuity of 100 thalers has been given to the composer.' This, then, is the reward, people would say, this the distinction which a German composer, Kapellmeister of a neighboring Royal House, living in circumstances that raise him above money cares, is entitled to ask from the leading German royal art-institution, from whose director native talent receives such warm protection—when the aforesaid composer has achieved a thereto unheard-of success!"

His asperity had some justification, for the receipts of the first fifty-one performances were 37,018 thalers (over \$25,000). Yet the real sting which drew forth such a bitter retort was undoubtedly the gift of the tactless Brühl to Kind, who was also sent 100 thalers on the fiftieth performance of *Der Freischütz*, on the principle, wrote the Count, of *suum cuique* ("to each his due"). This was placing Kind where *he* felt he belonged, on an equality with Weber; but the proud composer, cajole his librettist as he would, was under no illusion—"Maria trägt das Kind"—and it was he who had borne the burden and should bear the honor throughout eternity.

CHAPTER XVI

Sehnsucht

*Entfliehet schnell von mir, ihr freudenleeren Stunden!
O, dass mit euch des Herzens Friede flieht!
O schwände doch mit euch, auf euren dunklen Schwingen,
Der Liebe Schmerz, der meinen Geist erfüllt!
Gewiss, ihr werdet nicht die blauen Wangen färben,
Ihr Sommerlüfte die ihr mich umspielt;
Des Geistes Frohsinn wird in Wehmut bang ersterben
Da nie die matte Brust der liebe Balsam fühlt! **

—VON SEIDA

I
N THE WINTER OF 1823-4 WEBER WAS GRATIFIED BY A ROYAL COMMAND to produce *Euryanthe* upon the Dresden stage; but, since Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient, who was to sing the title role, expected a baby, the performance was postponed until after the event. On March 9 Caroline stood godmother to the little Devrient, and a week later the impetuous Wilhelmine was at rehearsal. During her brief invalidism the choruses had been drilled, and a fortnight after her recovery Weber pulled off his skull cap, bowed to the company with his old, charming smile, and said, "Now, ladies and gentlemen, the opera is all ready."

His *Euryanthe* had met with dubious success in Vienna and in-

* "Fly swiftly, hours with anguish laden,
Would that, you gone, my peace could ere return,
That you could bear away on your dark pinions
Life's fevers that within me burn.
But no, you never shall the pale cheeks color,
You summer winds whose cooling touch I feel,
Be still then; tremble into silence;
My heart's too weary; me you cannot heal."

contestable failure in Cassel, Frankfurt, and Prague; but in Dresden there was real appreciation because both public and the troupe had enjoyed the advantage of a long education under Weber. After seeing the opera the following year, Sir George Smart expressed his opinion that nowhere else could it be successfully produced because of its difficulty. "The audience," wrote Sir George, "should be professors [professionals] of the first rank," and even for them it would be impossible to understand *Euryanthe* without half a dozen hearings.

Morlacchi was away, and Weber's duties were heavy. He wrote Gottfried Weber on February 13: "I have actually got musical indigestion from so many rehearsals and performances in every language and style." Restless and ill, half suspecting it would be the last summer in the dear home, he went early to Hosterwitz despite the almost daily trips to Dresden it would entail. He played with little Max and fixed for the future railway administrator a cart to be drawn by the big dog. Like all great men, he said he could wish himself a laborer who had his Sunday holidays and need never leave his loved ones.

Proposals came from Paris inviting him there to write operas and to conduct them. Irresolute, he brooded. He had expected to go to Berlin in April to direct *Euryanthe*, but a sarcastic letter from Spontini apprised him that the impetuous Count Brühl had overstepped his authority in issuing the invitation. A committee of six under Spontini's presidency possessed this power; but Spontini was Weber's enemy, as was plainly visible in his allusions to the old story of the "elephant" verses of the *Freischütz* première. Weber replied to the "Emperor of Berlin" with all the tartness he felt. Through the spring a three-cornered duel was fought out between Brühl, Spontini, and Weber, who was kept posted on developments by the faithful Lichtenstein. Every device pertaining to the dreariest diplomatic negotiation was called into play; notes, communiqués, protocols, and abstracts in French and German were handed about while the Berlin public sullenly suspected the worst of the artful Italian. Toward the end of May, Spontini changed his tactics and attempted to conciliate popular opinion but ruin the opera by bring-

ing it to an immediate performance before it could be suitably prepared. Weber and his partisans were astute enough to head off this Machiavellian device, and the production was indefinitely postponed.

The anxiety and suspense took bitter toll of Weber's failing health. He had his compensations. In June he took great pains with a production of Haydn's oratorio, *The Seasons*, and wrote to Lichtenstein, "It went splendidly . . . and I had the magnificent feeling of being able to express myself with my orchestra as fully as if I sat alone at the piano and played it as well as I could wish. These are rewarding moments for the truly overwhelming load I am carrying." The poet Wilhelm Müller attended this performance and wrote that "Weber in conducting became so moved and excited that he stood as if transfigured and often seemed to be making music with his whole face."

The little city of Quedlinburg in the Harz planned to celebrate the one hundredth birthday of Klopstock on July 2, and requested Weber to take command of the music. The great man who wished himself a day laborer undertook this unnecessary task, alleging as a reason his veneration for the poet when, in reality, it was only his wretchedness and discontent which drove him to the exertion. With Madame Funk and Flutist Fürstenau he started for Quedlinburg on June 27. The festival was a success and added its mite to his already towering prestige. While Madame Funk was singing Händel's beautiful "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth," Weber bowed his head upon his conductor's desk and wept, a sign of physical weakness in a man who considered public displays of private emotion in bad taste.

He began to sever, one by one, the chains which bound him to the wheel. He could teach no longer, and dismissed Julius Benedict to a post he had obtained for him as conductor at the Kärnthnertor Theater in the youth's admired Vienna. Hosterwitz was not curing him, and he tried Marienbad; but soon came back discouraged. It was now full midsummer, and a letter arrived from the Englishman, Charles Kemble, who had leased the Covent Garden Theater in London, suggesting Weber's composing an opera and coming

to conduct it in person. Weber was already in receipt of a similar but less definite proposal from Paris. He hesitated between them, but in the late summer determined on the London journey. Kemble suggested a choice between *Faust* and *Oberon*; but *Faust* still seemed the property of Spohr, and Weber's early association with the poet Wieland inclined him to *Oberon*. He felt, perhaps, that the failure of *Euryanthe* was a symbol of the breaking up of the romantic ideal. The world of chivalry had sustained him no better than it had Don Quixote. He turned with a half-cynical, half-wistful smile to occupy himself in fairyland.

Yet he followed his usual conscientious methods. As the libretto, to be written by James Robinson Planché and based on Wieland's *Oberon*, would be in English, he began the study of the language, taking a lesson almost daily. The account of Niebuhr's journeys to Arabia helped him to picture the oriental setting, and although the libretto was not yet in his hands, he dreamed over the familiar poem. Roth, the clarinetist, who was his neighbor at Hosterwitz, was with him in the garden on a quiet day in high summer when there was no sound but the ceaseless whirring of insects in the sunshine. Suddenly Weber seized Roth's arm and with his finger to his lips, murmured, "Oberon! The elfin chorus!"

In his precarious health he could not but wonder whether it would be safe or right to attempt the London journey. Against the uncertainty and danger, he felt he must balance the money he hoped to make. His debts and those contracted by his father had long been settled, but there was a pension to be paid for life to his mother-in-law and another to his family's old servant-woman; his salary had not been sufficient to allow him to save, and improvements in his scale of living had used up most of what he made from his compositions. The London engagement would be very lucrative. He asked old Dr. Hedenus, the Court Physician, whether he could go ahead with his plans. Dr. Hedenus ordered him to Italy, observing that in a mild climate he might, with twelve months' complete inactivity, last five or six years. England would finish him off in as many months. Weber reflected, and said that he saw no other means of providing for his wife and children. The

alternative of dragging out a useless existence was singularly unattractive. He took the precaution of binding Dr. Hedenus to silence.

Since money was his principal object, he ought to have driven the best possible bargain with Kemble. Rossini, who had recently extracted a fortune from English purses, had set an example from which he did not sufficiently profit. He stipulated for a private carriage and a residence at the cost of the management, but in more important matters lacked the bargaining ability in which he excelled on the familiar ground of Germany. The £500 Sterling he received for the English rights in *Oberon* was, indeed, far ahead of anything he could have made at home, and not ungenerous considering the risk Kemble ran in bringing him over to conduct an expensive opera in a city which might not take to him. *Der Freischütz* had made a sensation in London and swept the provinces, but *Preciosa* and *Abu Hassan* were less successful, and the Weber vogue had already begun to subside when the composer arrived. Yet it was the opinion of more than one English observer that if Weber, like Rossini, had "left behind him that baneful quality called modesty, he might have trebled the amount of his contract with the theater."

The first act of Planché's libretto did not arrive until the thirtieth of December. Meanwhile Weber had been troubled by the removal of his chief, von Könneritz, to Madrid, and his replacement by von Lüttichau, an aristocrat who adhered to Einsiedel. At the same time he was able to bring about an offer of the post of stage manager in Dresden to his friend Pius Alexander Wolff. As always, he was eager to strengthen his hand by the presence of allies and implored Wolff to accept; but the actor-dramatist was, like Weber, a dying man, and he refused. Morlacchi was ill, and Weber had his hands full. He continued his English lessons; he tried to work on *Die Drei Pintos* but could not. Meyerbeer passed through Dresden, and Carl wrote Gottfried that he had "sharpened his conscience" against the Italianism he so greatly deplored in his friend's music. Gottfried had started a musical journal, the *Caecilia*, and Carl in the very last of his letters to Gänsbacher wrote that it was "truly out-

standing. You ought to contribute something to help the good work along. I too have just as much good will as I have little time."

Caroline was in her fifth pregnancy and very delicate, but Carl at least went to the New Year's masquerade at Count Kalkreuth's. His costume was grotesque and horrible. He wore a long robe covered with noses and went about whispering: "I have the nose disease. Don't come near me, for it's frightfully catching." The romantic idea has broken; it has fallen into the charnel-house.

On January 6 another son was born. Weber was half-relieved, half-disappointed; for he was fond of little girls and had wanted a daughter. "Heaven be praised! But alas, it is only a double!" The baby was christened Alexander and grew into a handsome boy with a talent for painting. In his early youth he had an attack of tuberculosis, as was to be expected in the circumstances, but survived and apparently made a complete recovery. He died in his twentieth year of measles complicated by pneumonia.

In January and February the second and third acts of the libretto arrived. By this time Weber was sufficiently accomplished to send Planché tactful acknowledgments in English, mingling praise and recommendations as he had done with Frau von Chezy. He fell to work on *Oberon* and also on the arrangements for ten old Scotch songs, commissioned by Mr. George Thompson of Edinburgh. Haydn and Beethoven had been similarly engaged, and Weber was offered a like freedom in altering the original melodies but would not avail himself of the privilege, feeling that to do so would rob the wild songs of their individual charm.

Spring came, his last German spring; but hopes of Hosterwitz, too distant now, were sadly laid aside. A house was taken in the more convenient Kosel's Garden, and there he worked when he could and at other times amused himself with little Max. Schimon painted the famous portrait; and Krüger, engraver of the mint, modeled his head for the purpose of striking a medal. Thus Weber stamped his last impressions on the shifting world in a child's memory of a devoted comrade, in his pictured face, in music which he trusted was imperishable.

An unnamed admirer made a pilgrimage to Dresden that year

to hear *Euryanthe*, and stood through a thunderstorm before the house hoping for a glimpse of the composer. Hearing of his devotion, Weber sent to fetch him. The stranger was extremely shy and over-awed; he had nothing to say when Weber rose at his entrance and observed in his charming way, "I've just heard that you like my music and want to see me. I won't allow my partisans to get soaked waiting to see me. As for my adversaries, they'll take care it doesn't happen to them."

It was as though he sought relief by baring his wounds to the wordless stranger, for he continued, "I hope with all my heart that you will enjoy *Euryanthe* as much as *Freischütz*, but it is very different music. In it I conformed to the wishes of the *savants*, who blamed me for thinking too much of the popular taste in *Freischütz*. My God, I wasn't thinking either of the crowd or of the musicologists; I was thinking only of the poem, which engaged all my sympathies. There are the critics for you! They always attribute egoism to us. When I wrote *Freischütz*, I had no suspicion that my music would become so quickly or so profoundly popular."

The visitor was asked to stay to dinner; Weber said it was the least he could do for a man who had taken a two days' journey to hear his opera. Until dinner was ready he played parts of *Oberon*, was talkative and altogether charming, declared that the English were a musical people, in witness thereof adducing "God Save the King"!

At the table Weber's good wine limbered the guest's stiff tongue; he stammered out that he had expected him to be very different—proud—

"It is true I am proud, but I am not in the least puffed up. I have a heart, as I hope *Freischütz* has proved to anyone who has one himself. I know there are people who go about saying I carry my head in the air; no doubt, when I have to do with fools and impertinents! Yes, on such occasions I take refuge in my pride. But it is with gratitude for sincere sympathizers that I go halfway—or farther—to those who appreciate me. And I never forget that all my talents are from On High."

What words could better illumine the secret chamber of this



WEBER IN 1825

Drawing by one of the Henschel Brothers

proud, embittered heart? He does not fail to make obeisance to that Power which dowers and constrains him; is it of Darkness or of Light?

He was ordered to Ems to try the waters and took the old journey through Weimar and Gotha, slowly now, stopping at Weimar to spend a day with his friend, the pianist Hummel. In the town he met by ill-luck with Goethe's son, who cajoled him into paying a visit to his haughty old father. The autocrat kept the sick man waiting in his antechamber; and the interview, when at length his spleen allowed it, was stiff and brief. Weber's humiliation at the insolence of the old classicist, who could not endure men in spectacles, told on his health; and he was in bed for the next two days. When he went on to Gotha he was pleased to run into Ludwig Robert and the Varnhagens. Rahel and her husband traveled with him to Frankfurt; and their vivifying kin' ness lightened his grief. At Frankfurt he met the prosperous Gottfried, whom he had not seen for many years.

In the fashionable resort of Ems he was assigned with scant attention to a poor hotel room, but while he was dressing for dinner his chamber was invaded by landlady and staff. "Had I but known!" bawled the hostess. "*Frieschütz! Preciosa!*" Guests followed; would not the illustrious composer deign to exchange rooms? One, more persistent, carried in his portmanteau and refused to be dislodged. Von Weber soon learned that he was one of the sights of Ems. The Crown Prince of Prussia and the Crown Princess vied with the other aristocratic guests to draw him out, but their attentions wearied as much as they delighted him. The society of the dying Pius Alexander Wolff and his wife was more congenial.

At the beginning of August, Sir George Smart, the director of the London Philharmonic Concerts, arrived in Germany with Charles Kemble—the former to inquire of Beethoven about the tempo of his symphonies; and the latter to conclude arrangements with Weber, who was still at Ems. From Coblenz they walked three and a half hours through the rain to the resort where Weber was staying. They found him shaving and very cool in manner to Kemble, not because of his interrupted toilet but because he had not

been paid his royalties for *Der Freischütz* at Covent Garden. Kemble readily explained the delay, and further handed over thirty pounds owing to Weber for *Preciosa*, which he had produced with scant success the previous season.

Weber was appeased, and brought out some fine Madeira to keep the Englishmen from catching cold after their walk in the rain. Afterwards he took them in his private carriage to the one o'clock table d'hôte at the Spa, where one hundred and fifty persons dined together. Weber paid for the dinner, behaving, according to Sir George, "most handsomely. He brought a pretty woman to dinner," whose husband was absent hunting. After dining the two Englishmen and their host looked speculatively at the medicinal springs, poked their heads into "a sort of bazaar," and repaired to Weber's room for coffee. Afterwards they called on the Wolffs, and then were dispatched to Coblenz in Weber's carriage. Sir George commented on his visit thus: "Weber appeared a *bon enfant* and behaved with gentlemanly, unaffected kindness; but he is rather lame and out of health."

In Vienna, loitering in Steiner's music store, Sir George listened to a report of Weber's death. Later he heard the same story in Prague and duly noted it in his diary with no comment on an event which would certainly have repercussions in his own affairs. The Englishman pursued his journey in company with a young Viennese musician, and on September 27 arrived in Dresden. It was late afternoon, and they had been driving all day; but they repaired immediately to the theater where Weber was conducting *Der Freischütz*. "Consequently," in Smart's laconic phrase, "he was not dead." Smart was slightly captious; the horns squawked and the orchestra was short of strings, and although there were plenty of owls flapping about the stage their eyes did not glare, a failure on the part of the birds of night which distinctly disappointed Sir George. When he went to Mass in the Catholic Church he decided that the famous organ, the masterpiece of Silbermann, would not be considered anything startling in England. Nor did he approve the flourishes of trumpet and drum in sacred music, and the echo of the building annoyed him. But he was delighted with the austere

beauty of the church. The royal pews on either side the altar were hung with gold lace and crimson velvet; one was a little more decorated than its fellow, and thus it remains to this day.

The Webers showed the strangers every civility, introducing them to important people and pointing out the sights of Dresden. In spite of his weakened condition, Weber took several long walks with Smart, one of them past Kosel's Garden to the heights above the Elbe. On the road home they stopped at Linke'sches Bad, where an orchestra was playing Beethoven's *Egmont* overture. Weber paid six groschen entrance fee and explained that from this excellent band were recruited the members of the regular orchestra. All were given the privilege of attending rehearsals in order to improve their taste.

The Webers had recently moved back to Dresden from Kosel's Garden. Though still unsettled, they gave a dinner party at which there were "millions of dishes and plenty of excellent wine, including Madeira and tolerable port and some good Italian luscious wine." Mrs. Weber was "pleasant" and spoke French, although with difficulty. Weber engaged a carriage and driver to take the travelers to Leipzig, whither they started before four o'clock on the morning of October 6.

Hope had dawned again for the production of *Euryanthe* at Berlin. Only there, Weber thought, would its merits be fully recognized. Spontini went on leave, and Brühl unleashed a new campaign to bring the opera to performance. Not without influence on his success, perhaps, was Weber's decision to produce Spontini's *Olympia* at Dresden with great splendor for the wedding of Prince Max. He traveled to Berlin early in December to superintend the final preparations; and *Euryanthe* was finally performed, under the most splendid auspices, on December 23, 1825. Weber was called to the stage after the first act, an unprecedented mark of enthusiasm; and after the opera there was another feast at Jagor's on Unter den Linden. Lichtenstein asked Zelter to take the chair, and so he did, but was careful to conceal the fact in writing to Goethe. Weber remained for two performances of the opera, staying meanwhile at the Beers' in the Tiergarten as the guest of

Jakob's brother, the old banker being dead. On the day before his return to Dresden he was walking with his friend Holtei and said to him: "It's all up with me; I can feel that it's drawing to an end." He had many friends in Berlin, and of most of these he took his eternal farewell. He was not sanguine, and those who saw his face could feel no hope. Yet he wrote Lina of "the most complete and most magnificent triumph" and felt a shuddering pride at having once more subdued a capital city.

Gottfried Weber was raising questions as to the authenticity of Mozart's Requiem, and Carl was not too ill nor too busy to help. After much searching he discovered a splendidly bound score bearing the inscription "the music by W. A. Mozart," and an undated manuscript copy with variants from the printed work and a note stating that the owner, the dead singer Mariottini, had believed the Offertorium, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei to be by another hand. Weber had heard that André of Offenbach possessed a sketch of the work in Mozart's own hand but kept it closely guarded. All this by itself proved nothing for Mozart, but much for Weber's unconquerable vitality.

Oberon was nearing completion, but Weber did not intend it to be used in Germany without alterations, including the substitution of recitatives for the spoken word. *Oberon* was like a novel on "publisher's demand"; he had not time to perfect it for the German stage. In it he incorporated much earlier work; the finale is actually an adaptation from his boyish opera, *Peter Schmoll*. In his fame as a composer he no longer took much interest. He felt like a human harmonichord with no advantage over the mechanical except that he played new tunes for old. He had no hope in this world for himself, and money was the only commodity likely to benefit his family. The wine of life was sour and scanty. Pour faster then; let him swallow it quickly.

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CHAPTER XVII

Journey without End

*Die Hoffnung führt ihn ins Leben ein,
Sie umflattert den fröhlichen Knaben,
Den Jüngling locket ihr Zauberschein,
Sie wird mit dem Greis nicht begraben;
Denn beschliesst er im Grabe den müden Lauf,
Noch am Grabe pflanzt er—die Hoffnung auf.**

—SCHILLER

WHAT IS SO GRIEVOUS IN WEBER'S PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND children? In his parting with his life? Such final separations are common; and though he was not old, many a genius has died younger. But this journey without end is cold with the wintry hue of Emily Brontë's death in the old stone house at Haworth. Perhaps because he too had not finished his work, had not even discovered what he meant to do? That secret intention of a man's life which ripens slowly underground and breaks forth into fruit with the autumn was unknown to him. Or is there something luminous in that worn face and emaciated body, making him the scapegoat of us all, permitting us to see in him the pathos and rich tragedy of life?

He was not good-tempered those last weeks in Dresden. There was an acrid tang in his humor. When well-meaning friends urged

* " 'Tis Hope who is born with the new-born child;
She entices the boy with her magical art,
The youth is enthralled by her witchery wild.
She's constant 'till death; then the twain must part;
For when weary with life, in his grave he reposes,
Hope blooms from the mould like a wreath of white roses."

him not to undertake the London journey, he retorted, "Go or stay, I'm a dead man. But if I go, the children will have bread to eat; and if I stay, hunger will stare them in the face."

Lina intrigued against him. If she had fallen in love with his greatness, she had long since placed the man higher than the genius. She was frantic at the prospect of his going so far from home when he was ill and suffering, needing her care at every moment of the day. She ran from one friend to another imploring each to use his influence to dissuade her husband. The younger of the little boys was only a year old; she could not leave her children to strangers while she went abroad with her husband. To Lina the journey stretched over interminable wastes; the Antipodes were not more distant than London from Dresden. At thirty-one she was a plump little woman with a pleasant manner, very different from the clever soubrette Carl had married, very much more what he needed and wanted. He refused to give up the journey, but in all else he valued her opinion and insisted on her presence when business affairs were being settled.

Weber believed that his name was well known in Paris. The clippings Spontini had shown him in 1822 had given rise to the conviction; and to foster it, other advertisements had appeared sporadically in the newspapers. In 1823 Agathe's famous Cavatina in *Der Freischütz*, with piano accompaniment, was recommended in these convincing terms: "This piece belongs to the very small number of those suitable for boarding-schools and young ladies because of the sentiments it expresses. We recommend it to institutions and to mothers of families."

The truth is that the name of Weber was *not* generally known in Paris, save as the composer of the popular "Invitation to the Waltz," and press and public paid relatively little attention to his visit in 1826. His operas had created some sensation on the Parisian stage, but his connection with them was not generally grasped—a fact anything but surprising when we consider the auspices under which his work was introduced to the French capital. *Der Freischütz* first appeared at the Odéon in December 1824, in a French version by François Castil-Blaze, a well-known musical writer and

critic. The name was changed to *Robin des Bois*, the scene to Scotland, the Wolf's Glen to the Ruins of St. Dunstan—and Samiel and the hermit were omitted. The cast was wretched and the opera was hissed and hooted to the echo. Castil-Blaze immediately withdrew it, altered the distribution of roles, and in ten days announced a second performance. The disturbers of the first night returned in holiday mood, only to find the house packed from top to bottom with enthusiasts—for every seat in the house had been given away. This procedure was followed for ten nights; not until the eleventh were the volatile Parisians considered sufficiently disciplined by their exclusion. Then the Odéon was thrown open to the public and a run of 327 successful performances.

It would be difficult to overestimate the popularity of the opera. It provided Victor Hugo, Berlioz, and the other French romantics with a rallying cry which served until the famous Shakespearean performances of 1827. Fashionable ladies wore "*robes à la Robin des Bois*" in red and black stripes; the Huntsmen's Chorus was sung in churches as an *Ave Maria*; boarding-school misses sang the arias, awkwardly transposing them to suit their voices; urchins whistled the tunes. Everyone knew *Robin des Bois* but no one knew Weber. The day after the *première* a brief account appeared in the *Journal de Paris*: "I look for Weber in our most recent biographical works, I seek him in our musical dictionaries, I make enquiries on all sides; no Weber. It is only by hearsay that I am able to report the following facts." Hearsay? Could there be two Parisians, one so inventive and the other so gullible? For the sketch which follows gives Weber's birthplace as Mannheim, states that he had been a theological student at Heidelberg, had visited Paris in 1803, and died March 23, 1821! But a postscript adds, "We are informed that M. Weber is alive and not at all desirous of dying, and sincerely ask the pardon of this celebrity for having made him the object of the above misrepresentation." The *amende honorable*!

From Dresden it appeared that Weber must either countenance the mangled body which Castil-Blaze had dragged upon the stage or leave *Der Freischütz* unheard. He was growing more of a realist. The mutilation had been committed and he could not interfere in

the performance; but he did feel that he deserved a part of the surgeon's fee. Castil-Blaze was making a fortune out of *Robin des Bois*, and Weber needed money. In the distressed cupidity of his last years there is a suggestion of a less ignoble, more pitiable failing. Like his old father before him, von Weber was wounded by the world's contempt. Franz Anton, tricked out in a fancy uniform, had signed himself Major the Baron with a flourish. Carl's point was more subtle. When he was denied his meed of honor, he pretended in his heart that what he wanted was not fame but money—money which is the seal and sign of the world's appreciation. He required the means to purchase luxuries, good horses, the smartest little scarlet and black carriage in Dresden; above all, money to leave for Lina and the little ones.

He wrote Castil-Blaze from Dresden, using the same pained but diplomatic tone and the same stilted French he had employed with Spontini. There was no international copyright for his protection, but he tactfully reminded the Frenchman of his existence, reproached him for his violations of the composer's rights, and appealed to his honorable feelings and to the noble sentiments he had so often expressed in writing of art and its claims. Castil-Blaze did not reply but busied himself with *Euryanthe*, which he tossed into a caldron with a half-dozen other operas, stirred briskly and prepared to serve, calling the whole monstrous mixture *La Forêt de Sénart*. Berlioz termed him a "veterinary" for *Robin des Bois*, but here the epithet was not apropos; this was not butchery but cookery. Castil-Blaze had taken a comedy, *The Hunting-Party of Henry IV* (by Collé), and added to it music of Meyerbeer, Weber, Generali, Beethoven, Pacini, and Rossini.

Paris was uncertain what to make of this new concoction, but Weber had been warned in advance and wrote Castil-Blaze more strongly: "You will oblige me, Monsieur, to address myself to public opinion and to announce in the French newspapers that I have suffered not only the theft of music which belongs exclusively to me, but damage to my reputation, through the performance of mutilated pieces under my name. In order to avoid public controversy, which is never of advantage either to art or to artists, I

urgently beg of you, Monsieur, immediately to remove from the work you have arranged all the numbers which are my property."

He hoped Castil-Blaze could be made to sign a written declaration that he would no longer regard Weber's works as his own. The negotiation was entrusted to Schlesinger at Paris, who, if Castil-Blaze refused, was to publish both Weber's letters in all the Paris newspapers. Thus vainly he appealed to a popular justice in which he disbelieved.

The aplomb of Castil-Blaze did not desert him when the letters found their way into the columns of two obscure Paris journals. He replied in the *Journal des Débats*. Weber's first letter he disposed of by saying he had never seen it, and in answer to the second he pointed out that the boundaries of nations were also the boundaries of property rights, so that what belonged to Weber in Germany was any man's once it had been carried past the frontier. The Germans behaved exactly the same with French operas, and had pirated two of his own prose works, *The Opera in France* and *A Modern Musical Dictionary*. This did not annoy him; no, he took a benevolent pleasure in the dissemination of his learning, and Weber ought to be grateful to him for making his admirable masterpiece known in France. In any case, he had purchased 40 kilograms of musical scores at Mainz and was making use of them as he thought fit.

Weber decided to be incognito in Paris, partly on account of his health, perhaps a little because he did not wish to meet Castil-Blaze. Insistent, even pugnacious as he had shown himself in controversy, it cannot have added to the lure of Paris for him to realize that if he went to hear *La Forêt de Sénart*, he would seem to condone the piracy or be forced into open rudeness.

His hopes of securing Gottfried's companionship for the journey came to nothing; but Anton Fürstenau, virtuoso flutist, six years Weber's junior and his good friend, said he would accompany the master to London. A similar proposal from Bärmann, the clarinetist, placed Carl in a disagreeable dilemma. "Traveling with you means joy and great advantages," he wrote; "but if I go with

Fürstenau I shall perhaps be helping a brave artist who is sadly in need of it." He decided on Fürstenau, who also left a wife and children. Fürstenau's going was a great comfort to Lina. She had little else to comfort her.

Very few expected Weber to return, although there were times when he himself was confident of it and full of plans for the future in Dresden. Once after a fit of musing he said quietly: "I should like to come back again and see my darlings' faces, and then in God's name, let His will be done! But to die there—it would be hard, very hard!"

The last day, the fifteenth of February, was marked by punctilious farewells. For many years Weber had been exact in the observance of etiquette. No doubt there was a time when such ceremonies gave him an added sense of the color and pageantry of life; perhaps it was now only an open shell—a habit more natural to follow than to break. But how tired he was! Feverish, restless, above all, mortally weary! The opera troupe crowded about him. Tears, protestations of loyalty surged around the man who was taking leave of them paternally. There were dear friends whom he would never see again. The Court, too, must be visited. The King was unmoved, still coldly indifferent; Minister Einsiedel grinned, whether from relief at getting rid of him or in a futile attempt to cheer the sick Kapellmeister; Prince Johann grieved at the parting.

They were to start very early on the morning of February 16. As usual before a portentous journey, there was sleep for no one but the babies. Lina kept watch over her husband, studying his worn face in the half-light; she wished to remember exactly how he looked. She repeated his last words inaudibly: she would not forget them, since only through her could the little boys know the father. She could not keep back the tears, nor could he. The eight years of their marriage seemed so short a time. Did she ever hear the unkind rumor which flew through Germany, was current even in England, that she and her husband did not love each other?

Before the sun was up to light the brief winter day, Fürstenau drove to the door in Weber's traveling carriage. The sleepy children must be kissed, the last words said between husband and wife. At

heart both knew this parting was the end. He took Lina's face, all swollen with tears, between his thin, beautiful hands. How often they had framed it, the tips of the prodigiously long fingers meeting over the pretty blond hair! Muffled in furs, he dragged his feet to the carriage and huddled into a corner. The step was pulled up, the door clanged to. Lina went back to the room where he was never to sleep again and prayed, repeating words her Church had taught her in a vain effort to shut from her memory the closing of the carriage door.

At the first posting station Carl sent back his coachman with the horses. It was a wrench, severing the last tie with home; but on the whole he felt better. Born a wanderer, even in his desperate fatigue he was stimulated by the excitement and the changing scene. As a young man travel had stirred him to creation, but he was too weary now to compose and contented himself with gentle day-dreams.

He had planned to stop a day in Frankfurt, where Gottfried Weber once more embraced him and took him to an excellent performance of *Judas Maccabeus* by the Cecilia Society. Yet in his weariness he wished that Gottfried were not coming and that he might rest. He was homesick, but wrote cheerfully to Lina that every step which took him farther from her was really bringing him back again. Across the French border, he was delighted with the open fireplaces, the champagne, and the cuisine; he was still as interested in dining as a pre-Raphaelite. Port was his favorite drink, and in London he would follow his dinner with two or three glasses. The travelers entered Paris according to schedule on February 25. Weber wanted to make Lina laugh and wrote home that so far the only casualties had been one carriage window broken and one button off his pantaloons.

February morning in Paris—grim cold and subtle damp, the all-pervasive chill which seeps through lined boots and wadded cloak. Weber wakened early, although no little boy Max stamped into the room demanding permission to get into bed with father. Shivering, he got out of his warm bed. His feet were swollen but—yes,

the velvet-lined boots would go over them. Fürstenau summoned a fiacre. They engaged it for a day which passed in a round of visits to musical celebrities: Rossini, Auber, Catel, Cherubini, Paër—men who lived in the grand manner. Weber observed their style and set himself new standards for his life in Dresden.

A pity that he did not meet that wild boy, Hector Berlioz, who pursued him through Paris on the twenty-seventh. In middle life Berlioz wrote feelingly: "How I longed to see him! How my heart beat as I followed him about on the evening of the revival of Spon-tini's *Olympia*, shortly before he left for London. He was ill, but he wanted to see it. My pursuit was in vain. In the morning Lesueur had said to me: 'Weber has just been here, and if you had come five minutes sooner you would have heard him play me whole acts of our French operas; he knows them all.' Entering a music shop a few hours later I heard: 'Do you know who has just been sitting there?'—'Who?'—'Weber!' When I reached the Opéra, I heard whispers on all sides, 'Weber has just passed through; he crossed the foyer, and is in the first row of boxes.' I was in despair at not being able to find him. But all my efforts were vain; no one could point him out to me. . . . And so I missed making his acquaintance, because, unknown as I was, I dared not write to him, and I knew no one who could have introduced me."

Cherubini, who was Berlioz' *bête noir*, was the admired of Weber. This was the pleasantest acquaintance of his stay, as gratifying to the old French classicist as to the German romantic. Rossini too was in Paris, but Rossini he was sure he would dislike. He despised and was at the same time envious of the Italian's success. His ideal possessed him with such fury that it was difficult for him to conceal his abhorrence of the man who had no ideal but popularity. Rossini was thirty-four, Weber thirty-nine. Rossini was handsome, superbly healthy, and rich; Weber was merely dying with a degree of elegance dependent on his spirit rather than upon his purse.

But Rossini, from whatever motive, was determined to show Weber the utmost respect on his Paris visit. He had requested Schlesinger to give him advance notice of Weber's arrival so that he could go at once to his hotel. Determined to anticipate the court-

esy which he considered his due, Weber was ahead of the summons and came unheralded to Rossini. The sick man was overwhelmed but entirely unconvinced by the Italian's politeness. When he took his leave, Rossini conducted him ceremoniously to his carriage and stood bareheaded while he drove away. That evening he returned the visit, thus showing Weber the courtesy which obtains between monarchs and paying a compliment not only to his rival but to himself.

When Wagner visited Rossini in 1860, their conversation turned to the memorable occasion when the suffering Weber with difficulty climbed the stairs to the Italian's reception room. After so great a passage of time, even those characters who play principal parts are seldom reliable witnesses, and some of Rossini's reminiscences speak the vanity of the man rather than the veracity of the historian. He alleged that in 1822 Weber had published articles against him in Vienna and pursued him with implacable fury.

"Weber. Oh, yes, I know," replied Wagner, "he was very intolerant. Especially difficult when the music of Germany was called in question. . . . A great genius, and one who perished before his time!"

"A great genius," said Rossini. "That is certain. And it is not to be disputed that he was able to create through his own powers and never needed to borrow or to imitate." He had not met Weber in Vienna, he went on to say; but Weber had called upon him twice in Paris on his way to England. His condition appalled the good-humored Italian, and when the poor fellow stammered out in halting French an apology for his newspaper attacks, Rossini assured him that he had not read them—all he knew of the barbarous German language was *ich bin zufrieden*, a phrase which had made him popular in Vienna. He begged the sick man not to go to England—it was sheer suicide—but Weber replied firmly that the terms of his contract required it.

Weber, he said, requested letters to English notables, which Rossini gladly furnished, one to George IV among them. Rossini had begged leave to embrace his honored guest.

But no writings of Weber against Rossini have ever been dis-

covered, and it would not have been like the German to mention them if they had existed. The haughty Weber would have been even less likely to ask his adversary for letters of introduction. He appears to have spoken French and Italian with facility, and the second visit probably did not take place. As for the rest of Rossini's recollections, they are as likely to be true as false.

Schlesinger, who was making a great deal of money out of Weber, gave a dinner party in his honor at which the famous La Pasta sang and the guest of honor was bored and weary. Cherubini came twice to visit him. The days were full of junketings, and in the evenings he went at least twice to the opera. *La Forêt de Sénart* was given on February 26; it is possible he attended, but, in view of the circumstances of his controversy with Castil-Blaze, highly improbable. On February 27 he heard an incomparable performance of Spontini's *Olympia*, which he praised generously. To see the work of his old enemy must have been painful to the man, however greatly it delighted the artist. There is in this act of the dying the proof of his old affirmation that art has no boundaries; the wonder and pursuit of the ideal transcended the irritation Spontini always caused him.

On February 28 he saw Boïeldieu's *La Dame Blanche* at the Opéra Comique. For Boïeldieu he had the warm admiration which Schumann and Wagner would later share. To Theodor Hell he wrote, "That is charm! That is humor! Since *Figaro* no comic opera has been written like it. If only I hadn't lost my libretto! Order it at once through Schlesinger, translate it, and have Marschner put it on the stage. It's a gem for our repertoire."

One of the days of his brief stay in Paris was spent a hundred feet in the air on a scaffold watching Gros paint the dome of the Panthéon. Perhaps he remembered his youthful dabbling with paints and the lithography he learned from Senefelder, wondering what would have been the end of it had he persisted in that course.

On March 1, the day before he left Paris, he visited the Conservatory and listened to Fétis giving a lesson in composition. Courteous Fétis would have stopped, but Weber motioned him to continue. When the class was over, the two men walked about the

Paris streets, and Weber talked while Fétis was the listener. Afterward he reported that the German composer's ideas were as nebulous as those of his old master, Abbé Vogler. This pronouncement seems unnecessarily harsh; for the sick man, with fever heavy on him and his hoarse voice failing from time to time, was not at his best in expounding the theory of music in a foreign tongue.

Outside of musical circles little note was taken of Weber's passage. One newspaper mentioned his arrival, another his departure. For the rest, Paris seems to have treated him with the large tolerance she has ordinarily extended to foreigners distinguished in the arts. No mention was made of the famous war songs which had inflamed the German youth against France. Paris had forgotten them if their sound had ever reached so far. It would be long before his creations were known upon the Seine as he had formed them. For a hundred years his operas would appear and be forgotten, reappear and sink into oblivion; until in 1913 the real *Der Freischütz* triumphed with *Fidelio* and *The Magic Flute*.

What did these Frenchmen say of Weber—of this von Weber whose great-grandfather was a Breton peruke-maker? Berlioz continued to worship, Fétis to shake his head; he was Théophile Gautier's favorite musician; Vincent d'Indy gave entire acts from *Euryanthe* in his Schola Cantorum; Claude Debussy called for someone "to awaken to new life the beauties of *Der Freischütz*," and rhapsodized about "the horn of *Oberon*." Perhaps the hazy sentiment of the modern cultivated Frenchman is best epitomized in these words of Raymond Bouyer:

"Carl Maria von Weber will remain for us an untamed, nomadic, solitary, lofty, impulsive child, whose imagination was to fall a prey to the romanticism which haunted the brains of poets around 1820; a morbid phantom of North Germany, contemporary of Goethe's *Faust*, who understood nothing of the brilliant Viennese audacities of Beethoven, and who, at once reactionary, patriot and innovator, allied himself with Körner against France in the nationalist awakening of 1813."

CHAPTER XVIII

Weber in London

*Einsam? einsam? nein, das bin ich nicht!
Denn die Geister meiner Lieben,
Die in ferner Heimat blieben,
Sie umschweben mich.*

*Glücklich? glücklich? nein, das bin ich nicht!
Denn bei still geweinten Thränen,
Fühl' ich stets ein heimlich Sehnen,
Nach der Heimat hin.*

*Traurig? traurig? nein, das bin ich nicht!
Denn ich weiss, dass in Gedanken,
Meine Teuren mich umranken,
Und mir nahe sind.*

*Hoffend? hoffend? ja, das ist mein Sinn!
Einst mit den geliebten Meinen
Wiederum mich zu vereinen,
Das erfüllt mein Herz.**

—THEODOR HELL

THE AWFUL RESTLESSNESS OF WEBER'S DISEASE HURRIED HIM ON TO England. Paris had received him cordially, had indeed been too hospitable to allow him the quiet which he needed—although it was too late for rest to afford him more than a respite. He was already disposed to like England and the English, and the remain-

* "Lonesome? Lonely? Nay, that am I not,
For the spirits of my darlings

der of his life was largely occupied with his admiration of them and their contrivances. He had learned to speak the English language quaintly, and he was to live with a friend: Sir George Smart had invited him to stay at his house in Great Portland Street, sending word to Lina that he would take good care of her husband.

On March 2 Weber and Fürstenau rose at five and started on the two days' drive from Paris to Calais, through a cold rain and over muddy roads. After a night's rest at a comfortable inn they made ready to board the boat for Dover. She was the *Fury*, name ill-calculated to reassure the traveler. Weber had a heart attack during the night before sailing but recovered quickly. However, the three hours' voyage was a rough one, and after the first he was seasick. At Dover while the passengers were wearily awaiting customs inspection, Weber heard his name shouted and the director himself bustled through the crowd and politely requested him to come immediately ashore, as all formalities would be waived in the case of so illustrious a visitor. Sick or well, this was the treatment to please von Weber. An hour's rest, a soup and a beefsteak in Dover gave him strength to mount the London coach. The lover of horses admired the splendid animals, of which he said a monarch could be proud; and his sense of rhythm took pleasure in the nice arrangement by fours: four horses; four passengers within, four more behind, and four on top. He found the country already green, with crocuses and Lent lilies blooming in the gardens; and he thought, poor man, that spring came early to the English. At Rochester the

Who are in my distant country
Hover round this spot.

"Happy? Merry? Nay, how could I be?
With these tears which won't cease falling
And this painful homesick longing
For those dear to me.

"Gloomy? Dismal? Nay, that's not my way,
For I know that in their dreaming
My true friends are coming closer—
They draw nearer every day.

"Wishing? Hoping? To my very soul;
Once more to greet the loved ones,
Clasp to my heart my darlings,
Will make this sick man whole."

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travelers made a second meal. Then in the outskirts of London the coach was met by Sir George's carriage, and the dreadful journey was at an end.

Sir George Smart lived in what was then 91 Great Portland Street.* His house was a high narrow building not unlike Weber's in the Altmarkt, and Sir George lived in comfort, attended by a married couple who had served him sixteen years. The drawing room was on the first floor, and Weber was installed on the second where he could be as quiet as he pleased. He wrote Lina that Sir George would not permit anyone to intrude upon him—"the whole day until five is mine"—had he ever been able to say as much at home? He found a fine piano in his room with the compliments of the manufacturer, and many people had called and left their cards.

Sir George went much into company, and when he was away from home and Weber was not invited out to dinner, the considerate guest dined at a restaurant alone or with Fürstenau, preferring not to put Lucy Hall and her husband to the inconvenience of serving him. He need not have been so punctilious, for the servants loved the visitor; but Weber never liked to give trouble. The expense of restaurant meals shocked him: "Two orders of soup, one of fish, two lamb chops, beans, beer—guess what this frugal meal cost us? Two thalers, 21 neu-groschen, 4 pfennigs, not counting tip." Haircuts were cheaper in London than in Dresden, costing but a shilling.† All else was dear. His letters to Lina were marked by gaiety and courage. He wrote that he had "many funny things to tell her. The bath—everything was in the house." "The English mode of life is very congenial to my nature, and my bit of English in which I make tremendous strides is of unbelievable use. Besides, it pleases the English just as in France the French overwhelmed me with compliments on account of my French."

He dined several times at the Kembles' and described his hostess as "a plump, comfortable woman of the greatest cordiality." Little

*The site, renumbered 103 in the middle of the nineteenth century, was occupied until recently by the Portland Hotel.

† "An illuminating economic detail that perhaps accounts for the traditional long hair of the German musician of that and a later period."—Ernest Newman.

Fanny says in her *Records* that, although he was very ugly, she wore his picture around her neck and admired him immensely. Her opinions of Weber are more interesting than informative, for she was young and silly and knew less of music and of men than she believed.

For a few days he rested while he could, dining on the seventh with his old friend Moscheles, the pianist, but getting to bed "all Dresden-like" at ten o'clock. The previous night he had been with Smart to Covent Garden, where Kemble had offered him his box. The piece was *Rob Roy* and Weber, who was interested principally in the construction of the theater, walked at once to the railing and directed a calculating stare at the stage. Someone bawled "Webber!" Others caught up the word, shouting it lustily—"Webber! Webber!" It was not the dreadful theater cry of "Fire"; could it be a form of "Murder"? Why was everyone staring at him? Handkerchiefs fluttered and caps were tossed. When he recognized his own beautiful name bellowed in these outlandish accents, he turned extremely pale and bowed timidly. Someone called for the overture of *Freischütz*. The orchestra obliged, and the shouting redoubled. Weber was so discomfited by the demonstration that after a few meek bows he prepared to leave the theater. But "great ladies waylaid me on the stairs." Well, it would please Lina. "Could one ask or hope for more enthusiasm and love?" he wrote. "Are these the 'cold' English, who receive me this way? Their cordiality is simply unbelievable!"

His first official appearance came two days later at an Oratorio Concert, or "Grand Performance of Antient and Modern Music," in Covent Garden. He had arranged to conduct four of these concerts at £25 each, but in the end directed five. His opening program was a hodge-podge; but the affair was sponsored by Society and most of the audience were in full dress. These well-fed, finely tailored, unmusical Londoners saw an emaciated dark man, with a great aristocratic nose and spectacles, led by the familiar George Smart to the desk before which the orchestra was seated. The house rose cheering; musicians applauded by striking their fiddle-bows; women waved their handkerchiefs. The demonstration lasted for fifteen

minutes while, with head bowed, he clung to his desk, loath to let these haughty foreigners witness the tears of bodily weakness.

When they would let him, he began conducting in the fashion of his country, using a tightly furled paper as a baton. The concert was an overwhelming success, and Weber generously shared his applause with the other artists. There was enough of *Der Freischütz* on the program to sour the wine of triumph. He could not get away from *Der Freischütz*, which had enriched so many more than it had him, had obscured the merits of *Euryanthe*, and continued to assail his ears from every side. In London they were selling it in arrangements for every combination from flute and guitar to military band. When he came from the stage he found his friend Moscheles in the Green Room. They shook hands, and von Weber murmured that he wished they could know at home about all this. Still galled by the indifference of King Friedrich August, he had written to Lina, "Tell Lüttichau the whole world honors me—except my King."

Rehearsals for *Oberon* were to begin the next day, March 9. He had coughed a good deal during the concert, and the kitchen of 91 Great Portland Street overflowed with jellies and soothing syrups sent in by admirers. He wrote Caroline warm accounts of the excellence of singers and instrumentalists for his opera, but in reality they made him feel distressed and badgered. Miss Paton, the wife of Lord William Lennox, was a beautiful woman with a magnificent voice who acted, as Kemble said, "like an inspired idiot." Weber used to wring his hands at her wooden attitudes. Braham had the finest tenor in England, but he was a poor actor and so unromantic in appearance as to be an absurd Huon. Further, he was dissatisfied with his role and Weber had to write him a new aria.

Toward the end of March Miss Paton's baby girl died after a day's illness, and rehearsals were postponed. Weber heard it was the doctor's fault and, aside from his natural sympathy and his anxiety for the opera, was uneasy about his own children at home. Last of all, a piece of scenery fell on Miss Paton's head, temporarily incapacitating her. Weber wrote, "Is that not just like my Star?"

But if one believes in stars, what had happened to poor Miss Paton's? Once she said to him apologetically, "I know how it is—I never can do this as it should be"—and he made the old reply: "The reason is *because you do not know the words.*"

The boy who was to play Puck lost his voice and Harriet Cawse was substituted. At rehearsals there was too much laughing and talking to please him. One singer and then another refused the "Mermaid's Song." At last Sir George called out, "Little Goward will sing it"; and Mary Anne Goward, a young actress with a small voice, made the attempt. But she was expected to stand at the back where she could not hear the *pianissimo* accompaniment. The stage manager, Fawcett, rapped: "That must come out. It won't go." Weber, down in the pit, leaning for support against the low wall of the orchestra and looking horribly like a dead man, cried with unlooked-for vigor, "Wherefore shall it not go?" leaped over the partition, seized Sir George's baton, and directed little Goward.

When she was old Mrs. Keeley and going on for ninety, she remembered that after the first performance he came to her and laid his "beautiful" hand on her shoulder, saying, "My little girl, you sang that very nicely; but what for did you put in that note?" The old lady, who was still vigorous enough to kick a footstool across the room, explained that the note was her own little *appoggiatura* introduced for the greater glory of Mary Anne Goward.* But how mild he had grown, the Master, the Weber who flew at tenor Genast because he introduced Italian crinkum-crankum into Méhul's music! †

Baron Max von Weber's resentment of the treatment his father received from English aristocrats has been too widely canvassed to

* When Mary Anne died in her ninety-fourth year, of pneumonia, that friend of old folk, and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, a wreath of seaweed fell upon her coffin with the words "Farewell, sweet Mermaid, your name will live forever in the annals of romantic opera."

† A contemporary quotation suggests that the Goward incident was not an isolated one: "We are told that he is modest and unassuming, although not quite so much captivated with some of our very fine native singers as *they* expected him to be; indeed he was not at all inactive in checking the vulgar flourishes with which certain performers attempted to interlard his music—to those who thought themselves perfect in the art, the mild and sensible rebukes of the master will perhaps prove more profitable than agreeable."

ignore. He was certainly neither so fêted nor so well paid as Rosini, but there is no reason to believe that he met with personal discourtesy. As an English observer pointed out, "the simplicity of manners which attends conscious talent will not do *alone* for a drawing room in Grosvenor Square"—nor was the confusion of a London social evening created for the purpose of annoying him. After a party given by the Marquis of Hertford he wrote to Lina, "The noise and chatter of the crowd was horrible. When I played my Polacca in E, they tried to get a lull, and some hundred folk gathered sympathetically about me. But what they heard God knows, as I couldn't hear much myself. I thought industriously of my thirty guineas and thus preserved patience." When he played at Mrs. Coutts' he was delighted to receive another thirty guineas. Where in Germany, he asked, would that treatment be duplicated? It was seldom enough duplicated in England.

Why did this dying man wish to go to parties? He was admittedly eager to make money, and one of his letters suggests that he was distressed by his own sudden cupidity: "You will wonder, my dear Life, to see me so resolved on such a matter [his concert]; but when you remember that to make money was the only aim of my journey to London, with all the sacrifices and efforts it involved, you will understand why something which all the rest of my life has played a very small role now seems so important to me." And, with profound melancholy, "Money is now my chief end. Once it was nothing."

The King was ill and in retirement, but Weber was twice entertained by the German-born Duchess of Kent and her small daughter Victoria. He stayed for tea, the Duchess sang his songs to his accompaniment, and he could not be certain whether her kindness increased his homesickness or assuaged it. Duke Leopold, who was later King of the Belgians, entertained him; and he was twice the guest of the Duke of Clarence. Yet these visits seriously inconvenienced him. On one occasion he could have earned thirty guineas by going to Mrs. Coutts', and on another he had to give up a German country picnic which he had planned with Fürstenau, Dr. Kind, nephew of the Dresden poet, and Göschen, son of the Leipzig

bookseller. He had to make a fifteen-mile drive to the Duke's country house and play the piano for nothing, and could not get back to Smart's until two o'clock in the morning.

The magnificent houses of aristocrats delighted him. They were filled with flowers, and the carpets were thick and soft under his swollen feet. He must make two toilets daily and, as no one wore slippers to dinner, ordered another pair of shoes. Sometimes he could get bouillon instead of thick soups, which he disliked; and the asparagus was delicious but "the number of dishes is not very great and though it may be chance, everywhere I found the same foods with the identical sauce!" Time-honored charge against the cooks of England!

Lina was afraid a war would break out(!) and it was pleasant to be able to laugh at one of her worries. "They would let me through, anyhow," he reassured her.

On the fifteenth of March a dinner was given in his honor by the Royal Harmonic Society, the Duke of Sussex being in the chair. "All very fine," admitted Weber; "but it took from seven to eleven." He was presented with an English loving cup, very solid, in the English taste, which he hoped would please Lina.

Soon he was thanking her for her courage and patience, which he appreciated the more because Fürstenau's wife "complains horribly." He does not like to worry her and regrets telling her that he caught cold at rehearsal.

His portrait is being painted by Sharp; he thinks it realistic and gives his approval. He "would gladly give up all these glories" if he "could sit quietly at home with Mukkin and hear no more of theaters and all that concerns them. Well, one does as one must and can."

On April 6 *Oberon* was complete save for a part of the overture. "The children will quite forget me. That is to say, they love me only as a fantasy. But in Hosterwitz when I am more with them, it will come back." Homesickness grew on him; and on April 8, worn out from a three and a half hour rehearsal, he wrote: "I know that we have said and purposed that this should be our last separa-

tion and we shall always be together until He Who is above all gives the other command."

On the ninth *Oberon* was finished. This was the lifting of "a great load" from his heart. Sir George took him for a ride as soon as he rose from the long task. The next day the final rehearsal lasted from 11 until 4:45; but "the Lord God gave me strength"—for a dinner and concert in addition.

The glory of *Oberon*! Perhaps he expected the emotion of those other great days when for the first time he conducted *Silvana*, *Der Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*; but when April 12 had passed, had he experienced more than a chill relief and a dreadful calculation of the eleven times yet remaining when he must go through the same dark valley? There had been tumultuous applause, and he supposed he might call it to himself the intoxicating success of which he assured Lina in his letter. It was predestined to be a success because the twelve performances he was to conduct had been sold out weeks in advance.

Fürstenau was more pleased than Weber, and wrote to Böttiger in Dresden that women waved scarves and men their hats.* The settings were never surpassed in splendor, and the English have much better taste than the Germans will credit. Fürstenau is quite the Anglo-maniac. Poor Fürstenau, whose wife writes him complaining letters! He knew no English and little French, and was very much out of things in London. Weber took him wherever he could, but naturally this was not always possible. Worse, his piping did not please, and he was making no money. Lina and Weber consulted as to whether or not it would be robbing their children to pay his expenses.

Weber wrote Lina that now he had only one hard task, his concert, ahead of him. Ten wild horses could not get him to produce

* "He was received with a warmth that has rarely, perhaps never, been exceeded in a theater: many rounds of applause, hats and handkerchiefs waving, with every other demonstration of approval that could be devised, testified how strongly the public opinion was in his favor. All this was repeated at the end of the opera, when—by a vulgar and odious custom creeping into this country, but now prohibited in France, where it had its birth—he was called on the stage; a call which, much to his credit, he complied with in a manner that shewed his reluctance to be thus brought forward."—*Harmonicon, a Journal of Music*.

such an opera again. At each of the Oratorio Concerts the audience had clamored for more of *Der Freischütz* or for the Jubilee Overture with "God Save the King." He played it twice one evening, and the voracious listeners cried for a third; but he could not go through with it—he was in severe pain and after the performance endured a hemorrhage. He had his own doctor; young Kind, whose uncle had written the libretto of *Der Freischütz*, was assiduous in his care, calling every morning. Carl wrote Lina that he liked to chat with him—it would be a great affair for the young fellow if he could cure him. "But dear God, I've no faith now in any remedy but rest and nature."

It is dreadful to see this man so slowly dying with such a will to live. He finds it difficult to pull on his shoes over the swollen feet, and his hands tremble so that when he does not dine alone, or with Sir George, he goes fasting in his pride. The climate tortures him: "A day to kill a body, thick, dank, yellow fog." He longs for the blue sky of Hosterwitz and the laughter on Pillnitz Green. "On May 1st I shall not smell the blossoms as you and the children will." "The promised violets were not in the letter but I thank my Maxie for them." But to cheer Lina he says, "Think; we are already on the mountain, and over the top the going is never so hard."

On April 21 he wrote that he had conducted *Oberon* eight times in the last eight days, each time to a full house and great enthusiasm. He put himself at the disposal of his fellow artists and took part without remuneration in half a dozen benefit concerts. At Braham's benefit a tough London mob invaded the hall, and yelled and stamped while he conducted the "Ruler of the Spirits." He came off the platform quite horrified, but when told that the lower classes in England always behaved thus at concerts, he smiled politely. But worse followed, and an insult to Miss Paton sent him from the house in a fury.

That unfortunate lady was singing an aria when the gallery began to laugh. While she stood in haughty silence, waiting to be heard, a voice called, "Is she ill? What is it?" The orchestra and Miss Paton tried again, but were interrupted by a shower of orange peel and a deep bass calling from the gallery, "Joe, I hope you're

cool and comfortable." From the pit a hollow voice replied, "Yes." At this brilliant rejoinder the entire house rocked with laughter. Poor Miss Paton cried, "I cannot sing!" and fainted. Moscheles reports that the galleries were easily placated by "such nursery ditties as 'Goosie Goosie Gander,'" but Weber was deeply troubled by these lapses of the English and could only murmur that he would never have believed it.

When April had passed he wrote, "Adieu, dear month, you are departing and a new one comes which brings me nearer to my love." "Yes, the father is long away—and how long the time seems to *him*. Dear God!" "God bless you, my very dearest. How I count the days, hours, minutes until we're reunited. We have often been separated and surely we loved each other then, but this longing of mine is quite unlike that and I can't describe it." This longing—is it for life or for death? On May 8 he reassures Lina about his health. It is "such that I can say with a good conscience, rest easy and don't distress yourself. But it's not so good that I can rejoice in it. . . . In addition there is an inconvenience which rather frightens me and will make a slight operation necessary; but I'll put that off until I get home." But the entries in his day-book tell a less optimistic story:

"May 1: Fever.

"2: Very ill.

"6: Twice cramps, very ill.

"7: Fever.

"8: A very bad night. Cough. Oppression in the chest.

"9: Very ill. Horribly asthmatic. Oh God!"

His own benefit, as often, was a disappointment although all of the most distinguished musicians took part. Unluckily the date, May 26, conflicted with Oaks Day at the Epsom Races. It rained; the Germans in London failed to support him; and, worst of hindrances, the ladies "of the nobility and gentry" to whom it was the custom to appeal had not been placated and were busy elsewhere. The *Times* in reporting his death observed that von Weber "possessed perhaps too powerful a consciousness of real merit to descend to those little arts by which popularity is to be secured in

the fashionable circles." It was noticed that a proud, bitter smile appeared on the composer's face when he entered the half-filled room.

It was his last public appearance, and his last composition was performed at it. Mr. Ward, M.P. for the City of London, had asked him to write a song for Miss Stephens on the lines in Thomas Moore's *Lalla Rookh* which begin, "From Chindara's warbling fount I come." Weber would not write the music without first reading the entire poem, and made his conscientious and difficult way through the thin volume before he wrote down in a tremulous hand the little air in C major. It is the simplest of melodies, with a pleasant flowing movement which would never suggest the pain it cost him. He had not strength to write the accompaniment, but this did not greatly matter as he accompanied Miss Stephens himself.

He is done now with music. He will not write another note, nor will his beautiful hands ever again strike those swift and thrilling chords of which they have been capable. His voice is gone too, and he must murmur those few words which have still to pass from his lips to the world. Some of these are not yet purged of bitterness, for as he staggers from the half-empty concert room to collapse upon a sofa, he murmurs, "What do you say to that? That is Weber in London!"

Flutist Fürstenau said that they had better be going home; he would give up his own concert and they would start at once. Good friend Fürstenau, kind frugal man who paid a pound a week for his lodging and scrimped to save money so that he could lose it in speculation. It was much for him to relinquish his right to a benefit, although he had not "caught on" in London. The little circle of which Great Portland Street was the nucleus experienced a profound relief, for it was plain that if Weber was to reach Dresden alive there must be no delay. The invalid wrote jubilantly to Lina, "Receive my high and mighty commands. Do not answer this to London but to Frankfurt, *poste restante*. You are astonished! Well, then! I'm not coming home by Paris. What could I do there? I can't walk—I can't talk. I'll have nothing more to do with business for a year to come... I must, however, travel rather slowly and

probably rest for half a day, now and then." The recollection of the eternal rest toward which he was hastening is not without solemnity. "How shall you receive me? For God's sake, alone: let no man trouble my pure joy. My wife, my children, and my dearest friends, to enjoy those first moments."

His friends felt a great victory won when he consented to cancel all engagements; but the vanquished was no less satisfied. He was glad that he need make no further efforts. His diary in these last days makes sad reading:

"May 27: The whole day past bearing.

"June 1: Very sick. Scarcely any breath.

"June 2: Good, quiet night. In bed 12 hours. Very pale."

He wrote no more in it. But on that day he wrote his wife, "I kiss you from my heart, my darling Mukkin. Love me too, and think *cheerfully* of your Carl, who loves you best of all."

On June 1 he was obviously worse. Fürstenau begged to sit up with him through the night, but Weber smilingly protested, "I am not so ill as you try to make out." Nor was he willing to allow Sir George's servant Lucy to sleep in the adjoining room. Not only did he dislike troubling others, but he set a high value on his privacy, so much so that he insisted on locking his door at night.

The middle of next week was set for the departure; and his friends were commissioned to buy presents for Lina, the little Webers, and others of the Dresden circle. But now that he had canceled all engagements and agreed to go home, they began to talk of postponing the journey until he gained strength to undertake it. The suggestion irritated him beyond measure. "I tell you, Fürstenau," he said, "if the whole Faculty forbids me to travel on Wednesday, I shall go just the same." He was quite fit, he protested; he sat brooding, half in melancholy, half in pleasurable excitement, on familiar faces now far away.

The young German, Göschen,* came to Great Portland Street on

*Göschen's son, George Joachim, first Viscount Goschen (1831-1907), prominent British statesman, held responsible posts at home and abroad under Gladstone and Salisbury. The second son, Sir William Edward Goschen (1847-1924), was British Ambassador at Berlin from 1908 until the outbreak of the World War.

Sunday evening, June 4. Weber asks, "What message shall I take your father? I'll tell him his son was a good friend to me in London." "You leave behind you many friends and admirers—" Weber shakes his head gently, in the old way, a little to one side, and smiles lovingly. "Hush! You know that's not quite the same thing," he says softly. Yes, the English are a fine people, near of kin, and kind to the stranger; but the Germans are the heart of his heart and the very blood of his veins.

Moscheles has come to sit with him that Sunday evening according to custom. Young Göschen, Fürstenau, and Sir George have entered the room where Weber lies back in an armchair coughing now and then. He is very cheerful and speaks confidently of his return to Germany. He is taking letters home for everyone, so he says; Moscheles must get his ready, and be sure to come again tomorrow.

Moscheles takes his leave about ten o'clock. The three remaining friends urge von Weber to go immediately to bed and he complies, willing to do all he can to gain strength for the journey. However, he is not so complaisant when they suggest that one of them watch by him through the night. He shakes hands with each of them and says quietly that he hopes God will bless them for being so good to him. Fürstenau goes into the bedroom and helps him to undress, a service Weber's pride finds too painful to accept from others. His own trembling hands winds the big watch, as nightly for so many years. Fürstenau is again thanked for his kindness and Weber says his last meek words: "*Nun lasst mich schlafen*—now let me sleep."

The friends sat for another hour in Sir George's parlor, anxiously discussing the plans for the sick man's journey.* They separated at twelve o'clock. When, on his way to his lodging, Fürstenau passed under Weber's window, he looked up and saw the light was out.

Stumpff, the inventor of the pedal-harp, lived in the house opposite and had a habit of calling across to Weber in the morning.

* Smart had dined with Weber and later gone to a musical party, from which he returned very late.

On Monday, June 5, he was unanswered; and uneasy at the continued silence, he inquired of the servants. Mrs. Hall said she had knocked on Weber's door a half-hour earlier and was worried because he was a light sleeper and had never before failed to call out. She spoke to Sir George, who tried the door and found it locked. Fürstenau lodged near by with a German, Heinke, a locksmith by trade; * and Sir George dispatched the servant with an urgent message. Heinke's journeymen were all at breakfast, so the master himself caught up a bag of tools and accompanied the half-clad Fürstenau, distinguishing himself thus as the first to enter the room where Weber lay dead.

The ticking of the great watch was loud in the stillness. Weber lay on his right side, so small and thin that he looked like a bird whose song had ended. There was nothing written now upon that face but peace. All his life he had been ravaged by longing; the boy had wanted to be a gentleman, the young man had wished to be a genius, the genius had desired to found a great German Opera; afterwards the man had thirsted for quiet and coveted his family's security. Unlike his brother romantics, he had not been content with longing. Tirelessly he had labored for the consummation of desire. Now he asked nothing more; and his face looked as if he had been paid in full.

A list of washing written out in Weber's trembling hand lay upon the table. Moscheles picked it up, tucked it into his pocketbook, and carried it until he died. Lina would not have grudged the little memento.

There were the usual distressing formalities, but these were made easier by the extreme neatness with which Weber had attended to his affairs. Even the tips for the servants had been placed in sealed and addressed envelopes. The same day a post mortem was performed by four doctors, who issued a signed statement of the cause of death.† Immediately afterward the emaciated body was em-

* His name survives in that of the modern London firm of C. E. Heinke & Co., Ltd., Submarine Engineers.

† "On opening the body of C. M. von Weber, we found an ulcer on the left side of the larynx, the lungs almost universally diseased, filled with tubercles, of

balmed and sealed in a lead coffin from which it was never removed.

The news of the composer's death was received with interest and pity by the Londoners. The newspapers united in his praise. The Philharmonic Concerts opened the next program with the Dead March from *Saul* as a tribute to departed genius. A benefit for Weber's family was announced for June 17 at Covent Garden, and the rival Drury Lane Theater closed its doors for the evening so that the sale of seats should not be diminished. But what Weber called his Star was not propitiated by his death; rumors of the war in Greece caused the public to forget the dead German stranger, and the receipts of the performance barely equaled the expenses. Baron Max states acidly that the Germans in London all stayed away from the benefit of their countryman; Moscheles, at any rate, was present and wrote in his diary that the house was only two-thirds full: "this again passes my comprehension."

Baron Max thought it necessary to apologize for the parsimony of his father's last years, but to us the son's complaints that the father was underpaid are more offensive. Weber's earnings in London amounted to £1097 6s., a sum which for the period was enormous. Sixty dollars for every day he spent in England! His salary at Dresden came to \$5 a day. "People in Germany think London is paved with gold," wrote flutist Fürstenau a month after the master's death. "I was once of this opinion myself, and a person must have been here to be able to judge." Baron Max had been to London more than once; but here he seems to share the naïve illusions of the 1820's. He cannot pardon the English for having any interests that did not focus on von Weber. He goes on to say that Weber's friends thought it best to arrange a funeral which would not cut into "the pitiful savings of the dead man."

The English had indeed a frugal custom of inviting mourners

which many were in a state of suppuration, with two vomicae—one about the size of a common egg, the other smaller, which was a quite sufficient cause of his death.

"Signed: T. Toncken, M.D., Charles F. Forbes, M.D., P. M. Kind, M.D., W. Robinson, *Surgeon*.

"91 Great Portland Street, 5th June, 1826. 5 o'clock."

to attend the funeral and pay for the privileges of grief. Weber's friends formed a committee, and on June 12 sent out cards asking the recipients to attend the ceremony, set for June 16, furnishing their own gloves and sending the secretary the sum of £1 11s. 6d. The committee also advertised its hope of erecting a Weber monument in London and requested subscriptions at a guinea each. Further receipts were expected from the sale of seats for the funeral in the Chapel of St. Mary's, Moorfields; but this hope was quenched by the Catholic Bishop of London, who ruled that no more than twenty performers might take part in a musical service there, and that subscribing members of the congregation must be compensated for the use of their seats.

The search for a setting worthy of Weber's last rites delayed his interment and occasioned considerable public interest. Unsuccessful with the Catholic hierarchy, the committee turned to the authorities of St. Paul's, and asked permission to perform a Requiem there over the dead composer, after which the body might be deposited with customary funeral ceremonies at a Catholic chapel. The agitation of the Catholic Question was at a height three years before the Emancipation Act of 1829; and it was hoped in Catholic circles that permission to introduce the body of Weber into a Protestant cathedral would help to diminish the tension between the two communions. The Dean received the request with the utmost attention, called a special meeting of the Chapter, and took legal advice; but the double impropriety of celebrating a papistical funeral with orchestral music was unacceptable. A compromise was finally arranged at Moorfields—space was made for additional musicians, and the committee relinquished for the time its hope of raising a monument.

Sir George Smart and his servants had strong nerves—until the twenty-first of June, a period of more than two weeks, the lead coffin covered by a black cloth stood in his house awaiting burial. Ultimately it was placed in another coffin of oak and covered with a pall of black velvet. A copper plate affixed at one end of the casket bore the terse, profoundly melancholy Latin inscription:

CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER
NUPER
PRAEFECTUS MUSICORUM SACELLI REGII
APUD REGEM SAXONUM
NATUS URBE EUTIN INTER SAXONES
DIE XVI DECEMBRIS MDCCCLXXXVI
MORTUUS LONDINI
DIE V JUNII MDCCCXXVI
ANNO QUADRAGESIMO
AETATIS SUAE

At half past seven on the twenty-first, those who had a place in the cortège assembled at Smart's house, and at half past nine the procession set out with medieval pomp. First came three black-robed heralds on horseback with wands of office. Two more followed on foot wearing long black cloaks. A sixth herald bore a monstrous display of ostrich plumes. On either side walked a page. Then followed the black hearse drawn by six black horses; the glittering colors of the coat of arms of the Weber family and the golden letters of *Resurgam* shone bright against the jet panels. There were sixteen carriages of chief mourners, each clad in woe's trappings: long black cloaks, black gloves, black scarves wound about their hats. Strange sight for Midsummer's Day in London! Next came carriages full of notables. Among them Wordsworth is named; could it be the poet? The ladies who had sung for Weber followed. It was not until eleven that the procession reached the chapel. Fortunately almost everyone was in a proper mood, solemn but appreciative of the pageantry, so that the occasion was not insupportable. A stout Protestant objected to the behavior of the spectators "and the continued jarring of doors—as if a theater, not a church, were the scene of exhibition thus presented for money." But what matter? Those who loved him best were far away.

The church received him, the altar draped in black, black tapers in the branched candlesticks. It was crowded by two thousand spec-

tators who had paid a shilling each. The stately ceremonial began, priests conducted the dead man to the altar, and the great choir broke into the heart-rending cry of Mozart:

*"Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
Et lux perpetua luceat eis!"*

Then to the Dead March from *Saul* the coffin was lowered into the vault and the lights solemnly extinguished.

He would have enjoyed it, the home-loving man sleeping there, so far from loved Hosterwitz, from Lina and the little ones. Solemn procession, music, stately praises would have pleased him. Yet in the midst of his gratification, smiling a little, head to one side, he might have said, "This is a great deal of money you're spending. I'm afraid it could be put to better use." He would muse, wondering if these English could be right, and if fifty, even a hundred years hence, Germany would be proud to remember him. Then as the flush of pride died away, he would reflect that he had left unfinished much, very much that he had wished to say.

CHAPTER XIX

The Lonely Heart

*Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide.
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.
Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.*

*Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt,
Weiss, was ich leide! **

—GOETHE

LINA WAS IN LARGE MEASURE THE CREATION OF HER HUSBAND, WHO had formed her for his needs. Out of the charming, petulant, jealous soubrette he had made the German *Hausfrau*; no, it was not so simple—in her love she had tended him and with her astute judgment aided, until they had together arrived at something infinitely better; and she became the compassionate mother-wife. She transferred her ambitions and was content to be little if only he might

* "He who love's longing feels, knows how I'm yearning;
To sit alone cut off from joy I'm learning.
I scan the sky, to every quarter turning;
Alas! beyond that sky my love goes journeying.
How faint I grow; my bowels with fire are burning;
He who love's longing feels, knows how I'm yearning."

be glorious. She was his necessity and when in distant London he wrote, "I long for rest," it was for her he languished, his lonely heart crying, "*Du bist die Ruh.*"

Fürstenau remained in London until the middle of August, unwilling to leave until he had personally arranged the affairs of the master, and indeed unable, for the unsympathetic Saxon Embassy put hindrances in his way. The news of Weber's death was therefore intrusted to the post, not directly to Lina but to her most intimate friend, Fräulein von Hanmann. As it was early summer, Lina and the little boys were living in Hosterwitz, and thither in her carriage drove Charlotte von Hanmann, greatly misliking her errand. When she reached the village her courage had ebbed so low that she decided to stop next door at the house of Roth, the clarinetist, and beg him to go with her. Lina, who happened to be looking from her window, saw Charlotte turn in at the Roths, and her foreboding mind jumped to the reason. With four-year-old Max in pursuit, she ran across the field. There in the neighbors' garden stood her two friends, tears running down their honest German faces. Lina fainted. Forty years later, Max remembered his mother's dreadful cry.

To our generation, composed largely of amateur stoics and professional cynics, Lina's shriek and swoon in her child's presence have an excessive sound. But she was a German romantic with a strong sense of convention. The situation demanded "one fainting fit after another," or "strong convulsions"; and, judged by the standards of her period, Lina heard the news of her husband's death with remarkable composure.

But her heart was heavy. On July 9, she wrote to Weber's old friend Friedrike Koch: * "In the little room in our loved Hosterwitz, where you, dear friend, spent so many happy hours with Weber and me, the room for which my good husband yearned so in his last days, poor I sit lost and lonely, living only in memories of him. His dear picture hangs opposite and looks sorrowfully on his poor

* Friedrike Koch had been the fiancée of Friedrich Flemming. She was a member of the Berlin Singakademie for sixty years and its president (*Vorsteherin*) for thirty. She died in 1857.

Lina. . . . How rich I was! And now I am so poor in all life's joys. I lived in him; it was my only ambition, the greatest pleasure of my life to please him. For years the dark clouds were gathering over my head, and yet the blow which has slain me was unexpected—if I could but have seen him once more, if his faithful eyes had looked again into mine! Yet I ought to be angry with myself for such a wish; for did not the good God make his death easy? How sad he would have been to go if he had seen our anguish! . . . In his letter of May 30 he wrote me, 'Now I shall come directly home; I long for rest.' Five days later he went to his true home, to his eternal rest. That I cannot weep with my little ones over his grave—that he rests in a country which toward the end was painful to him, longing for us as he was—this is hard; but perhaps when my two boys are noble, upright men, the good God will lead them to the tomb of their father. . . . If these little ones did not hold me, I confess the wish to follow him would not seem sinful to me. . . . Oh, do not be angry, dear friend, at my complaining; have patience with me; it is such comfort to talk about him to one who loved him. So often I shall be roused from my grief by cold, unfeeling business people. I must manage some way for the children. Only a day after the terrible news of his death I was dragged to the town, everyone who knew me gathered around in anxiety about our future and advised and ordered me to do this and to do that. Like a machine I obeyed until I couldn't do any more—until I couldn't understand what they thought I ought to do. Now I've had eight days of quiet; and here, in my solitude, I begin to raise my heart to God who never lays on His children a load too heavy to bear. He sends us His guardian angel in the shape of many friends. . . . I need not tell you how good our friends Lichtenstein and Beer and others have been. God reward them! Here too we have found many hearts beating for us. . . . Of our Court little is to be expected, for what is once ordained in that quarter will not be exceeded. . . ."

However, King Friedrich August increased Lina's pension from 150 to 300 thalers. She was really not so badly off. A pension of \$225 a year was not, of course, sufficient by itself; but Caroline had some advantage over many young widows left with children because she

had been a business woman since her ninth year, and none knew better the value of money. She knew exactly what to demand and where to write, and before June closed was asking Gottfried Weber to dispose of the scores of *Freischütz*, *Euryanthe*, and *Oberon* to the publisher B. Schott in Mainz, and preparing to seek an Austrian copyright for *Oberon*. To the kindly Smart she wrote: "To you, as the friend of my beloved husband, I earnestly recommend the interest of my children. You will watch over it, I am sure, with parental care. You will not allow them to mingle tears of sorrow for themselves with those they shed for the loss of their kind father. Pray speak to Mr. Kemble on my behalf, and request him to prove on this occasion, by kindness to the children of his friend, the kind affection he felt for him. Permit me to assure you of my sincerest gratitude, with which I remain forever

"Yours,

"LINA VON WEBER."

Her husband had been paying a yearly sum to her old mother in Mannheim, where she made her home with the brother, Louis, who had seemed bound to Lina by lifelong affection. But when she wrote to him that she could not continue to do so much for their mother, Louis answered disagreeably that he *knew* Weber had made 20,000 thalers out of *Freischütz* and as much again from *Oberon*; he purposed to pack the old woman off to Dresden at the first opportunity. Lina (who knew that *Der Frieschütz* had brought in only 4657 thalers, 1 groschen, during her husband's lifetime, and *Oberon* somewhat less) questioned if her brother's determination was not hard on an old lady of seventy-three, but appears to have submitted.

Money continued to come in from Weber operas. Two weeks after the composer's death, Heinrich Beer and Lichtenstein at Berlin petitioned King Frederick William III for leave to have a benefit performance for Caroline; and Spontini himself wrote the King an agreeable letter with the same object. Even at Paris, where *Robin des Bois* was reputed to have brought the management of the Odéon 800,000 francs, some notice was taken of the claims of



CAROLINE VON WEBER IN WIDOWHOOD

Painting by Alexander von Weber

its composer's family; and the proceeds of the 200th performance, on November 23, 1826, were devoted to their support.* All over Europe benefits for the Webers continued to occur at intervals for many years. In 1841, Caroline informed the Prussian Minister that Max (who, by the way, was entirely unmusical) would attend the University of Berlin on the proceeds.

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Some fourteen years after von Weber's death a French gentleman visiting London attempted to find the composer's remains in the crypt of St. Mary's Chapel in Moorfields. Two choir boys enthusiastically joined the search, and the party was further reinforced by a verger. They found the vault inconceivably dusty; coffins were piled on one another in shameful disorder. The visitor's gorge rose when he was told that when the ghastly receptacle grew too crowded for the admission of more bodies, the older residents were forced to vacate for newcomers; and their coffins, in which perhaps no one living took an interest, thrown into the common ditch.

Our French gentleman was about to give up the search when one of the choir boys shouted, "I have found him! Here it is, Carl Maria von Weber!" There among the huddled and plebeian dead was the coffin, in shape and size like the case for a bass viol; on the tarnished plate, the Latin inscription bare as a wind-stripped tree.

The French gentleman did what he could. He wrote to the papers. Within two months a committee was formed at Dresden and a subscription opened for the purpose of bringing home Weber's remains. But there were difficulties. The committee could not work together. The Saxon King—no more malleable than his predecessor, Friedrich August the Just—discovered in his stubborn conscience a religious scruple against the removal of a dead man's

*The companion piece at this performance was an operatic version of *Preciosa* (which, in its original form, had been "the big failure of 1825"), with interpolated portions of *Silvana*, allegedly recommended by Weber himself. Wolff's Spanish drama was rechristened "*Les Bohémiens*." It was scarcely a success. One critic reported that the audience thought the story dull and the singing mediocre. One of the actresses broke her necklace, the beads scattered over the stage, and through the third act could be heard cracking and snapping under foot. The tenor, while singing an air, "lost his sword, and also a note in his voice."

body. Minister von Lüttichau's objections were hardly more sensible. He was afraid of creating a precedent. Morlacchi was dead too, and he had been in Saxon service longer than Weber. Would they have to fetch him back from Italy? Fancy the inconvenience, the towering expense of collecting defunct Kapellmeisters from all the corners of the globe and gathering them together for Dresden burial!

The credit for the success of the project belongs largely to young Richard Wagner, who, paradoxically, succeeded Morlacchi in February, 1843. As a small boy he had often seen Weber in the home of his parents; and later, watching him direct the opera, had thought, "Neither King nor Kaiser would I be, but thus to stand and thus direct!" The passionate wonder of the youth had grown into the enduring admiration of the man. In Weber he saw the immortal symbol of music freeing itself from bondage.

But the part of Meyerbeer, at last faithful for Weber's sake to the old Harmonic Brotherhood, must not be passed over. That unrivaled opera composer produced *Euryanthe* in Berlin and made over the proceeds to the committee. More important than the money was the example of the Prussian Court, which Saxony could not be the last to imitate.

Young Max, now twenty-two and a student in London, was authorized to arrange with civil and religious powers for the removal of his father's body to Dresden. Julius Benedict, who had been Weber's pupil and would one day write his biography, assisted him.

The English ship which brought Weber home landed at Hamburg October 25, 1844. In the harbor were sailing vessels and steamers from every port of the world—Brazil, United States, the Indies. All dipped their colors to the returned wanderer. Nor was music wanting; Beethoven's Funeral March was played while the coffin was transferred to a small boat for its journey up the Elbe. Frost came early that year and with unprecedented severity; the river froze and the vessel could make no progress. The pilgrim in her hold had never seen a train, but now he rode in one; for the body was transferred to the railroad which ran along the riverbank.

From a point opposite Dresden it was ferried across the Elbe to the floating platform and the dense crowds waiting to receive it.

The arrival had been made as dramatic as possible. Night was falling. Innumerable torches shone on pallid faces and mourning garments, and solemn music from *Euryanthe*, conducted by Wagner, led Weber through the streets to the Catholic cemetery. Wagner had blended the ghostly music of the overture with Euryanthe's beautiful cavatina, "*Hier dicht am Quell*," and orchestrated it for eighty wind instruments, replacing the tremolos of the violas by muted trumpets. In the open street between the long lines of torches the prophet marched in the midst of his musicians—the tempo very slow, the effect solemn. At the cemetery the ladies of the Opera, wearing deep mourning, with Madame Schröder-Devrient at their head, received the coffin in the mortuary chapel and crowned it with laurel. Then the lights were extinguished, leaving only two candles burning.

Where was Lina, now that Carl had resumed the great man and come home to his own? Max had walked proudly in the procession between Fürstenau and Theodor Hell; but now he was here, with her, kneeling at her side in the darkness of the chapel. She had looked forward to this day as the triumph and vindication of her life, but it had passed and she had not been proud. She could not be proud; she could only suffer for the dead and tremble for the living son. Alex, whom his father had last seen a year-old baby, Alex, who had grown a talented young artist, had died and been buried in the unfinished tomb only last month. Fear tortured her; was his death the punishment for consenting to the exhumation of her husband's body? Not only the King had considered it a crime to disturb the ashes of one so long dead; many of her neighbors had warned her. She was shattered by Alexander's death. Here she was on her knees, a little old woman of fifty, praying God not to visit His dreadful wrath on Max.

"Yes, the father has been long away." But when she thought that Alex had gone to meet him and bear him tidings of his dear ones' love, her pain took wings and bore her above her fears and sorrows.

The crowd that came to the interment was even greater than the

one at the river. A funeral march which Carl had written as a boy of eighteen in Breslau was played in the cemetery and there were speeches and a poem by Theodor Hell, followed by a chorus of Wagner's composition. Richard Wagner made his first public oration, the only one he ever learned by heart, rich in dramatic effect and sounding phrases. Once or twice there was a pause while Wagner stood in rapt, expectant silence, fallen into one of those trances to which he was subject, listening to himself as to an unknown. When he was silent, he was waiting for that other man—who was himself—to go on speaking. But all the world heard those great words with which he apostrophized the dead Master, crying, "Ne'er has a *German-er* musician lived, than thou!"

So the tomb was built, and von Weber laid in it close to the churchyard wall. There had been a residue of money and it was proposed to make this the nucleus of a fund for a monument; but this project too languished from the indifference of Weber's German countrymen. Richard Wagner, deep in the revolution of 1848, fled Germany; and in the political upheavals of the period the scheme was temporarily abandoned. It was not until October 11, 1860, that the statue by Rietschel was unveiled. The sculptor, himself a dying man, took a peculiar mournful pride in his last creation. He had not attempted to strike the popular attention with a commanding figure, but to make Weber as he was, a man whose beauty was subjective, to whom the observer looked again and yet again, always finding something new and gracious. Nor was the statue placed in the vast square before the theater, but in a little shaded park at the rear, an arrangement the sculptor thought more suitable, for by it one who really loved the master could sit down quietly and study him as he had been in life—standing, one hand gathering the cloak about him, the other clasping the oak and rose of German strength and beauty; his head turned slightly as if to listen.

At last at the unveiling the Court conceded full honors to the Saxon Kapellmeister. In spite of lowering sky and cold autumnal rain, the Royal Family and diplomatic corps were present in a pavilion erected against the rear wall of the theater. Lina was dead.

Max and his wife with their two daughters, doggedly named Marie Caroline and Caroline Marie, were seated on a tribune next to Royalty, and their eight-year-old Carl Maria pulled the cord which unveiled the statue. All highly gratifying to Baron Max!

We would not willingly say our farewell beside his statue; the presence of Saxon royalty come to honor him only when time points the way is disconcerting to honest lovers; the expression on the round face of Baron Max is smug; seen through the steady downpour of rain Weber's figure becomes attenuated to the point of unreality. There is many another spot in Germany the dearer because of him. Small plaques designate his home above the warehouse and the dwelling in the Galleriestrasse. Kind Jähns affixed a tablet to the house at Hosterwitz; and Ernst von Wildenbruch, Max's son-in-law, wrote verses for the *Laube*. The Körner Museum in Dresden has his piano and other precious possessions, while a representative of the Weber family makes a gracious custodian of intimate relics. His simple grave in the Inner Catholic Cemetery is well-tended, and many of his friends lie close by.

Nevertheless his spirit does not hover in vault or churchyard, does not peer meditatively at commemorative tablets. He lives forever in his creations, and said of himself:

IF A MAN WOULD KNOW ME, LET HIM FIND ME IN MY MUSIC.

APPENDIX I

Fürstenau on Weber's Treatment in London

The following able appraisal of Weber's reception by the English was occasioned by a suspicious letter from Court Counselor K. A. Böttiger of Dresden, a friend of the Webers, to Sir George Smart. Böttiger alluded to a report, "spread all over Germany, that Mr. Kemble did not act well with Mr. Weber. . . . All these things are no secret to us, and will be told over and over again in our papers."¹ Smart turned over the letter to Fürstenau, who answered it with tact and skill.²

London, July 3, 1826.

My dear Sir and Friend,

Your letter to Sir George Smart has been kindly communicated to me by him, and I was greatly surprised to read that you, and, as you say, all Germany, have a false view of the circumstances between von Weber and C. Kemble. I, the impartial and constant companion of von Weber, may be permitted to prove to you the contrary, as I know everything pretty correctly from our late friend himself, and you will therefore allow me, my very worthy friend, to answer your letter point by point.

It is very praiseworthy of you to thank Sir George Smart, in the name of Frau von Weber, for his uncommon reception and entertainment of the deceased; only I should have wished to see it done even more cordially and gratefully, since I can assure you that Sir George Smart considered no sacrifice too great to serve him, not only during his lifetime but equally after his lamented death; as to the former, Weber himself constantly acknowledged it to me with emotion, and

[Numbers in brackets refer to corresponding numbers in the Bibliography.]

¹ Dresden, June 15, 1826. Lina professed to have no part in this tactless letter, but wrote to Smart in mid-July, after learning of his annoyance: "Are we not miserable enough? Must our friends by their endeavors to serve us render us still more wretched, and make us appear ungrateful in your eyes?" The entire correspondence appears in Smart [199], pp. 253-63.

² The English translation by Göschen (in Smart, p. 255 f.) has been revised on the basis of L. Schmidt's publication of the original German in [218].

indeed I can competently judge of it, since I was the constant witness of a sympathy on the part of Sir George Smart which showed his admiration both of Weber's talents and of his virtues. The conduct of Mr. Kemble and his family was the same; and I often had occasion to witness how many happy and cheerful hours Weber spent in this circle.

Respecting the contract for *Oberon*, and his engagements in general, the conduct of the management of Covent Garden has been most accommodating, to an extent very greatly exceeding their obligations. The sum which Weber received for this opera had never been paid by this theatre before; and judging by all the circumstances, as I now know them, the payment was a very proper one, and could not possibly have been increased, since the expenses of producing *Oberon* have not yet been recovered, notwithstanding the general interest; and everyone who knows London considers that Mr. Kemble has made rather a disadvantageous bargain. People in Germany think London is paved with gold; I was once of this opinion myself, and a person must have been here to be able to judge.

Herr von Weber's coming here did not form a part of the contract, but was a private speculation of his own; and the theatre, by allowing him to direct several times and earn a sum of £380, and moreover granting him a benefit, deserves more thanks from Germany than it now receives. Herr von Weber was always highly satisfied with the conduct of the theatre towards him, and told me repeatedly, "They are doing their utmost for me"; on which account he never showed the letter which you wrote him in English, as it contained so much about this subject, and he saw that he ought not to offend the management in return for their kind endeavors for him.

After his lamented death, too, the benefit for his family was given immediately and most willingly; and it was the fault of the public, not of the management, that neither this nor his concert turned out well.

Rather should you and all of us be angry with our German countrymen who live in London, for taking so little interest in Weber; for it will be an eternal disgrace to them that they did not fill a concert-room holding no more than about 600 people; indeed this lack of interest went so far that even those to whom we had been recommended, and among them your own friends, showed nothing of that common attention which is expected even from the illiterate. Councilor Winkler [Theodor Hell] will be able to give you some details on this subject from my letters.

As for the [Jubilee] Cantata, which Weber sent to the King, it shared the fate of all such presentations which are made without previous application and the permission of the great; and in such a case one can seldom hope for an answer. Beethoven has had the same experience here. I know that Sir George Smart, while Weber was still living, made many vain efforts on this account.

It was very painful to me to see these splendid people, mentioned in this letter, so deeply hurt by yours; I consider it your duty, my valued friend, now when you will think differently on this subject, to speedily tranquilize their minds by a few more cordial lines; nor will I fail, on my return, to proclaim aloud and publicly the extraordinary interest they have shown.

Farewell; I hope to see you soon again; in the meantime grant a friendly recollection to

Your devoted

FÜRSTENAU.

APPENDIX II

*The Descendants of Franz Anton Weber's
First Marriage*

Of the eight children born to Franz Anton Weber and Maria Anna Fumetti, three girls died at Hildesheim;¹ and the youngest son, Franz Joseph (b. 1772), left no further trace. The survivors were Fridolin (b. 1761),² Josepha (b. 1763; d. Nuremberg, 1792), Edmund (b. 1766),³ and the daughter known to students of Goethe as Jeanette Weyrauch (b. 1768).⁴ Three of these half-brothers and sisters of Carl Maria had distinguished careers in German musical and theatrical life, which have never been properly elucidated—in particular the relationship of Jeanette Weyrauch to the Weber family has been completely overlooked by the composer's other biographers. It is hoped that this outline of the later careers of Fritz, Edmund, and Jeanette will assist in the solution of several long-standing problems in the history of the German stage.

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Fritz, after the breakup of the Weber Dramatic Company in 1796, secured a post at Cassel.⁵ In 1799 he was at Bayreuth;⁶ and in

[Numbers in brackets refer to corresponding numbers in the Bibliography.]

¹ Max M. v. Weber [92], I, 11.

² Biography by F. W. Jähns, in H. Mendel & A. Reissmann: *Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon*, XI (Berlin, 1887), 295 f. For his life up to 1797, see ch. i, above.

³ Biography by Jähns, *loc. cit.*, p. 293 f. Cf. ch. i, above.

⁴ Jeanette, or Johanna, must be identified with Franz Anton's daughter Maria Anna Theresia Magdalena ([Joh]anna = Jeanette). The date of her birth is confirmed by an old print described in E. H. Schroeder's *Buch- und Kunsthandlung: Portrait-Katalog. Verzeichniss einer reichhaltigen Sammlung von Portraits berühmter Personen*, V (Berlin, 1879), 59. Although sometimes referred to as Carl Maria's aunt (W. Bode, ed.: *Goethes Schauspieler und Musiker. Erinnerungen von Eberwein und Lobe* [Berlin, 1912]), she is positively identified as his half-sister by her entry in Edmund's autograph-book (*Mannheimer Geschichtsblätter*, XXV [1924], col. 27, n. 18).

⁵ Max [92], I, 34, n., 37.

⁶ E. Pasqué [118], II, 24 f.

May, 1801, was Music Director at Nuremberg.⁷ He appears again in 1808 as Music Director and Chorus-Rehearser at Bamberg;⁸ and in 1809 as Town Musician (or Music Director) at Freiburg.⁹ In 1815 Carl found him a post with a small company at Carlsbad,¹⁰ where he evidently did not remain for long. By 1820, however, he had finally come to rest as a violist in the theater orchestra at Hamburg, where he was still located in 1832 and seemingly remained until his death.¹¹

ii

Edmund, who took a second wife, Luise Spitzeder, in 1797,¹² evidently secured a post as Music Director at Linz;¹³ but early in 1798 took his wife to Cassel, where the pair found employment on the stage for a couple of years.¹⁴ In 1800 Edmund was Music Director and Stage Manager of the opera at Bautzen in Saxony; and Luise was prima donna.¹⁵ Four years later they were acting together at Würzburg; and in the season of 1804-1805 Edmund was Stage Manager of the Würzburg opera.¹⁶

By 1810 or 1811 Edmund seems to have established connections at Bern, where he is said to have founded a music institute, composed in the Swiss style, and figured as a virtuoso on the contrabass.¹⁷ In the spring seasons of 1811 and 1812 he won high

⁷ Carl Maria's autograph-book, in possession of von Weber family. (The Music Director was a regular member of every traveling opera company.)

⁸ A. W. Iffland: *Almanach fürs Theater*, 1808 (Berlin, 1808), p. 222. The name given is Friedrich August von Weber—probably an editorial mistake in deciphering the abbreviation Fr[idolin]. An[dreas]. There were no other "von Webers" in German theatrical life.

⁹ Max [92], I, 212; *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, 1876, p. 752.

¹⁰ Max [92], I, 479, 490.

¹¹ J. W. Lembert: *Taschenbuch für Schauspieler und Schauspielfreunde*, 1822 (Vienna, 1822), p. 250; F. L. Schmidt [194], II, 169; *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XXXIV (1832), col. 29. Jähns states (*loc. cit.*) that he died there "after many years." Fritz married Babet Wild in 1792 (above, ch. i), but there is no further record of her or of any children.

¹² Max [92], I, 34. The Spitzeders were a prominent theatrical family.

¹³ R. Eitner: *Biographisch-bibliographisches Quellen-Lexikon der Musiker und Musikgelehrten*, X (Leipzig, 1904), 191. [H. A. O. Reichard:] *Theater-Kalender*, 1798 (Gotha, 1798), p. 34, lists him as Music Director at Prague—obviously an error arising from the similar appearances of "Linz" and "Prag" in German script.

¹⁴ *Theater-Kalender*, 1799, p. 277; 1800, p. 274; Max [92], I, 41, n.

¹⁵ Franz Anton unsuccessfully sought employment for them at Weimar. Pasqué [118], II, 30-3.

¹⁶ J. G. W. Dennerlein: *Geschichte des Würzburger Theaters* (Würzburg, 1853), pp. 1, 5, 7.

¹⁷ Jähns, *loc. cit.*; E. Refardt: *Historisch-Biographisches Musikerlexikon der Schweiz* (Leipzig & Zurich, 1928), p. 331.

praise as Music Director of a visiting opera company at Bern,¹⁸ and in alternate seasons officiated in the same capacity in Düsseldorf and vicinity, where Luise still acted and sang.¹⁹ Between 1812 and 1817 he was intermittently at Bern as Music Director, leading the orchestra of the local musical society—badly, so Spohr thought; but indolence grew upon him, and in the latter year he was removed, being kept on merely as a highly paid violinist without loss of repute. In 1818 his offer to lead the orchestra rehearsals and the vocal institute was accepted.²⁰

Two years later he appeared, five hundred miles away, as Music Director at Lübeck, whence he accompanied Carl Maria and Fritz on the visit to Eutin.²¹ Between 1822 and 1824 he was Music Director and Chorus-Rehearser at Danzig.²² After a brief engagement at Königsberg in 1824, he went to take up a similar post at Cologne and Aachen, where theatrical life was controlled by his nephew, F. S. Ringelhardt.²³ Sir George Smart saw him at Cologne late in 1825, and formed a poor impression of his orchestra and singers;²⁴ and, in the following year, Haydn's old pupil was again at Aachen.

Edmund at sixty was still the son of Franz Anton, and we read that he wished to start off on a tour as contrabass virtuoso. Luise's place on the stage had now been taken by a daughter, who shortly abandoned the Ringelhardt organization with her parents and joined another company performing in 1828 at Detmold, Münster, and Osnabrück. Here Albert Lortzing reported the Webers to be in very difficult circumstances. The girl could hardly reach high G, and sang only about once a fortnight. "If things don't get better with the Weber girl," he wrote, "they will actually have to go a-begging. The baggage [Luise] now rails about her daughter having been forced to sing too often. Very true—but if anyone else was assigned a leading role, they always made a scandal and

¹⁸ A. Streit: *Geschichte des Bernischen Bühnenwesens*, II (Bern, 1874), 104, 117-22.

¹⁹ Iffland: *Almanach fürs Theater*, 1812, pp. 263, 267 f.; F. Vogl: *Das Düsseldorfer Theater vor Immermann* (Düsseldorf, 1930), p. 129 f.

²⁰ He was still at Bern in 1819. See Eitner, *loc. cit.*; Refardt, *loc. cit.*; Streit, *op. cit.*, II, 182-4; Spohr [200], I, 237; L. Lauterburg, ed.: *Berner Taschenbuch auf das Jahr 1857* [Bern, 1857], pp. 128, 139, 144.

²¹ Lambert: *Taschenbuch für Schauspieler*, 1821, p. 177; Max [92], II, 252-4.

²² Lambert: *Taschenbuch für Schauspieler*, 1823, p. 384. Carl endeavored to get him a post at the Court of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (letter to Brühl [48], p. 43).

²³ *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XXVI (1824), col. 678. For Ringelhardt's marriage to Jeanette's daughter, see below.

²⁴ Smart [199], p. 221. Smart's impression that Edmund was still at Cologne in 1845 (p. 302) is certainly erroneous.

screamed that their daughter was being put in the background.”²⁵ In 1829 or 1830 the Webers removed to Würzburg, where Edmund seems to have died almost immediately.²⁶

Edmund had one son by his first marriage, Carl Moritz von Weber (b. 1794), who used a crutch in consequence of a boyhood accident to his knee. In 1817 the young man was oboist with a theatrical company at Hanover, and it was remarked that he “seemed to have the devil of his uncle Fritz in him.”²⁷ Carl Maria and Lina met him at Hamburg during their tour in the summer of 1820.²⁸ He later published some piano duets for beginners,²⁹ and was probably the “nephew of Carl Maria” who appeared as Music Director of a theatrical troupe which visited Augsburg in 1839-1840.³⁰

iii

Jeanette Weyrauch and her husband, who had been with the Weber Company at Nuremberg in 1792, filled an engagement at Weimar in the 1793-1794 season. After a half-year at Frankfurt,³¹ Goethe, who professed to prize them highly, re-engaged them for Weimar in August, 1794.³² They remained there for five or six years, filling acting and singing roles with distinction, although subject to ill-health and given to jealousy of their fellow actors.³³ In 1800 they left Weimar—contrary to Franz Anton’s advice—to accept an engagement under Kotzebue at St. Petersburg; but they were detained at the frontier, lost their luggage, and were obliged

²⁵ The girl was still singing second roles at Detmold in 1829. See G. R. Kruse: *Albert Lortzing's gesammelte Briefe* (2d ed., Regensburg, 1913), pp. 2, 10; H. Stolz: *Die Entwicklung der Bühnenverhältnisse Westfalens, 1700-1850* (Münster, 1909), p. 62; C. D. Grabbe: *Sämtliche Werke*, ed. O. Nieten, V (Leipzig, n. d.), 118, 121.

²⁶ Kruse, *op. cit.*, p. 25; Jähns, *loc. cit.* We have no further definite record of Edmund’s daughter, but it may be worth mentioning that a “Demoiselle Friederike Weber” was employed for small roles at the Vienna Burgtheater from 1831 to 1869. O. Wlassak: *Chronik des k. k. Hof-Burgtheaters* (Vienna, 1876), p. 180.

²⁷ C. L. Costenoble [112], II, 176. This was the company in which Edmund’s daughter sang after leaving Ringelhardt.

²⁸ Max [92], II, 252.

²⁹ *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XXIX (1827), col. 671 f.

³⁰ F. A. Witz: *Versuch einer Geschichte der theatralischen Vorstellungen in Augsburg . . . bis 1876* [Augsburg, 1876 ?], pp. 163, 304.

³¹ B. T. Satori-Neumann: *Die Frühzeit des Weimarer Hoftheaters unter Goethes Leitung* (Berlin, 1922), p. 94; *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, IX (June, 1794), 281 f.

³² They were re-engaged prior to the termination of Genofeva’s contract. Satori-Neumann, *op. cit.*, p. 91, n. 186; J. W. v. Goethe: *Werke*, pt. 4, X (Weimar, 1892), 182 f., 188, 399.

³³ See esp. Satori-Neumann, *op. cit.*, *passim*; Pasqué [118], II, 170-76.

to accept an engagement at Königsberg, where it appears that Herr Weyrauch soon fell a victim to the harsh climate.⁸⁴

There is no further record of Jeanette until 1807, when Goethe found her playing at Carlsbad in company with a daughter, whom he considered neither very pretty nor very talented.⁸⁵ This daughter is the mysterious "Victorine" of Weber's letters to Gänsbacher. Carl met the two ladies at Augsburg early in 1811,⁸⁶ shortly before they made their debuts at the Royal Theater in Stuttgart (where they probably said nothing of their Weber relatives). Victorine made a favorable impression at Stuttgart, and mother and daughter were given one-year contracts.⁸⁷ The following year Victorine secured an engagement at Prague—probably through the good offices of Gänsbacher, who wrote a very warm appraisal of her talents for the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.⁸⁸ She resigned after only a few months, apparently because of some theatrical squabble, and passed through Vienna in April, 1813, on her way to Gratz.⁸⁹ A year later she made an unsuccessful debut at Breslau, but presently improved, showing herself a passable actress, though without much voice, and married Herr Ringelhardt, the Director of the theater. The pair left Breslau in the spring of 1816.⁴⁰

Ringelhardt directed the theater at Cologne from about 1822 until 1832. Jeanette Weyrauch, his mother-in-law, made a stage appearance there in 1822;⁴¹ and Edmund von Weber, as we have seen, joined the group with his family two years later.

In 1832 Ringelhardt became manager of the theater at Leipzig, where he repeatedly refused to produce the operas of young Richard Wagner. He had a daughter, who made her debut as Agnes in *Der Freischütz* in 1835; the critics said that she had inherited a magnificent voice, but attempted roles beyond her powers and spoiled her effects by excessive *bravura*.⁴² In the vain hope of con-

⁸⁴ Pasqué [118], II, 29-31.

⁸⁵ H. G. Gräf, ed.: *Goethes Briefwechsel mit seiner Frau* (Frankfurt, 1916), II, 17 f., 23; *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, IX (1806-7), col. 784 f.

⁸⁶ Max [92], I, 252. Max, who appears singularly uninformed in everything concerning the Weyrauchs, speaks of a second "charming" daughter, Jeanette—probably the Johanna Caroline who, in actual fact, had died in 1793 at the age of five months! See Satori-Neumann, *op. cit.*, p. 90, n. 184 a.

⁸⁷ Iffland: *Almanach fürs Theater*, 1812, pp. 365 f., 370 f., 375; R. Kraus: *Das Stuttgarter Hoftheater* (Stuttgart, 1908), p. 127.

⁸⁸ XIV (1812), col. 510; signed by Gänsbacher's regular pseudonym of "Triole."

⁸⁹ Weber's letters to Gänsbacher [57], pp. 218 f., 220 f., 225 f.

⁴⁰ *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XVI (1814), col. 470-72; XVII (1815), col. 31; XVIII (1816), col. 254.

⁴¹ *Annalen des Historischen Vereins für den Niederrhein*, L (1890), 199.

⁴² *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XXXIV (1832), col. 430; XXXV (1833), col. 177; XXXVII (1835), cols. 416 f., 449; XXXVIII (1836), col. 327.

ciliating her father, Wagner offered to cast Fräulein Ringelhardt in the role of Marianne in *Das Liebesverbot* (Shakespeare's *Measure for Measure*); but Ringelhardt, as a respectable father, flatly refused to countenance his daughter's appearance in so immoral a piece.⁴³ This sheltered maiden must have been the daughter of Victorine, the grandchild of Jeanette, and the great-niece of Wagner's acknowledged master, Carl Maria von Weber.⁴⁴

⁴³ Wagner [205], I, 146.

⁴⁴ A relationship of which Wagner himself, like posterity, was almost certainly ignorant.

Notes

Figures at the beginning of each note indicate the page and line, respectively, of the text to which the note refers. Numbers in brackets refer to corresponding numbers in the Bibliography.

CHAPTER I

5. 24. Max Maria von Weber's life of his father is [92] in the Bibliography. On the ancestry of the Webers see R. Blume [108] and F. Hefele [109].

6. 9. On the career of Fridolin Weber see Blume [108]; Hefele [109], esp. pp. 18-27; F. Walter: *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hof* (Leipzig, 1898), pp. 198, 235, 308, 370; L. Schiedermair, ed.: *Die Briefe W. A. Mozarts und seiner Familie* (Leipzig, 1914), I, 151-239, *passim*; E. K. Blümmel: *Aus Mozarts Freundes- und Familienkreis* (Vienna, 1923), esp. pp. 13, 21, 124.

6. 21. The von Weber coat of arms is described by E. Pasqué [118], II, 36 f.

6. 26. Blume [108], p. 7.

6. 30. Max's account of his grandfather's activities before and after leaving Mannheim ([92], I, 7 f.) requires considerable revision. There is no evidence that he was ever employed in a musical capacity at the Electoral Court, and his name is absent from the official rosters of commissioned officers (see [129], col. 26, n. 17; inventories of the Court Musical Establishment in Walter: *Geschichte des Theaters... am Kurpfälzischen Hof*). The story that he was assigned to the Electoral contingent to the Imperial army, and wounded at the battle of Rossbach (Nov. 5, 1757), cannot be true if we accept Max's own statement that by that date he was already at Hildesheim, engaged to the daughter of his chief (who died Sept. 30: Pasqué [118], II, 18). More probably Franz Anton was with the 6000 Palatine troops under the French General d'Estrées, who saw service at the battle of HASTENBECK (July 26, 1757), and overran the country round about Hildesheim, Hanover, and Brunswick, camping from Aug. 11-21 at Linden, within 20 miles of Hildesheim. On these military movements see *Die Kriege Friedrichs des Grossen*, Pt. 3, V [Berlin, 1903], 9, 72, 147 f., 257, and sketch 25; Du Bois: *Camps topographiques de la campagne de 1757, en Westphalie* [Hague, 1760], *passim*.

7.8. On Franz Anton's establishment at Hildesheim, see Hefe [109], p. 39 f.; *Calendrier de Cour de Son Altesse Serenissime Electorale de Cologne* ([Cologne ?], 1761), pp. 143, 146; [Verein für Geschichte und Alterthumskunde Westfalens:] *Zeitschrift für vaterländische Geschichte und Alterthumskunde*, XXXII (1874), Pt. 2, 115.

7.24. [J. N. Forkel:] *Musikalischer Almanach für Deutschland auf das Jahr 1782* (Leipzig), p. 102; 1783, pp. 68, 93.

8.9. Hefe [109], p. 39 f.

8.15. E. Vehse: *Geschichte der deutschen Höfe*, XLVII (Hamburg, 1859), 165; B. Litzmann: *F. L. Schröder*, II (Hamburg, 1894), 45; R. Schlösser: *Vom Hamburger Nationaltheater zur Gothaer Hofbühne* (Hamburg, 1895), pp. 7, 14 f.; J. C. Brandes: *Meine Lebensgeschichte*, II (Berlin, 1807), 123, 125 ff.; J. H. F. Müller: *Abschied von der k. k. Hof- und National-Schaubühne* (Vienna, 1802), p. 136.

8.22. E. Brandt [111].

8.32. [H. A. O. Reichard:] *Theater-Kalender auf das Jahr 1779* (Gotha), appendix, p. xxvi f.; C. Stiehl: *Musikgeschichte der Stadt Lübeck* (Lübeck, 1891), pp. 37, 104; E. L. Gerber: *Historisch-Biographisches Lexikon der Tonkünstler* (Leipzig, 1792), II, 770 f.; R. Eitner: *Biographisch-Bibliographisches Quellen-Lexikon der Musiker und Musikgelehrten*, X (Leipzig, 1904), 191.

9.20. Max [92], I, 14 f.; Stiehl, *op. cit.*, pp. 105-8; Brandt [111].

9.24. See the silhouette of Maria Anna in [129], col. 26. The miniature referred to is labeled "Weber's Mother" in modern biographies (see [104], [105], [225], etc.). It was, however, formerly identified as Maria Anna by the von Weber family, and corresponds to her description in Max [92], I, 8 f. See last note on p. 318, below.

9.27. Hefe [109], p. 39 f.

10.14. Hefe [109], pp. 47-9; R. Payer von Thurn [110], pp. 41-50. Genofeva must not be confused with the Therese Brenner who was a member of the Vienna *Hoftheater* during the 1780's.

10.27. Max [92], I, 16 f.; Stiehl, *op. cit.*, p. 109; Brandt [111].

10.33. The marriage register of the *Schottenpfarre* at Vienna confirms the traditional date of the marriage. Franz Anton "von Wöber" stated that he was in his 42d year (!), was "Bischöfliche Lübeckische Kapellmeister," and had resided at Genofeva's address ("Mölker Bastei bei der Hohen Ranke") for six weeks. This lends color to Max's story of a hasty marriage—probably the couple did not meet until the summer of 1785, after Franz Anton's appointment as Eutin Town Musician on May 24. There is, however, some inconclusive evidence indicating that he may have been in Vienna the preceding winter and was now returning to fetch his sons back to Eutin. See Max [92], I, 15; C. F. Pohl: *Joseph Haydn*, II (Leipzig, 1882), 168 f., 203, 208, 279; same, in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (3d ed., New York, 1935), II, 572; F. W. Jähns, in *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, 1876, pp. 753-8.

11. 5. E. L. Gerber: *Neues historisch-biographisches Lexikon der Tonkünstler* (Leipzig, 1814), II, 527. This item may have been contributed by Carl Maria, who prepared various notes for Gerber in 1802-3. See G. Kaiser [43], pp. 43-7.

11. 12. *Ephemeriden der Litteratur und des Theatres*, III (1786), 120 f.; Max [91], p. 91 f.

11. 18. Edmund traveled by way of Prague, where he visited his Aunt Adelheid. See his autograph-book, as quoted in [129], col. 27, n. 18; Pohl: *Haydn*, II, 31, 204. One of his sisters is evidently the "Mlle. Weber" (described as a passable singer, but without the physique and temperament for the stage) who gained some theatrical experience with the Seyler troop at Hamburg in 1783-4, and sang there under Schröder from Jan., 1787 to Easter, 1789. It must have been Fritz who acted as chorus director and second violinist from early in 1787 until July 31. See *Theater-Kalender*, 1784, p. 237; 1788, p. 185; 1789, p. 165; 1790, p. 122; J. F. Schütze: *Hamburgische Theater-Geschichte* (Hamburg, 1794), p. 525 f.; F. L. W. Meyer: *F. L. Schröder* (Hamburg, 1819), II, Pt. 1, 22 f.; Pt. 2, 95, 99.

11. 27. F. W. Jähns [115].

12. 17. *Theater-Kalender*, 1790, p. 126.

12. 23. Pohl: *Haydn*, II, 169, 203 f., 373; [129], col. 27, n. 18; [Hennebergischer Alterthumsforschender Verein:] *Chronik der Stadt Meiningen, 1676-1834*, II (Meiningen, 1835), 124; H. Mendel & A. Reissmann: *Musikalische Conversations-Lexikon*, XI (1887), 294.

12. 28. *Theater-Kalender*, 1791, pp. 231, 233; 1792, pp. 327-9; 1793, p. 185; F. A. Witz: *Versuch einer Geschichte der theatralischen Vorstellungen in Augsburg... bis 1876* [Augsburg, 1876 ?], pp. 55, 146 f., 304.

12. 32. On Jeanette Weyrauch, see Appendix.

12. 36. *Theater-Kalender*, 1792, pp. 284 f., 293 f.

14. 35. Weber's "Autobiographical Sketch" is [87] in the Bibliography. For an interesting technical analysis of his intellectual capacity as a child (unfortunately based on inadequate data), see C. M. Cox: *The Early Mental Traits of Three Hundred Geniuses* (Stanford, 1926; vol. II of "Genetic Studies of Genius," ed. L. M. Terman), esp. pp. 443-6, 830.

15. 22. T. Hampe: *Die Entwicklung des Theaterwesens in Nürnberg* (Nuremberg, 1900), pp. 216 f., 351 f.; F. E. Hysel: *Das Theater in Nürnberg, 1612-1863* (Nuremberg, 1863), pp. 69, 75; *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, VIII (Weimar, Jan., 1793), 90 f.; Mendel & Reissmann, *op. cit.*, XI, 295.

15. 23. F. W. Jähns [1], p. 11.

15. 29. *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, VIII (Aug., 1793), 427 f.

15. 31. See esp. C. L. Costenoble [112], I, 85-7; II, 176.

15. 35. B. T. Satori-Neumann: *Die Frühzeit des Weimarer Hoftheaters unter Goethes Leitung, 1791-1798* (Berlin, 1922), p. 89; J. W. v. Goethe: *Werke*, Pt. 4, X (Weimar, 1892), 97-101, 113.

16.8. By a contract of April 13, 1793, Franz Anton engaged to give performances at Bayreuth during the ensuing season, from October to April. He accepted Court oversight of the theatrical business, personnel, and prices, in return for an annual subvention of 1200 thalers. Both parties agreed to use their musical resources in common when necessary. See A. v. Schlossberger: "Ein Baireuther Theater vor 100 Jahren," *Staats-Anzeiger für Württemberg, Litterarische Beilage*, 1892, pp. 97-106.

16.12. Costenoble [112], I, 79 f.; J. W. Holle: *Geschichte der Stadt Bayreuth* (2d. ed., Bayreuth, 1901), p. 166.

16.15. Costenoble [112], I, 80-83; *Theater-Kalender*, 1800, p. 254 (correcting 1796, p. 278).

17.2. Genofeva's contract (March 19, 1794) is printed in *Wissenschaftliche Beilage der Leipziger Zeitung*, 1891, p. 215, and summarized in *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, ed. L. Geiger, XIII [Frankfurt a/M, 1892], 282. See further Satori-Neumann, *op. cit.*, pp. 100 f., 104; Pasqué [118], II, 23, 316; C. A. H. Burckhardt: *Das Repertoire des Weimarer Theaters unter Goethes Leitung, 1791-1817* (Hamburg, 1891), p. 14 f.; J. Wahle: *Das Weimarer Hoftheater unter Goethes Leitung* (Weimar, 1892), p. 51; L. Schrickel: *Geschichte des Weimarer Theaters* (Weimar, 1928), p. 92 (Franz Anton's letter to Goethe); Goethe: *Werke*, Pt. 4, X, 178.

17.11. Costenoble [112], I, 85-7; K. O. Wagner, in *Mitteilungen der Gesellschaft für Salzburger Landeskunde*, L (1910), 313-315; *Journal des Luxus und der Moden*, XI (April, 1796), 204-6.

17.24. Hefele [109], pp. 33-5.

17.31. "Autobiographical Sketch" [87].

17.n. Max [91], p. 92.

18.20. See Pasqué [118], II, 24; Max [92], I, 37.

18.25. Max [92], I, 166.

CHAPTER II

19.17. "Autobiographical Sketch" [87].

19.20. E. Schenk [119], p. 62.

20.25. Letter to Heuschkel, Dec. 28, 1797, in Max [92], I, 36 f. It has not been thought necessary to give specific reference to letters contained in this source, unless quoted out of their normal sequence.

23.17. Letter to Breitkopf & Härtel, Sept. 3, 1798, in [67]. Detailed information on Weber's compositions, including excerpts from contemporary critical opinions, will be found in the great thematic catalogue of F. W. Jähns [22], and in the introductions to the critical edition of Weber's music [5], which was commenced in 1926 and is progressing slowly.

24.20. E. Pasqué [118], II, 24.

24.22. *Ibid.*

26. 12. On the episode of the burned cupboard, see Frhr. v. Biedenfeld: *Die komische Oper der Italiener, der Franzosen und der Deutschen* (Leipzig, 1848), p. 134, and R. Musiol [117].

27. 4. The supposition that Carl lithographed his own compositions has been disputed by L. Görke [113] and C. Wagner [120].

27. 8. *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, III (Oct., 1800), col. 69.

28. 18. Pasqué [118], II, 26-34.

30. 3. "Autobiographical Sketch" [87].

30. 22. For the visit to Fischer, cf. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, XXIII (1845), 64, and Max [92], II, 443. The complete Freiberg controversy is reprinted by K. Knebel [116]; see also Max [92], I, 53-64; Jähns [22], pp. 413-16; Pasqué [118], II, 26-34; *Musical Works* [5], 2d ser., I, vii-xi.

30. 33. Letter to Artaria, Dec. 9, 1800, in [57], p. 177 f.; cf. Jähns [22], pp. 37, 427 f. This is probably the letter mentioned by E. Kann in *Zeitschrift für Bücherfreunde*, III (Aug./Sept., 1899), 187, concerning a supposed Weber offer to "teach" lithography.

31. 2. Pasqué [118], II, 33 f.

32. 3. *Breitkopf & Härtel* [67].

32. 5. The Mass in E \flat is published in *Musical Works* [5], 1st ser., I; cf. C. Schneider: "W.'s grosse Jugendmesse in Es dur," *Musica Divina. Monatsschrift für Kirchenmusik*, XIV (1926), 33-40, 53-6; K. A. Rosenthal: "Kanon und Fuge in W.'s Jugendmesse," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, IX (April, 1927), 406-13.

32. 20. On *Peter Schmoll*, see (in addition to Jähns [22], pp. 38-45) *Musical Works*, [5] 2d ser., I, xi-xv. Documents on this period in [120 a].

33. 23. Cf. the passage in Weber's novel, in [38], p. 461.

34. 6. "Die Kerze," printed by L. Hirschberg [6], p. 15.

34. 17. These "*Sechs Ecossaisen*" were on sale in Hamburg by Oct. 4, 1802 (probably before the Eutin visit); the song "*Umsonst entsagt ich der lockenden Liebe*" (Jähns [22], p. 51), composed Oct., 1802, and dedicated to an unknown "Madame Scharf," was advertised for sale only on Oct. 28. See *Hamburgische Adress-Comptoir-Nachrichten* for these dates (pp. 616, 672).

34. 36. C. L. Costenoble [112], I, 173; J. Sittard: *Geschichte des Musik- und Concertwesens in Hamburg* (Altona, 1890), p. 143 f.; L. Wollrabe: *Chronologie sämtlicher Hamburger Bühnen* (Hamburg, 1847), p. 109.

35. 33. The production is wrongly assigned to the period Oct., 1803-May, 1804 by F. A. Witz: *Versuch einer Geschichte der theatralischen Vorstellungen in Augsburg* [Augsburg, 1876 ?], p. 63.

36. 3. On Weber's literary projects, see G. Kaiser [43], pp. 43-7; on Susan, see Schenk [119], p. 61 f.; Weber's letters to him are in [56]. There is a very careful study of the Augsburg period by M. Herre [114].

CHAPTER III

40.8. The standard work on Vogler is Schafhäütl [204]; on his early years see also F. Walter: *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik am Kurpfälzischen Hofe* (Leipzig, 1898), pp. 188-95.

40.34. Gänsbacher's "Autobiography" [170].

41.9. Gänsbacher [170] states that he first met Weber at Vogler's house; Max [92] (I, 83 f.), that Weber first met Vogler through Gänsbacher.

41.10. Letter of Oct. 8, 1803. The letters to Susan quoted in this chapter are all from [56].

42.16. The term "Dinaric" as applied to Weber follows (for whatever it may be worth) the classification of Hans Günther: *Rassenkunde des deutschen Volkes* (16th ed., Munich, 1935), p. 159.

43.13. Max [92], I, 86; letters to Susan [56], April 2-10, 1804.

43.28. Jähns [22], p. 57; M. Schlesinger [125], I, 104.

44.7. Schlesinger [125], I, 103.

44.24. The chief source for musical conditions at Breslau is C. J. A. Hoffmann: *Die Tonkünstler Schlesiens* (Breslau, 1830), arts. on Schnabel, Berner, Weber, Ebell, etc. See also Kossmaly & Carlo: *Schlesisches Tonkünstler-Lexikon* (Breslau, 1846), and *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, III (1800-1801), cols. 347-52, 360-67; VI (1804), cols. 301-12, 506-11, 573-9. For a monograph on Berner, see [164].

44.36. On the economic and social status of musicians, see the admirable chapter in E. Newman [207], I, 149-72. Our figures are, of course, only relatively accurate, owing to varying standards of currency among the different petty German states, but are inserted to show that Weber was not too badly off, even with a father to support.

46.14. Schlesinger [125], I, 108 f.

46.28. Jähns [22], pp. 58-60, 416, 428; *Musical Works* [5], 2d ser., II, iii-x.

46.35. Schlesinger [125], I, 108 f.

47.17. W. Eschenbach [164], p. 6.

47.31. Frhr. von Biedenfeld: *Die komische Oper der Italiener, der Franzosen und der Deutschen* (Leipzig, 1848), p. 134.

48.3. F. Walter [129], col. 28.

49.20. On Karlsruhe, Upper Silesia (not to be confused with Karlsruhe in Baden), see esp. M. Klose [123].

50.11. F. Stumpe [126].

52.2. The Duke's letter of recommendation, which was not accessible to us, is printed in *Schlesische Monatshefte*, III (1926), 346.

CHAPTER IV

54. 17. E. Vehse: *Geschichte der deutschen Höfe seit der Reformation*, XXVI (Hamburg, 1853), 23 f.

55. 33. L. Spohr [200], I, 106-8.

56. 25. Max [92], I, 152, speaks in this connection not of Prince Adam but of Prince Paul, who, however, was only five years old when Weber left Stuttgart!

58. 5. J. Kapp [104], p. 54 f.

60. 2. Fifteen years later Rochlitz, who never showed Weber any dissatisfaction with the cantata, appears to have approached both Schubert and Beethoven about a new setting of his text. See *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, LXXVIII (1911), 269, 342; N. Flower: *Franz Schubert* (London, 1928), p. 182 f.; A. W. Thayer: *Life of Ludwig van Beethoven* (New York, 1921), III, 76.

60. 8. Spohr [200], I, 109, 140; K. Huschke [201].

61. 35. The article is reprinted in Georg Kaiser's excellent critical edition of Weber's *Writings* [38], pp. 139-45. Other writings by Weber to which reference will be made can be found in the same collection.

63. 11. Weber appears to have continued to work on *Silvana* during his imprisonment. The finale bears the autograph notation: "*Componirt d. 8^{te} Februar 1810 in der Nacht nach der Versiegelung. instrumentirt d. 23^{te} Februar.*" [possibly indicating a commencement of legal complications prior to the traditional date of Feb. 9]. Jähns [22], p. 101.

64. 4. Cf. "Autobiographical Sketch" [87]. Sources for the obscure episode of Weber's trial are Max [92], I, 172-6; Kapp [104], pp. 58-62 (using more or less archive material); H. Pohl [128]; and G. Kinsky's "*Katalog*" of the *Musikhistorisches Museum von Wilhelm Heyer in Köln*, IV (Cologne, 1916), 208, n.

CHAPTER V

66. 24. F. Walter [129], col. 28. Walter's thorough account of conditions at Mannheim is one of the chief sources of the present chapter. See also Weber's own observations, in *Writings* [38], pp. 21-3, 145-9.

67. 35. For biographies of Gottfried Weber, see [208].

68. 21. A. Pichler: *Chronik des Grossherzoglichen Hof- und National-Theaters in Mannheim* (Mannheim, 1879), p. 204.

70. 7. The Venningen correspondence is in Walter [129], col. 42-3 (also in his *Archiv und Bibliothek des Grossherzoglichen Hof- und Nationaltheaters in Mannheim 1779-1839* [Leipzig, 1899], I, 456.)

71. 1. Weber to Susan, Oct. 8, 1803, in [56], pp. 68-70; W. J. Tomaschek [203], p. 351. Statutes of the *Harmonischer Verein* (a forerunner of Schumann's *Davidbund*) in [38], pp. 11-15, and elsewhere. See Kaiser's thorough study of the society, with which Danzi, Berner, and others became associated, in [43], pp. 27-43.

72. 4. Gänsbacher's "Autobiography" [170]. This is our principal source for the Darmstadt period, together with Dusch's "Recollections"—in [129], col. 52, and in [169]—and the accounts of Schafhäutl [204], pp. 60-64, and K. Esselborn [127].

72. 28. Cf. D. Fröhlich: *Biographie des grossen Tonkünstlers Abt G. J. Vogler* (Würzburg, 1845), p. 58.

73. 2. Weber to Gänsbacher, March 10, 1817, in [57], p. 262. Cf. *Writings* [38], p. 396, and R. P. Stebbins [219].

73. 21. Max [91], p. 94.

75. 9. On the reception of the chorales and of Weber's introduction, see Schafhäutl [204], p. 139 f.

75. 23. For the history of the biographical project, see Weber's letters to Gänsbacher, Gottfried, and Meyerbeer, in [57], pp. 186, 236; [92], I, 208; *Berliner Tageblatt*, Jan. 10, 1924; also "Autobiographical Sketch" [87], p. 6. Vogler may have entrusted Weber with material, destroyed (with other papers) after the latter's death; see Fröhlich, *op. cit.*, p. 4; Schafhäutl [204], p. 108; E. Rudorff [59], p. 13. Bernhard Anselm Weber would have liked to write Vogler's biography himself; see his letter to Gottfried, June 14, 1814, in *Sammel-Bände der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft*, X (1909), 497 f.

76. 7. Letter to Nägeli, in [57], pp. 178-80. Other critics also noted a resemblance between Weber's manner and Beethoven's; see *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XII (1809-10), cols. 502, 887.

76. 27. Weber to Gottfried, Sept. 15, 1811, in [92], I, 297.

77. 35. There is a very favorable contemporary appraisal of Caroline's talents in L. Eisenberg: *Grosses biographisches Lexikon der deutschen Bühne* (Leipzig, 1903), p. 120.

78. 8. See Mme. Blanchard's life, in *Biographie universelle ancienne et moderne*, LVIII (Paris, 1835), 346-8. The story to which we allude was told by E. Pasqué in *Die Gartenlaube*, Leipzig, 1886, p. 882 f., and reprinted in 1888 in his *Musikanten-Geschichten*. It is repeated as fact by Kapp [104], p. 74 f.

79. 19. W. Schulze [192], p. 44.

CHAPTER VI

80. (Poem). Wilhelm Müller, father of the equally famous Max Müller, was a guest of Weber's at Hosterwitz.

80. 4. W. Schulze [192], p. 44.

80. 6. [57], p. 197.

84. 22. Ernest Newman: *Stories of the Great Operas*, II, 260.

84. 31. "Une visite à W. en 1825" [141].

84. n. Cf. Weber to Simrock, June 18, 1810, in [50], p. 11.

86. 12. Spohr [200], I, 105 f.

86. 35. On Bärmann, see O. Kroll [161].

88. 21. Jähns [22], p. 137 f.
 88. 27. Kaiser [38], p. xlix f.
 88. n. 1. The music for Heigl's funeral is printed in L. Hirschberg [6], pp. 64-7.
 89. 6. Jähns [22], p. 139.
 91. 5. Jähns [22], p. 430.
 92. 22. O. Weddigen [84], p. 8.

CHAPTER VII

94. 13. Kapp [104], p. 82. Weber wrote to Gottfried immediately afterward ([92], I, 284) that he had been detained five days at Ravensburg. On Sept. 22, however, he wrote Gänsbacher ([57], p. 205) that he had been there only three full days (Aug. 11-15). The later account is the more credible, especially as Weber was accustomed to write with his open diary before him.

95. n. *Writings* [38], p. 453.

96. 13. See Weber's article on the Festival, in *Writings* [38], pp. 23-7.

96. 19. For two little-known tributes to the excellent Frau Beer, see Frhr. v. Biedenfeld: *Die komische Oper der Italiener*, etc. (Leipzig, 1848), p. 222 f.; K. v. Holtei: *Charpie* [179], I, 171-85.

96. 34. Cf. Jähns [22], p. 430.

97. 29. The most complete table of contents is in *Writings* [38], p. 15 f.

99. 16. See *Writings* [38], p. 513 f.; Jähns [22], pp. 144 f., 430 f.

100. 11. *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XIV (1812), col. 123, gives the erroneous date Nov. 1.

101. 22. See Weber's own comments on music at Prague, in *Writings* [38], pp. 31-9, 149-55.

102. 14. Probably Weber and Rochlitz had met previously, in 1799 and 1807. See *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, III (1800-01), col. 24; Max [92], I, 119; F. Rochlitz: *Für Freunde der Tonkunst* (Leipzig, 1830), III, 76.

103. 25. Cf. Spohr [200], I, 222 f.

104. 22. Max [92], I, 327-9, 334; Spitta [106], p. 644; Goethe: *Werke* (Weimar ed.), pt. 3, IV, 255 f., 410 f.; pt. 4, XXII, 256; *Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft*, XIII (Weimar, 1898), 255 f.; *Aus Schellings Leben in Briefen*, II (Leipzig, 1870), 291; *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, ed. L. Geiger, XXIII (Frankfurt a/M, 1902), 221-3; XXIV (1903), 284.

For Goethe's later opinion of Weber's works, largely inspired by the hostile Zelter, see his *Werke*, pt. 3, XI, 221; XII, 79; pt. 4, XXXVIII, 228; XL, 248; *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, XXIII, 221-3; W. v. Biedermann: *Goethes Gespräche*, V (Leipzig, 1890), 296 f.; VI (1890), 341; J. P. Eckermann: *Gespräche mit Goethe* (Leipzig, 1925), p. 123; Zelter

[209], III, 477 f.; IV, 63, 181, 413 f. Much of this material is summarized by W. Bode [172], II, *passim*.

104. 34. Cf. G. H. Lewes: *The Life and Works of Goethe* (Boston, 1856), pp. 258-60.

105. 3. Weber's diary, quoted by Jähns [22], p. 339.

106. 5. *Writings* [38], pp. 351-4; Max [92], I, 332 f., 390.

106. 13. Madame de Staël: *De l'Allemagne*, pt. 1, ch. v.

107. 3. Weber to A. Sebald, Feb. 18, 1814, in [198].

107. 30. This review may not have been published at the time. See *Writings* [38], pp. lx, 245-50.

107. 33. Weber to Gänsbacher, March 20, 1812. The complete correspondence with Gänsbacher (with one minor exception) was published by L. Nohl in [57].

108. 14. *Writings* [38], pp. 120-22. The critique did not appear until a week after Weber's conversation with Drieberg (which took place on May 13: Jähns [22], p. 104), but had doubtless been shown to Drieberg in manuscript.

110. 4. On Friedrike Koch, see Jähns [22], p. 156.

110. 6. On Amalie Sebald, see E. H. Müller [198], and A. C. Kallischer: *Beethoven und seine Zeitgenossen*, I (Berlin & Leipzig, n. d.), 119-34.

110. 27. Jähns [22], pp. 154 f., 161 f.; L. Hirschberg: *Die Kriegsmusik*, etc. [9], pp. 62, 66 f.; same [6], p. 82.

111. 25. Weber to Türk family, Sept. 13, 1812, in [50], p. 45 f.

113. 16. Cf. Goethe: *Werke*, pt. 3, IV, 334; *Goethe-Jahrbuch*, XXIV, 284.

113. 27. Weber to Flemming, Jan. 20, 1813, in [51].

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116. 35. Weber to Flemming, Jan. 20, 1813, in [51].

117. 10. Weber to Türk family, March 11, 1813, in [50], p. 51.

117. 34. Cf. *Writings* [38], pp. 31-9, 149-55.

118. 16. Weber to Rochlitz, March 12, 1813, in [92], I, 406-8; *Writings* [38], p. 365 f. In November he was hoping to write an opera for Berlin or Vienna on a book by Rochlitz himself. See his letter to Türk family, Nov. 14, 1813, in [50], p. 56.

118. 20. Weber to Frau Türk, April 6, 1813, in [50], p. 52 f.

120. 28. On Therese Brunetti, see esp. F. Strunz [138].

121. 17. Cf. Jähns [22], p. 433.

121. 36. [57], p. 235.

122. 26. R. Haas [136], p. 519, n.

122. 36. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], March 5, 1814.

123. 4. Weber to Meyerbeer, May 13, 1814, in *Berliner Tageblatt*, Jan. 10, 1924.

123. 34. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], May 13, 1814.

124. 28. Part of the 1814 series of letters to Caroline appears in Max [92]; most of the remainder has been published by Kapp in [52].

125. n. For a possible association of these names (which apparently were also applied to Weber) with the composer's lameness, cf. the tale of "*Lauterfresser*" in J. A. Heyl: *Volkssagen, Bräuche und Meinungen aus Tirol* (Brixen, 1897), p. 173; I. D. Zingerle: *Sagen aus Tirol* (Innsbruck, 1891), p. 460 f.

128. 34. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Sept. 30, 1814.

131. 10. Weber to Caroline, August 11, 1814, in [52].

133. 2. [57], p. 241.

133. 31. Weber to Brühl, Oct. 8, 1814. The series of letters to Brühl was published by Kaiser in [48].

134. 10. Romberg's appointment is discussed by H. Schäfer: *Bernard Romberg. Sein Leben und Wirken* (Bonn, 1931). On Weber's negotiations with Berlin and Königsberg, see his letter of Nov. 21, 1814, to Lichtenstein. The complete Weber-Lichtenstein correspondence (extensively quoted in Max [92]) was published by E. Rudorff in [59].

135. 31. For Weber's opinions in regard to *tempo*, see also *Writings* [38], pp. 220-25.

CHAPTER IX

141. 12. *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XVII (1815), col. 599 f.

142. 1. Weber to Caroline, Aug. 31, 1815, printed complete by Kapp [104], pp. 122-4.

143. 8. Weber spoke of cutting loose from Prague, after another season, in letters of August and September to Gänsbacher, Gottfried, and Frau Türk. See [57], p. 244 f.; [92], I, 491; [50], p. 61.

143. 17. O. Teuber [139], II, 457 f.

143. 25. Weber to Liebich, Nov., 1815, in *Writings* [38], pp. 43-8 (for the date, see *ibid.*, p. lxxiii).

144. 17. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Jan. 20, 1816.

145. 4. See Weber's introduction to *Kampf und Sieg*, in *Writings* [38], pp. 199-218.

145. 9. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Jan. 20, 1816.

145. 25. Cf. Weber to Brühl [48], Jan. 5, 1816.

146. 15. Weber to A. Sebald [198], Feb. 4, 1816; cf. *Writings* [38], p. lxxv.

146. 20. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], March 18, 1816.

146. 25. Kapp [104], pp. 127-9.

147. 14. Weber to Rochlitz, May 13, 1816, in [83]; cf. *Writings* [38], pp. lxix, 27-9; Weber to Gänsbacher [57], July 15, 1814, and Aug. 24, 1818.

147. 29. Weber had been in correspondence with Brühl [48] about an engagement for Caroline since Dec. 30, 1815.

147. 34. Weber to Brühl [48], July 1, 1816.

148. 11. See Brühl's memoranda, in [48], p. 51 f.

CHAPTER X

153. 34. On the circumstances of Weber's appointment, cf. R. Prölss: *Geschichte des Hoftheaters zu Dresden* (Dresden, 1878), pp. 386 f., 666 f.; M. Fürstenau: *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Königlich Sächsischen musikalischen Kapelle* (Dresden, 1849), p. 191; *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, LVIII (1863), 123.

155. n. John Russell: *A Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in 1820, 1821, 1822* (New ed., Edinburgh, 1828), I, 178; similarly A. Oehlenschläger: *Briefe in die Heimat* (Altona, 1820), II, 187 f.

158. 4. On Dresden literary circles, cf. esp. H. A. Krüger [182], and H. Fleischhauer [175].

158. 33. Ernest Newman [207], I, 362.

159. 12. *Ibid.*, I, 26.

160. 10. E. Genast [171], p. 205.

160. 22. *Ibid.*, p. 207 f.

161. 2. Cf. Weber's memorandum of May 24, 1817, in *Writings* [38], pp. 39-43.

161. 4. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], March 10, 1817.

162. 25. Weber to Kind, July 28, 1821, in [92], II, 332.

162. 26. A. Weldler-Steinberg, ed.: *Theodor Körners Briefwechsel mit den Seinen* (Leipzig, 1910), p. 270 f.

162. 28. Weber to Gubitz [173], March 28, 1815.

162. 32. Max ([92], I, 456 f.) places the Brentano discussions in August, 1814, when Brentano was absent from Berlin (R. Guignard: *Un poète romantique allemand. C. Brentano* [Paris, 1933], p. 323). Weber's letter to Caroline, quoted by Kapp [104], p. 137, seems to indicate November, 1816, as the correct date.

162. 35. On Tieck, cf. G. Brandes: *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* (New York, 1923), II, 127; A. Cœuroy: *Musique et littérature* (Paris, 1923), p. 32.

163. 6. The music appears in Hirschberg [6], p. 130 f.

163. 27. On the sources and composition of *Der Freischütz*, see esp. F. Hasselberg [21], Jähns [22], pp. 307-11, Kind [49], and Krüger [182].

164. 3. Weber to Kind, March 3, 1817, in [49], p. 141. Kind prints "20 Ducats" instead of 30, the sum entered in Weber's account books; cf. Krüger [182], p. 118.

164. 13. Weber to Caroline, May 28, 1817, in [92], II, 119.

164. n. 1. Newman [207], I, 155, n. 3.

164. n. 2. W. Chézy [167], I, 155; Krüger [182], *passim*.

166. 15. See esp. Weber to Caroline, July 1, 1817, in [92], II, 102-4; Weber to Brühl [48], July 3 and 17, 1817.

166. 17. Cf. Kapp [104], p. 153 f.

166. 28. On the Catholic Church organ, cf. Smart [199], p. 142 f.;

H. F. Chorley: *Music and Manners in France and Germany* (London, 1844), III, 177. The resources of the three Silbermann organs in Dresden are catalogued by [Edw. Holmes:] *A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany* (2d ed., London, 1828), p. 192, n.

167. 6. Cf. N. Slonimsky: *Music since 1900* (New York, 1937), pp. 525, 530, 532; Spohr [200], II, 199.

167. 19. *Writings* [38], p. 255. It is difficult to believe in the exaggerated piety attributed to Weber by Karl Loewe: *Selbstbiographie* (Berlin, 1870), p. 68.

167. 32. See the letters to Lina quoted by Kapp [104], pp. 155-7.

CHAPTER XI

172. 30. W. Chézy [167], I, 232; H. V. Chézy [166], II, 229 f.

173. 11. C. L. Costenoble [112], II, 183 f.

173. 14. Weber to Gubitz, Dec. 14, 1818, in [173], pp. 319-23; also in *Der Gesellschafter, oder Blätter für Geist und Herz*, XIII (Berlin, 1829), 5 f.

173. 18. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Aug. 24, 1818.

174. 33. Newman [207], I, 368.

175. 31. See *Writings* [38], pp. c-ci, 377-81.

176. 11. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Aug. 24, 1818.

CHAPTER XII

179. (Poem). Music in Hirschberg [6], p. 16.

180. 15. A. Schumann's *Staats-, Post- und Zeitungs-Lexikon*, cited by E. Hahnwald: *Sächsische Landschaften* (Dresden, 1922), p. 241.

181. 36. Cf. M. Fürstenau: *Die musikalischen Beschäftigungen der Prinzessin Amalie, Herzogin zu Sachsen* (Dresden, 1874).

182. 8. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], Dec. 26, 1822.

182. 30. See R. Wagner [205], I, 44 and *passim*.

182. n. M. Fürstenau: *Beiträge zur Geschichte der Königlich Sächsischen musikalischen Kapelle* (Dresden, 1849), p. 187.

183. 9. H. v. Chézy [47], p. 33 f.

184. 19. M. E. Wittmann: *Marschner* (Leipzig, n. d.), p. 33 f., quoted by Newman [207], I, 157, n.; G. Münzer [186]; *Writings* [38], pp. 315-17.

185. 8. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], March 28, 1821.

185. n. R. E. Hahn [180].

186. 16. Cf. Kapp [104], p. 171; Weber to Brühl [48], Aug. 12, 1819 and June 21, 1820.

187. 5. Weber to Brühl [48], Dec. 6, 1820. Brühl had again been prodding the Berlin authorities to offer Weber a post; see [48], p. 53 f.

CHAPTER XIII

189. 28. Weber to P. A. Wolff, in *Writings* [38], p. 218 f., and elsewhere.

190. 7. Weber to Brühl [48], Feb. 19, 1820. On the earlier history of the play, cf. L. K. Mayer: "Eine vorwebersche 'Presciosa'-Musik," *Archiv für Musikforschung*, I (1936), 223-7.

192. 11. The controversy is reprinted in *Writings* [38], pp. cviii-cxi, 305-10, 388-401.

192. 35. The correspondence with the Beers is in [79].

195. 17. A. Oehlenschläger: *Briefe in die Heimat* (Altona, 1820), II, 172.

195. 28. Weber to Roth, Aug. 19, 1820, in Max [92], II, 248 f. Max has obviously given the wrong date.

198. 9. For the biography of Weber's brothers, see Appendix.

204. 5. On Weber's stay in Copenhagen, see the excellent studies of E. Abrahamsen [140] and O. Schmid [146].

204. 14. Weber to Gänsbacher [57], March 28, 1821.

204. 32. Cf. Jähns [115].

CHAPTER XIV

207. 9. J. Benedict [94], p. 61 f.; Weber to Benedict senior, Feb. 10, 1822, in [65].

208. 1. On Spontini, cf. Newman [207], I, 391 f.; H. Kretzschmar: *Geschichte der Oper* (Leipzig, 1919), p. 258.

208. 36. Hoffmann's attitude has been ably defended by H. Kuznitsky [132]; see also [177].

209. 9. Heine [174], VII, 574.

209. 25. Zelter [209], III, 123 f. (criticism of Spontini's *Cortez*, 1820).

210. 13. R. Schade [134].

211. 3. On the events of June 18, see esp. the account of Benedict (from whom Max derived most of his information) in [94], pp. 62-73.

211. 22. H. F. Chorley: *Music and Manners in France and Germany* (London, 1844), III, 13.

212. n. Smart [199], p. 140. In London Weber conducted with a roll of paper or, according to one observer, with a small gilt baton; see *The Mirror*, VII (1826), 203. On Weber's innovations as a conductor, see esp. Georg Schünemann: *Geschichte des Dirigierens* (Leipzig, 1913), pp. 278-83.

213. 8. Max [92], II, 320 f.; *Writings* [38], pp. cxiii, 401 f. The final sentence is from a clipping in the Varnhagen v. Ense collection, Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin (a ms. note on which ascribes the poem to Friedrich Förster).

213. 23. W. Chézy [167], I, 116.

213. 30. The party is described by Max [92], II, 316-18, and by Gubitz [173], pp. 325 ff.
214. 5. Jähns [22], p. 312.
214. 8. Chorley, *op. cit.*, II, 139.
214. 11. An amusing account of this concert is given by Karoline Bauer: *Memoirs*, 3d English ed., I (London, 1885), 206.
214. 16. Hoffmann's reviews of *Der Freischütz* are in his *Werke*, ed. G. Ellinger, XIV (Berlin & Leipzig, [1938?]), 140-46.
217. 20. See Weber to Brühl [48], Nov. 9, 1820, and Oct. 18, 1821; to Gänsbacher [57], March 28, 1821; to Mosel [61], Aug. 8 and Nov. 13, 1821; to Schmidt, March 4, 1821, in [194], II, 167 f.
217. 31. Cf. Weber to concert committee of Dresden orchestra, Oct. 14, 1821, in [104], pp. 188-90.
218. 2. Weber to Rochlitz, in [92], II, 168.
218. 13. Spohr [200], II, pp. 138-41; W. Lynker: *Geschichte des Theaters und der Musik in Kassel* (Cassel, 1865), p. 373 f.
218. n. Spohr to Rochlitz, Sept. 21, 1817, in *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, LXXVIII (1911), 268 f.; cf. p. 341 f.

CHAPTER XV

220. 20. W. Chézy [167], I, 133.
220. 23. R. Laukner [24], p. 145.
220. 33. The accent on von Chezy is regularly dropped in the German, but the French pronunciation is retained.
221. 18. F. W. Gubitz [173], pp. 330-36.
221. 21. Helmina's recollections of Weber are in [47].
221. 23. H. Schiller, ed.: *Briefe an Cotta vom Vormärz bis Bismarck*, 1833-63 (Stuttgart, 1934), p. 476.
222. 26. H. A. Krüger [182], p. 161; A. Cœuroy [102], p. 154.
223. 5. Helmina, in [47], p. 18, and [166], II, 231; Kapp [104], p. 296 f.
223. 20. See esp. Cœuroy [17] and Laukner [24].
223. 22. Smart [199], p. 145.
224. 16. J. Benedict [94], p. 74 f.
224. 29. Weber to Lichtenstein [59], Dec. 3, 1821.
225. 10. Cf. H. Fleischhauer [175], p. 31.
225. 17. See esp. R. Batka [148].
226. 19. Weber to Caroline, Feb. 13-15, 1822. Weber's letters on this journey are extensively quoted in [54].
227. 11. L. Schmidt [149], pp. 655, 659. On the Vienna visit see also R. Wallaschek [150], p. 83 f.; C. Pichler: *Denkwürdigkeiten aus meinem Leben*, ed. E. K. Blümml (Munich, 1914), II, 149-51.
227. 19. Wallaschek [150], p. 83 f.
228. 22. Weber to Lichtenstein [59], April 28, 1822.
229. 19. A. Jullien [151], pp. 10-12.

229. 26. Music in Hirschberg [6], pp. 133-49.
230. 31. The following pages are very largely based on Weber's letters to Caroline, published by Alexander v. Weber in [58].
232. 10. K. v. Holtei: *Vierzig Jahre* (4th ed., Schweidnitz, [1898]), II, 73-5. Literature on the "Ludlam" is summed up in *Jahrbuch der Grillparzer-Gesellschaft*, ed. K. Glossy, VIII (1898), 251-5; XXXIII (1934), 86-112. In addition, see esp. I. F. Castelli [165], II, 1-60.
233. 8. F. Rochlitz, in *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, XXX (1828), col. 492
233. 20. G. Hogarth [157], II, 140.
233. n. 1. On last-minute revisions of *Euryanthe*, see W. Chézy [167], II, 22. On financial arrangements, cf. Weber to Brühl [48], Jan. 7 and 23, 1824; to Schlesinger, Dec. 16, 1822, in [50], p. 40; to Schmidt, Dec. 15, 1823, in [194], II, 302.
234. 3. Kaiser [43], pp. 48-68.
234. 11. Sources for the meeting with Beethoven are Max [92], II, 509-12; Benedict [94], pp. 86-8; Weber to Caroline [58], Oct. 5-6, 1823; A. W. Thayer: *Beethoven* (New York, 1921), III, 136-40; L. Rellstab, in [190], II, 229, and [191], p. 18 f. See also K. Huschke [162] and E. Kroll [163].
234. 14. W. Chézy [167], II, 22.
234. 28. Kreissle v. Hellborn [197], pp. 243-6; K. Huschke [162].
235. 9. Opinions of Rosenbaum in [150], p. 87; of Griesinger in [149], p. 656 f.; of Grillparzer in his *Sämtliche Werke*, pt. 2, VIII (Vienna, 1916), 128 f., 416. For other Grillparzer utterances on Weber, see *Sämtliche Werke*, pt. 1, VIII/IX, 51 f., 310; XIII, 98-100, 358; XVI, 37, 254; pt. 2, VIII, 208, 336; also A. Sauer, ed.: *Grillparzers Gespräche*, II (Vienna, 1905), 285.
235. 20. C. L. Costenoble [168], I, 275.
235. 34. Benedict [94], p. 101.
236. 25. Letters to Gänsbacher [57]; C. Fischner [170c.], p. 36 f.
236. 33. Newman [207], I, 156 stresses the phenomenal amount of Weber's earnings. Receipts in thalers are listed by Max [92], II, 727 f.
237. 2. Weber to Brühl [48], Jan. 13, 1823.
237. 23. Brühl to Kind, Jan. 6, 1823, in [49], p. 174.

CHAPTER XVI

238. (Poem). Music published by Hirschberg [6], p. 17.
239. 9. Smart [199], p. 145.
239. 21. He had considered one such proposal even before *Euryanthe* was produced. See letter to M. Schlesinger, March 15, 1823, in [77].
240. 4. The voluminous correspondence on this episode in [59] has been painstakingly digested by A. Maecklenburg [133].
240. 8. Weber to Lichtenstein [59], June 7, 1824.
240. 15. W. Müller [188], p. 126.

241. 21. Jähns [22], p. 401.
 242. 3. Benedict [94], p. 105.
 242. 21. [Edw. Holmes:] *A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany*, (2d ed., London, 1838), II, 203. On the Weber vogue in England, see [157], II, 159 f., and [156].
 243. 2. See Weber to Gottfried, Oct. 11, 1824, in [46], VII, 31-4; to Gänsbacher [57], Dec. 9, 1824.
 244. 35. "Une visite à W. en 1825" [141].
 245. 12. W. Bode [172], II, 159 f. On the Weimar visit, see also J. C. Lobe [183a].
 246. 18. Smart [199], pp. 70-72.
 246. 22. *Ibid.*, pp. 103, 133; Weber to Lichtenstein [59], Sept. 4, 1825.
 247. 21. Smart [199], pp. 138-56.
 247. 24. Weber to Lichtenstein [59], Nov. 13, 1823.
 248. 3. K. v. Holtei [179], p. 89. On the Berlin performance of *Euryanthe*, see also L. Rellstab, in *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, IX (1855), 85.
 248. 17. Max [92], II, 620-23; cf. [46], IV, 302-4.

CHAPTER XVII

250. 27. J. G. Prod'homme [155], p. 317.
 251. 3. M. Jacobi: "Der Freischütz in Paris," *Neue Musikzeitung*, XXXI (1910), no. 5; *Caecilia*, IV (1826), 170-72. Prod'homme has shown in [155], p. 322 f., that the first performance did not materially differ from later ones.
 251. 16. Cf. [J. A. F. Hugo:] *Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie* (Paris, 1868), II, 76 f.
 251. 32. Prod'homme [155], p. 321.
 253. 7. Weber's letters to Castil-Blaze, Oct. 15, 1825, and Jan. 4, 1826, and his letter to M. Schlesinger, Jan. 5, 1826, are printed in A. Jullien [151] and elsewhere.
 253. 10. Prod'homme [154], pp. 342-5.
 253. 31. Weber to Gottfried, Oct. 17, 1825, Jan. 23 and Feb. 3, 1826, in [46], VII, 36-40.
 254. 2. Weber to Bärmann, undated, in [104], p. 214.
 254. 23. Date of departure in Smart [199], p. 243 f.
 254. 33. *Harmonicon, a Journal of Music*, IV (1826), pt. 1, 237.
 255. 21. The principal source for Weber's final journey is the series of letters to Caroline in [58]. The account of his activities in Paris is drawn largely from Jullien [151].
 255. 27. On Weber's use of alcohol, cf. Hogarth [157], II, 166; Smart [199], p. 249; L. Rellstab, in *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, IX (1855), 85.
 256. 22. *Memoirs of Hector Berlioz*, ed. Ernest Newman (New York, 1932), p. 59.

257. 35. E. Michotte [153].

259. 34. Quoted by Prod'homme [155], p. 341; cf. R. Godet: "W. and Debussy," *The Chesterian*, VII (June, 1926), 220-26.

CHAPTER XVIII

260. (Poem). Music, perhaps by Weber, in Hirschberg [6], p. 102; cf. Jähns [22], p. 444.

262. 9. Much of this chapter is based on Weber's letters to Caroline [58], almost the only person to whom he wrote.

262. n. 2. Newman [207], I, 151, n.

263. 5. F. Kemble [158].

264. 4. Cf. *The Thespian Sentinel*, III (March 9, 1826), 177; I. Moscheles [187], p. 80.

264. 12. Cf. Smart [199], pp. 246-8, and the advertisement in *John Bull*, 1826, p. 81.

264. 17. Weber to Caroline [58], March 6-7, 1826. Lüttichau's reply of May 12 is in [213], p. 3 f.

264. 26. Kemble [158], p. 98.

265. 4. *Literary Gazette*, June 17, 1826, p. 380 f.

265. 7. Smart [199], p. 247.

265. 23. On Mary Anne Goward, see Planché [189], I, 81; *Musical Times*, XXXIV (1893), 400; XL (1899), 240; *The Chesterian*, VII (June, 1926), 232-4; W. Goodman: *The Keeleys on the Stage and at Home* (London, 1895), p. 64.

265. n. 2. *John Bull*, 1826, p. 93.

266. 5. [Edw. Holmes:] *A Ramble among the Musicians of Germany* (2d ed., London, 1830), p. 202.

266. 15. These were probably the only private gatherings at which Weber received a fee, although Max [92] (II, 706) lists a double fee from Miss Coutts. Weber's memoranda give the fees as 25 guineas (£26 5s.) per evening (see [92], II, 706; [199], p. 250); in his letters to Caroline, however, he speaks of 30 guineas (similarly *Literary Gazette*, June 17, 1826, p. 380).

English observers conceded that Weber's remuneration was inadequate compared to "the immense sums levied by less-gifted foreigners." See *Literary Gazette*, p. 381; *Harmonicon*, IV (1826), pt. 1, 147.

268. 22. Fürstenau to Böttiger, April 13, 1826, in [218], p. 95 f.

268. n. *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 107 f.

270. 5. Moscheles [187], p. 82.

270. 27. Entries in Weber's diary are liberally quoted in [58].

271. 1. *Times*, June 6, 1826, p. 2. On the concert, cf. Moscheles [187], p. 83 f.; *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 153.

271. 11. Music in Hirschberg [6], p. 160; cf. Jähns [22], p. 409 f.; Smart [199], p. 246; *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 147.

271. 22. On Weber's concert, see Moscheles [187], p. 153; *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 153.

300 tickets were sold at 10s. 6d. each, and the net profit realized was £96 11s. Mr. Ward took 20 guineas' worth of tickets, in addition to paying Weber 25 guineas for the song. See Hogarth [157], II, 170, n.; *Times*, May 25, 1826, p. 2.

271. 27. *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 237.

272. 29. [159], col. 1317.

273. 15. Moscheles [187], p. 84.

273. 28. Cf. *Times*, June 6, 1826, p. 2.

273. n. Smart [199], p. 249.

274. 11. *Waldheim's Illustrierte Blätter* (Vienna, 1864), p. 23; Smart [199], p. 248 f.; Moscheles [187], p. 84 f.; *Musical Times*, XL (1899), 811.

274. n. 2. *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 147; Smart [199], p. 250, and elsewhere.

275. 15. See Moscheles [187], p. 86; musical announcements in *Times*, June 12, 19, 22, etc. Smart [199], p. 247, states that the receipts did not equal the expenses.

275. 24. Fürstenau to Böttiger, July 3, 1826, in Appendix.

276. 29. The most comprehensive account of the funeral arrangements is [160]. See also Max [92], II, 708 f.; Moscheles [187], p. 85; *Times*, June 16, 1826, p. 3; *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 147 f.; *Literary Gazette*, 1826, p. 381; *John Bull*, 1826, p. 199; *Musical Times*, XL, 673.

Max appears to have confused St. Paul's with Westminster Abbey, where no service was planned.

277. 10. Contemporary reports vary slightly as to the text of the inscription; see *Times*, June 22, 1826, p. 3; *Literary Gazette*, 1826, p. 398; *Gentleman's Magazine*, XCVI (1826), pt. 2, 91; *Annual Register*, 1826, "Chronicle," p. 99. Max [92], II, 711, corrects the date of birth.

278. 6. For accounts of the funeral, see *Times*, *Literary Gazette*, *Annual Register*, as cited in preceding note; also *Harmonicon*, IV, pt. 1, 148 f.; *Mirror of Literature, Amusement and Instruction*, VII (1826), 410-12; Max [92], II, 711-13; Smart [199], p. 251 f.; Moscheles [187], p. 85 f.; Planché [189], I, 94-6.

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280. 7. Smart [199], pp. 254, 259; cf. *Literary Gazette*, June 17, 1826, p. 381.

280. 30. Caroline's letter was published in [211] and in [104], pp. 223-5. On Friedrike Koch, see Jähns [22], p. 156.

282. 6. Letters to Gottfried in [215]; to Smart [199], pp. 258-60; see also [213], [214], [218], and *Die Musik*, XVIII (June, 1926), 658. Other letters from Lina at this period are printed in [192], p. 46 f., and in *Zeitschrift für Musik*, XCV (1928), 411 f.

282. 27. Caroline to Böttiger, July [3 ?], 1826, in [218], p. 97 f.
283. 6. H. Schiffers [214].
283. n. Prod'homme [155], pp. 327 f., 332 f.; *Harmonicon*, V (1827), pt. 1, 2.
284. 7. W. A. Ellis [206], VII, 228-31; R. Pröls [213], p. 6 f.
284. 13. C. F. Glasenapp: *Das Leben Richard Wagners*, I (Leipzig, 1894), p. 94.
286. 2. Apparently the chorus described by Jähns [22], p. 53 f.
286. 10. The account of the ceremonies at Dresden is drawn from Wagner [206], VII, 231-8; Max [92], II, 717 f.; *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, XXI (1844), 202.
286. 12. The prevalence of foreign elements in Weber's music has been repeatedly pointed out, especially by W. H. Riehl [29], p. 312 f., and H. Abert: [14] and [15]. At the present time Weber's German nationality is heavily stressed in his own country, for political reasons; but the racial theorists in favor with the party in power are nevertheless forced to describe the composer and his works as products of the "Dinaric Race." See esp. H. Günther: *Rassenkunde des deutschen Volkes* (16th ed., Munich, 1935), p. 159; R. Eichenauer: *Musik und Rasse* (2d ed., Munich, 1937), pp. 239-42; comments by R. P. Stebbins in [219] and [220].
286. 32. In order to assure a lifelike resemblance, Rietschel consulted the personal recollections of Eduard Devrient; cf. H. Devrient, ed.: *Briefwechsel zwischen Eduard und Therese Devrient* (Stuttgart, 1900), pp. 260, 318-20.

ILLUSTRATIONS

Frontispiece. *Carl Maria von Weber*. Portrait by Caroline Bardua (early 19th century). Original in Portrait Collection, National Gallery, Berlin.

Facing page 10. *Franz Anton von Weber*. Painter unknown. Property of the von Weber Family.

[Reproduced by permission.]

Facing page 22. *Genofeva von Weber*. Miniature. Painter unknown. Property of the von Weber Family.

The portrait is sometimes ascribed to Raphael Mengs (1728-1779), who, however, did most of his work in miniature before 1741, long before Genofeva's birth. It is not impossible that the miniature was painted in Italy by one of the artist's sisters, Therese Concordia Mengs (1725-1808) or Julia Mengs (d. 1795). Cf. Ernst Lemberger: *Die Bildnis-Miniatur in Deutschland von 1550 bis 1850* (Munich, [1910?]), p. 168 f.

In recent biographies of Weber this portrait is erroneously labelled "Maria Anna Fumetti"; but it was long regarded as Genofeva by the von Weber Family, and distinctly resembles the descriptions of her by contemporaries, as well as showing unmistakable likeness to the features

of her son Carl Maria. See esp. C. L. Costenoble: *Tagebücher von seiner Jugend* (Berlin, 1912), I, 81; *Illustrierte Zeitung*, LXXXVII (Leipzig, 1886), 597; *Die Musik*, V, part 3 (June, 1906), 312.

[Reproduced by permission.]

Facing page 34. *Franz Anton von Weber in 1799*. Silhouette. Original in Jähns Collection, Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin.

[Reproduced by permission]

Facing page 72. *Georg Joseph Vogler in 1809*. From the painting by Anton Urlaub (d. 1821). Reproduction by D. Fröhlich: *Biographie des grossen Tonkünstlers Abt Georg Joseph Vogler* (Würzburg, 1845).

Jakob Meyerbeer. From the portrait by Franz Krüger (1797-1857). Reproduction from the Robbins Print Collection, Robbins Library, Arlington, Mass.

Facing page 122. *Therese Brunetti* as *Elsbeth* in *The Count of Burgundy*. From a portrait by one Bayer. Reproduced from *Prager Theater-Almanach auf das Jahr 1809* (Prague, 1809).

Facing page 154. *View of Dresden about 1825*. From a colored engraving by C. A. Richter (1770-1848).

[Reproduced from Otto Richter, ed.: *Atlas zur Geschichte Dresdens* (Dresden, 1898; printed by Stengel & Markert for the *Verein für Geschichte Dresdens*).]

Facing page 172. *Count Heinrich Vitzthum von Eckstädt*. From the painting by Ludwig Geyer (1779-1821), Richard Wagner's stepfather.

[Property of the Vitzthum Family. Reproduced from Rudolf Graf Vitzthum von Eckstädt: *Beiträge zu einer Vitzthumschen Familiengeschichte* (Leipzig: Zentralstelle für Deutsche Personen- und Familiengeschichte, 1935).]

Facing page 184. *Weber's House at Hosterwitz*. Artist unknown. From an engraving in the Jähns Collection, Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin.

[Reproduced by permission.]

Facing page 208. *Gioacchino Rossini*. From the portrait by Jules Boilly (1796-1874).

Francesco Morlacchi. Artist unknown.

Gasparo Spontini. After the painting by Jean Guérin (1760-1836).

[Reproductions from the Robbins Print Collection, Robbins Library, Arlington, Mass.]

Facing page 244. *Weber in 1825*. From a drawing by one of the Henschel Brothers. Original in Theatermuseum, Munich.

[Reproduced from Franz Rapp: *Ein unbekanntes Bildnis Carl Maria von Webers* (Stuttgart: Verlag W. Kohlhammer, 1937).]

Facing page 282. *Caroline von Weber in Widowhood*. Painting by Alexander von Weber (1825-1844), her son. From a study in the Jähns Collection, Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin.

[Reproduced by permission.]

A Weber Bibliography

This bibliography includes only material directly relating to Weber. References to numerous other works used in the elucidation of particular points will be found in the notes. Many worthless items appearing in other bibliographies have been eliminated; the section on criticism of Weber's music is rigidly selective, and no attempt has been made to pursue the vicissitudes of his works beyond the year 1826 (indications on this subject will be found in nos. 22 and 104). Reprints have been indicated in some cases, with the aim of providing substitutes for inaccessible material and obviating the pursuit of false clues. The abbreviation "W." stands for the name "Carl Maria von Weber" (the form invariably used by the composer), or for one of its variants.

The items of the bibliography are numbered consecutively throughout, but for easier reference are grouped under the following headings:

A. Bibliographical	Nos. 1-4	pp. 321-322
B. Weber's Music	Nos. 5-34	pp. 322-324
C. Weber's Literary Works	Nos. 35-45	pp. 324-325
D. Weber's Letters	Nos. 46-86	pp. 325-328
E. Biographies and General Studies	Nos. 87-107.	pp. 328-329
F. Special Topics	Nos. 108-222	pp. 329-337
G. Pictorial	Nos. 223-6	p. 337

A. BIBLIOGRAPHICAL

Very full bibliographies of the earlier literature on W. are given by
1. F. W. Jähns: *Weberiana* (ms. catalog in Preussische Staatsbibliothek, Berlin).

[See also no. 22, pp. 322-6.]

2. C. v. Wurzbach: *Biographisches Lexikon des Kaiserthums Oesterreich*, LIII (Vienna, 1886), 202-10.

Current material published in Germany is listed in the periodicals *Deutsche Nationalbibliographie* and *Bibliographie der Zeitschriften-Literatur* (both of Leipzig).

On fictional treatments, see

3. P. Bülow: "W. im Roman und in der Novelle," *Zeitschrift für Deutschkunde*, XLII (1928), 282-6.
4. Same: "W. in der erzählenden Dichtung der Gegenwart," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, XCVI (1929), 204-7.

[In recent years W.'s life has been treated fictionally by O. Anwandt (*W. Ein Leben für deutsche Kunst*), K. A. Findeisen (*Lockung des Lebens*), E. Maxis (*Der Weg in den Morgen*), W. Möller (*Der fremde Herr*), W. Pültz (*Die Geburt der deutschen Oper*), K. Tetzl (*W. Eine biographische Erzählung*), H. Watzlik (*Die romantische Reise des Herrn W.; Wermuter*), A. C. Wutzky (*Cherubin; Der Freischützroman*). W. has also twice figured on the screen, in *Aufforderung zum Tanz* (dir. by Rudolf von der Noss) and *Invitation to the Waltz* (British Alliance Productions).]

B. WEBER'S MUSIC

Recent publications

5. C. M. v. Weber: *Musikalische Werke. Erste kritische Gesamtausgabe unter Leitung von Hans Joachim Moser* (Augsburg & Köln, 1926-). [In progress.]
6. Leopold Hirschberg: *Reliquienschein des Meisters Carl Maria von Weber* (Berlin, etc., 1926).
[Two songs in this collection were published, with commentary, by M. Friedländer: "Weberiana," *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters*, IX (1902), 89-91. See also nos. 7-9.]
The most complete collection of new music.
7. Same: "Ein verschollenes 'Agnus Dei' W.'s," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, XCIII (1926), 332-4 and suppl.
8. Same: "W.'s Musik zu Grillparzers 'Sappho'," *Die Musik*, XVIII (June, 1926), 651-3 and suppl.
9. Same: "W.'s patriotische Werke vor und nach dem Jahre 1814," *Die Musik*, XIV (Nov., 1914), 147-53.
[Reprinted in L. Hirschberg: *Die Kriegsmusik der deutschen Klassiker und Romantiker* (Berlin, 1919).]
10. G. R. Kruse: "W.'s Ariette der Lucinde," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, XCIII (1926), 334 f. and suppl.
11. L. K. Mayer, ed.: *W.'s Lieder zur Gitarre* (Munich, 1921).
12. P. Nettl: "Ein Prager Albumblatt W.'s," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CII (1935), 129 f. and suppl.

13. G. Wolters: "Zwei neu aufgefundene Klavier-Walzer W.'s," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CIII (1936), 1438 f. and suppl.

Recordings of W.'s music are listed by R. D. Darrell, ed.: *The Gramophone Shop Encyclopedia of Recorded Music* (New York, 1936), pp. 537-41. See also the comparative study of A. Kalix: *Studien über die Wiedergabe romantischer Musik in der Gegenwart an Schallplatten-Aufnahmen der Freischütz-Ouvertüre W.'s* (Erlangen, 1934).

Critical studies (See also nos. 94, 102, 104, 105)

14. H. Abert: "W. und sein Freischütz," *Jahrbuch der Musikbibliothek Peters*, XXXIII (1927), 9-29.
Important.
[Reprinted in H. Blume, ed.: *Gesammelte Schriften und Vorträge von Hermann Abert* (Halle, 1929).]
15. Same: "W. und seine Stellung in der modernen Kultur," *Deutsche Rundschau*, LIII (Nov., 1926), 134-43.
A non-technical version of no. 14.
16. H. Allekotte: *W.'s Messen* (Bonn, 1913).
17. A. Cœuroy: "Le problème d'Euryanthe," *Le Correspondant*, CCXCIII (Oct. 25, 1923), 304-25.
18. M. Degen: *Die Lieder von W.* (Basel, 1923).
19. W. Georgii: *W. als Klavierkomponist* (Halle, 1914).
20. O. Gumprecht: *Neuere Meister. Musikalische Lebens- und Charakterbilder* (2d ed., Leipzig, 1883), II, 41-130.
Largely critical.
[From his *Musikalische Charakterbilder* (Leipzig, 1869), pp. 146-229. The same author published a lengthy biographical study of W. in *Unsere Zeit*, N. S., IV (1868), 277-305, 531-54.]
21. F. Hasselberg, ed.: *Der Freischütz. Friedrich Kinds Operndichtung und ihre Quellen* (Berlin, 1921).
Reprints the pertinent texts, with critical introduction.

On the literary origins of *Der Freischütz*, see also nos. 49 and 182, and K. Goedeke: *Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung*, 2d ed., IX (Dresden, 1910), 263-70 (bibliographical).

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28. "Oberon." Special number of *Blätter der Staatsoper*, XII, No. 2 (Berlin, Oct., 1931).
29. W. H. Riehl: "Studien über W.," *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift*, XXII, pt. 1 (1859), 299-318.
30. Same: "W. als Klavierkomponist," in W. H. Riehl: *Musikalische Charakterköpfe* (3d ed., Stuttgart, 1859), II, 260-301.
31. L. Scheibler: "Zur Verteidigung von W.'s einstimmigen Liedern," *Die Musik*, V, pt. 3 (June, 1906), 331-6, 387-91.
32. P. Spitta: "W.," *Deutsche Rundschau*, XLIX (1886), 52-64.
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C. WEBER'S LITERARY WORKS

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[Summaries in English in *Foreign Quarterly Review*, VII (1830), 68-93; *Museum of Foreign Literature, Science and Art*, XVIII (Philadelphia, 1831), 364-72. English translations of two sketches in J. D. Haas, ed.: *Gleanings from Germany* (London, 1839).]
36. Max Maria v. Weber: "W.'s literarische Arbeiten, 1809-24." [Vol. III of no. 92.]
37. C. M. v. Weber: *Ausgewählte Schriften*, ed. R. Kleinecke (Leipzig, [1892 ?]; "Reclam's Universal-Bibliothek," nos. 2981-2).
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38. Georg Kaiser, ed.: *Sämtliche Schriften von W. Kritische Ausgabe* (Berlin & Leipzig, 1908).
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Some information as to Weber's opinions is also to be gleaned from reports of his conversation. See esp. no. 183a, and

40. Karl Mörike: *Maximen beim Musikunterricht. Mit eingestreuten, bisjetzt noch ungedruckten Gedanken W.'s*, hrsg. von dessen Schüler Karl Mörike (Stuttgart, 1848).
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45. E. Reiter: *W.'s künstlerische Persönlichkeit. Aus seinen Schriften* (Leipzig, 1926).

D. WEBER'S LETTERS

W.'s voluminous correspondence, the chief source for his biography, has never been published in collected form; and there are hundreds of still-unprinted letters in the Preussische Staatsbibliothek in Berlin and in the von Weber family archive at Carlstrasse 2, Dresden. The published letters are widely scattered, and it is hoped that the indications given below will facilitate the preparation of a collected edition.

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47. H. v. Chezy: "W.'s Euryanthe. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der deutschen Oper," *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, XIII (1840), 1-43, *passim*.
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[For W.'s letters to Schlesinger, see also auction catalog no. 80 of the firm of K. E. Henrici (Berlin, Nov., 1922), nos. 604-53, which we have been unable to consult.]
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[Several letters are misdated. By "7-ber, 8-ber, 9-ber" W. meant "Sept., Oct., Nov." (not "July, Aug., Sept.").]
52. Julius Kapp: "W.'s Aufenthalt in Berlin im August 1814 nach unveröffentlichten Briefen an seine Braut," *Die Musik*, XVIII (June, 1926), 641-51.
53. Same: "Die Geburtsstätte des 'Freischütz.' Mit unveröffentlichten Briefen W.'s," *Reclams Universum. Moderne illustrierte Wochenschrift*, XLII (1926), pt. 2, 943-5.
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54. Same: "Der 'Freischütz' in Wien. Mit unveröffentlichten Briefen W.'s an seine Gattin," *Die vierte Wand. Organ der Deutschen Theater-Ausstellung Magdeburg 1927*, No. 14/15 (May, 1927), pp. 39-44.
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65. *Berliner Musikzeitung Echo*, XXI (1871), 45 f.
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71. *Gazzetta musicale di Milano*, XXXI (1876), 260 f. [2 letters to Morlacchi, in the original Italian.].
72. *Die Gegenwart*, XXXIX (1891), 133.
73. Robin Grey, ed.: *Studies in Music by various Authors* (London, 1901), pp. 235-50.
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78. *Der Merker*, VIII (May, 1917), 331 f.
79. *Neue Musikzeitung*, III, no. 20 (Oct. 15, 1882). [Letters to Beer family.]
80. *Neue Musikzeitung*, XXVI (1905), 487 f.
81. *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, XXIII (1845), 64.

82. *Sacred Harmonic Society*, London. The printed catalog of its library describes one ms. letter.
83. *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft*, X (1908-9), 499-502.
84. O. Weddigen: *Geschichte des königlichen Theaters in Wiesbaden* (Wiesbaden, 1894).
[Describes a ms. letter of July 19, 1811.]
85. *Wiener allgemeine Musikzeitung*, VII (1847), 441 f.
86. *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, X (Feb., 1928), 296.

E. BIOGRAPHIES AND GENERAL STUDIES

(See also nos. 20, 22, 45.)

Only the chief milestones in W. biography can be included here. Biographies written before 1860 are based mainly on nos. 35 and 87; later biographies chiefly on nos. 22, 56, 57, and 92. Only nos. 89, 92, 94, and 104 contain material not published elsewhere.

87. C. M. v. Weber: "Autobiographische Skizze." Printed in no. 38, pp. 3-8, and elsewhere.
88. [K. F. Rungenhagen]: *Nachrichten aus dem Leben und über die Musikwerke W.'s* (Berlin, 1826).
89. [J. M.] H. Doering: *W.'s Biographie und Charakteristik* (? , 184-).
90. W. Neumann: *W. Eine Biographie* (Cassel, 1855).
91. Max Maria v. Weber: "W. und sein Denkmal," *Die Gartenlaube* (Leipzig, 1862), pp. 91-4, 106-8, 118 f.
A preliminary biography, less reliable than no. 92.
92. Max Maria v. Weber: *Carl Maria von Weber. Ein Lebensbild* (3 vols., Leipzig, 1864-6).
Still the standard treatment. Written with commendable objectivity on the basis of an unrivaled collection of source material, but does not wholly stand the test of modern scholarship. See no. 36.
- 92a. An abridged edition of no. 92, with illustrations, was published by R. Pechel (Berlin, 1912).
- 92b. English adaptation of no. 92, by J. P. Simpson: *W. The Life of an Artist* (2 vols., London, 1865). Gives a most inadequate impression of its original.
93. F. W. Jähns: *W. Eine Lebensskizze nach authentischen Quellen* (Leipzig, 1873).
Factual.
[Reprinted from *Die Grenzboten*, XXXI, pt. 1 (1872), 441-57, 481-93. See also no. 22.]
94. Julius Benedict: *W.* (New York, 1881; "Great Musicians Series").
Mainly reduplicates nos. 22 and 92.
95. Ludwig Nohl: *W.* (Leipzig, [1883 ?]; "Reclams Universal-Bibliothek," no. 1746).

96. A. Reissmann: *W. Sein Leben und seine Werke* (Berlin, 1886).
97. A. Kohut: *W.-Gedenkbuch. Erinnerungsblätter zum hundert-jährigen Geburtstage W.'s* (Leipzig, 1887).
Short studies of no great worth.
98. H. Gehrman: *W.* (Berlin, 1899).
99. G. Servières: *W.* (Paris, [1906 ?]).
100. H. v. d. Pfordten: *W.* (Leipzig, 1919; "Wissenschaft und Bildung," no. 149).
Chauvinist.
101. O. Hellinghaus, ed.: *W. Seine Persönlichkeit in seinen Briefen und Tagebüchern und in Aufzeichnungen seiner Zeitgenossen* (Freiburg i. Br., 1924; vol. 7 of his "Bibliothek wertvoller Denkwürdigkeiten.").
102. A. Cœuroy: *W.* (3d ed., Paris, 1925).
Sympathetic. See nos. 17, 42.
103. Emil Ludwig: "W.," *Die Neue Rundschau*, XXXVII, pt. 1 (1926), 644-61.
Thoroughly misleading.
[Reprinted in his *Kunst und Schicksal. Vier Bildnisse* (Berlin, 1927); English translation in *London Mercury*, XXV (March, 1932), 467-79.]
104. Julius Kapp: *W. Eine Biographie* (5th ed., Berlin, 1931).
Quotes from unpublished material.
105. Erwin Kroll: *W.* (Potsdam, 1934; "Die grossen Meister der Musik").
The best general treatment.
106. P. Spitta: "W.," *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* (3d ed., New York, 1935), V, 634-72.
The best study available in English, but seriously antiquated in several respects. See no. 32.
107. William Saunders: *W.* (New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.; forthcoming).
[Announced for publication in the "Master Musicians Series" in 1939, but not yet available.]

F. SPECIAL TOPICS

In general only studies of independent value are listed, to the exclusion of mere repetitions from standard secondary works. The section on "W. and his Contemporaries" includes only works throwing direct light on W.

Ancestry

108. R. Blume: "Freiburg im Breisgau, der Geburtsort der Gemahlin W. A. Mozarts und des Vaters W.'s," *Schau-in's-Land*, XLIV (Freiburg, 1917), 1-17.

109. Friedrich Hefele: *Die Vorfahren W.'s. Neue Studien zu seinem 100. Todestag* (Karlsruhe i. Br., 1926; "Vom Bodensee zum Main," no. 30).
110. R. Payer v. Thurn: *Joseph II. als Theaterdirektor. Ungedruckte Briefe und Aktenstücke aus den Kinderjahren des Burgtheaters* (Vienna, 1920). [Genofeva at Naples and Vienna.]

Childhood (See also nos. 56, 67)

111. E. Brandt: "Franz Anton v. W. als Leiter der Eutiner Hofkapelle," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CIII (1936), 1452 f.
112. C. L. Costenoble: *Tagebücher von seiner Jugend bis zur Übersiedlung nach Wien* (2 vols., Berlin, 1912; "Schriften der Gesellschaft für Theatergeschichte," nos. 18-19). [By a member of the Weber Dramatic Company.]
113. L. Görke: "W. und die Lithographie," *Archiv für Buchgewerbe und Gebrauchsgraphik*, 1930, pp. 378-81.
114. M. Herre: "W. und Augsburg," *Zeitschrift des Historischen Vereins für Schwaben und Neuburg*, XLVII (1927), 217-34.
115. F. W. Jähns: "Über W.'s Geburts- und Todestag," *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, VII (1853), 315-17; VIII (1854), 167 f.
116. K. Knebel: "W. in Freiberg 1800-1801," *Mitteilungen vom Freiburger Altertumsverein*, XXXVII (1900), 72-89.
[Only complete reprint of the Freiberg controversy.]
117. R. Musiol: "Weberiana. Ein verbrannter Schrank," *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*, XXXIII (1879), 2 f., 10 f., 19 f., 26 f., 43.
118. E. Pasqué: *Goethe's Theaterleitung in Weimar in Episoden und Urkunden dargestellt* (Leipzig, 1863), II, 17-37.
[Seven letters of Franz Anton, 1798-1801, reprinted from *Recensionen und Mittheilungen über Theater und Musik*, VIII (1862), 115-19, 134-6.]
119. E. Schenk: "Über W.'s Salzburger Aufenthalt," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, XI (Oct., 1928), 59-62.
120. C. Wagner: "W. und die Lithographie," *Buch und Schrift. Jahrbuch des Deutschen Vereins für Buchwesen und Schrifttum*, V (1931), 9-13.
- 120a. "Zu W.'s Familiengeschichte," *Recensionen und Mittheilungen über Theater und Musik*, VIII (Vienna, 1862), 276-8.
[Salzburg documents and traditions.]

Breslau-Carlsruhe (See also no. 164)

121. H. R. Fritsche: "W.'s Breslauer Zeit," *Schlesische Monatshefte*, XIII (1936), 410-16.
122. Same: "W. in Karlsruhe O. S.," *Schlesische Monatshefte*, XIII (1936), 417-20.
123. M. Klose: "Carlsruhe in Oberschlesien, eine schlesische Kunststätte des 18. Jahrhunderts, und seine Beziehungen zu W.," [Neue] *Zeitschrift für Musik*, LXXXVII (1920), 386-90.

124. F. Müller-Prem: "W. als 'herzoglicher Hofmusikintendant' in Carlsruhe in Schlesien," *Die Saat. Monatsschrift für Literatur und Kunst*, IV (1922), 69-75.
[From an unpublished Breslau dissertation.]
125. M. Schlesinger: *Geschichte des Breslauer Theaters*, I (Berlin, 1898).
126. F. Stumpe: "W. in Carlsruhe O. S.," *Der Oberschlesier*, VIII (1926), 450-5.
- 126a. Same: "W.'s Welt in Carlsruhe O. S. Nach Max M. von Weber und nach einem alten Rechnungsbuche," *Der Oberschlesier*, XIX (1937), 44-9.

Stuttgart-Mannheim-Darmstadt (See also nos. 43, 46, 57, 169, 170, 192, 204, 221)

127. K. Esselborn: "W. und Darmstadt," *Darmstädter Blätter für Theater und Kunst*, IV (1925-6), 209-16.
128. H. Pohl: "Drei Aktenstücke über W.'s Gefangennahme in Stuttgart 1810," *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, XXXVII (1910), 1207 f.
129. F. Walter: "W. in Mannheim und Heidelberg 1810 und sein Freundeskreis," *Mannheimer Geschichtsblätter*, XXV (1924), cols. 18-73.

Berlin (See also nos. 48, 50, 51, 52, 59, 79, 173, 174, 198, 209)

130. J. Kapp: "Die Uraufführung des 'Freischütz,' nach z. T. unveröffentlichten Dokumenten aus dem Staatsopernarchiv," *Blätter der Staatsoper*, I, no. 8 (Berlin, June, 1921), 9-16.
[Prints also a letter from Caroline (1828). A similar article without this letter was published by Kapp in his *Die Staatsoper Berlin, 1919 bis 1925. Ein Almanach* (Berlin, 1925).]
131. Same: "W und Berlin," *Berliner Tageblatt*, June 18, 1921.
[The most useful of Kapp's articles with this title, but adds little.]
132. H. Kuznitsky: "W. und Spontini in der musikalischen Anschauung von E. T. A. Hoffman," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, X (1927-8), 292-9. [See also no. 177.]
133. A. Maecklenburg: "Der Fall Spontini-Weber. Ein Beitrag zur Vorgeschichte der Berliner Erstaufführung der 'Euryanthe' 1824-25," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, VI (1923-4), 449-65.
134. R. Schade: "E. T. A. Hoffmann und W.," *Allgemeine Zeitung*, Munich, Feb. 27-9, 1924 (nos. 71, 73, 75).
[Concerns Berlin in 1821. Partially reprinted in *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna, June 21, 1926.]

Prague (See also no. 203)

135. R. Haas: "Ein Notizen-Buch W.'s aus Prag," *Der Merker*, VII (1916), 201-12.
136. Same: "W. in Prag, 1813-16," *Mitteilungen des Vereines für Geschichte der Deutschen in Böhmen*, LII (1913-14), 512-27.

137. P. Krasnopolski: "Prager Noten über W.," *Der Auftakt. Moderne Musikblätter*, XI (Prague, 1931), 48-54.
138. F. Strunz: "W.-Erinnerungen," *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna, Aug. 29, 1921. [Concerns Therese Brunetti.]
139. O. Teuber: *Geschichte des Prager Theaters*, II (Prague, 1885).

Dresden Period, 1817-1826 (See also nos. 47, 49, 112, 166, 167, 175, 176, 180, 181, 182, 185, 186, 188, 199, 213)

140. E. Abrahamsen: "W. in Copenhagen," *The Chesterian*, VII (London, June, 1926), 227-31. [Cf. nos. 82, 146.]
141. J. Duesberg, transl.: "Une visite à W. en 1825," *Les modes parisiennes*, 1854, p. 1746f.
[There seems no reason to doubt the authenticity of this story, which is thoroughly in keeping with W.'s character and circumstances.]
142. R. Kohlrausch: "Die W.-Häuser in Dresden," *Bühne und Welt*, VII, pt. 1 (1904), 10-15.
143. C. J. Perl: "W.'s romantische Sendung zu Dresden," *Mitteilungen des Vereins für Geschichte Dresdens*, XXIX (1921), 99-137.
144. A. R. Scheumann: Article on Hosterwitz, in *Neue Musikzeitung*, XXIX (1908), 14-16.
145. Otto Schmid: *W. und seine Opern in Dresden* (Dresden, 1922).
146. Same: "Zur Hundertjahrfeier der Freischütz-Ouvertüre," *Der Zwinger*, IV (Dresden, 1920), 438-44.
[Concerns W.'s northern tour in 1820.]
147. Same [?]: "W. und Morlacchi. Nach ungedruckten Briefen," *Dresdner Nachrichten*, Sept. 11, 1934. [Letters of W.'s friends.]

Vienna (See also nos. 54, 56, 57, 58, 61, 85, 162, 163, 165, 168, 197, 204)

148. R. Batka: "Grillparzer und der Kampf gegen die deutsche Oper in Wien" *Jahrbuch der Grillparzer-Gesellschaft*, ed. C. Glossy, IV (Vienna, 1894), 121-44.
149. L. Schmidt: "Zeitgenössische Nachrichten über W.," *Die Musik*, XVIII (June, 1926), 653-9.
[Reports of the Saxon diplomatic representative at Vienna.]
150. R. Wallaschek: *Das k. k. Hofoperntheater* (Vienna, 1909; "Die Theater Wiens," vol. IV).

Paris (See also no. 58)

151. A. Jullien: "W. à Paris en 1826," in his *Paris dilettante au commencement du siècle* (Paris, 1884), pp. 7-66.
[Also separately printed (Paris, 1877).]
152. G. MacCormack: "W. in Paris," *Music and Letters*, IX (1928), 240-48. [An abridgement of no. 151.]
153. E. Michotte: *Souvenirs personnels. La visite de R. Wagner à Rossini* (Paris, 1906), pp. 21-4. [Rossini's account of W.'s visit.]

154. J. G. Prod'homme: "Le Freyschütz' à Paris, 1824-41," *Mercur de France*, LVIII (Dec. 1, 1905), 338-50.
155. Same: "Les œuvres de W. à Paris, 1824-1926," *Mercur de France*, CLXXXVII (June 1, 1926), 315-42.
[Partially supersedes no. 154. English translation in *Musical Quarterly*, XIV (July, 1928), 366-86.]

London (See also nos. 58, 66, 69, 187, 189, 199)

156. "The 'Freischütz' in London, 1824," *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft*, XI (1909-10), 251-4.
157. Geo. Hogarth: *Musical History, Biography, and Criticism* (2d ed., London, 1838), II, 156-86.
[A fairly complete account, partially based on Smart's papers (no. 199).]
158. Frances Ann Kemble: *Records of a Girlhood* (New York, 1879), pp. 94-101.
159. "Noch Etwas über W.'s letzte Lebensstage," *Zeitung für die elegante Welt*, XXVI (Leipzig, Aug. 24, 1826), cols. 1315-8.
160. "Obituary and Funeral of W.," *Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review*, VIII (1826), 121-30.

Weber and his contemporaries (See also nos. 94, 148)

161. O. Kroll: "W. und BAERMANN," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CIII (1936), 1439-43.
162. K. Huschke: "W.'s Beziehungen zu Ludwig v. BEETHOVEN und Franz SCHUBERT," *Deutsche Revue*, XLIV, pt. 2 (May-June, 1919), 184-93, 274-83.
[Reprinted in his *Unsere Tonmeister unter einander*, V (Pritzwalk, 1928), 11-43. See also nos. 163, 197.]
163. E. Kroll: "BEETHOVEN und W.," *Neues Beethoven Jahrbuch*, VI (Augsburg, 1935), 124-40.
164. W. Eschenbach: *F. W. BERNER* (Breslau, 1935).
165. I. F. CASTELLI: *Memoiren meines Lebens* (2 vols., Munich [1914]).
166. Helmina von CHEZY: *Unvergessenes. Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben* (Leipzig, 1858) II. [See also no. 47.]
167. Wilhelm CHEZY: *Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben* (Schaffhausen, 1863-64), I, II. [By Helmina's son.]
168. C. L. COSTENOBLE: *Aus dem Burgtheater* (2 vols., Vienna, 1889).
[See also no. 112.]
169. F. Baser: "Mannheim-Heidelberger Freundschaft zur Zeit der Romantik. W. und Freiherr Alexander von DUSCH," *Die Musik*, XXVI (Jan., 1934), 277-81.
[From Dusch's unpublished recollections.]

170. J. B. GÄNSBACHER's unpublished "Autobiography" has been used by several writers. Most of the essential portions can be found in any of the following:
 - a. [August Schmidt?:] "Johann Gänsbacher," *Allgemeine Wiener Musikzeitung*, IV (1844), 429-95, *passim*.
 - b. August Schmidt: *Denksteine. Biographien von Seyfried, Eybler, etc.* (Vienna, 1848), pp. 111-61.
 - c. Conrad Fischner: *Johann Gänsbacher. Sein Leben und Wirken* (Innsbruck, 1878).[Some parts are also reproduced in no. 204. See also W's letters to G. (No. 57).]
171. E. GENAST: *Aus Weimars klassischer und nachklassischer Zeit. Erinnerungen eines alten Schauspielers*. 2d ed., by R. Kohlrausch (Stuttgart. n. d.; "Memoirenbibliothek," N. S., no. 5). [pp. 203-16.]
172. W. Bode: *Die Tonkunst in GOETHE's Leben* (Berlin, 1912), II. [See also no. 209, and note to ch. vii.]
173. F. W. GUBITZ: *Bilder aus Romantik und Biedermeier. Erlebnisse*, ed. P. Frederick (Berlin, 1922). [pp. 318-36.]
174. Heinrich HEINE: *Werke*, ed. E. Elster, VII (Leipzig, 1890).
175. H. Fleischhauer: *Theodor HELL (Winkler) und seine Tätigkeit als Journalleiter, Herausgeber, Übersetzer und am Theater* (Leipzig, 1930).
176. A. Kohut: "Theodor HELL und W.," *Neue Musikzeitung*, XXVII (1906), 522-4.
177. E. Kroll: "E. T. A. HOFFMANN und W.," *Neue Musikzeitung*, XLII (1921), 336 f. [See also nos. 132, 134.]
178. Karl v. HOLTEI: *Vierzig Jahre* (several eds.).
179. Karl v. HOLTEI: "Zur Erinnerung an W.," *Weiner Modespiegel*, I (1853), 52-6, 70-73, 87-9.
[Reprinted in his *Charpie. Eine Sammlung vermischter Aufsätze* (Breslau, 1866), I, 225-54.]
[*Friedrich Kind* (See also no. 49).]
180. R. E. Hahn: "Der Dichter des Freischütz. Erinnerungen," *Über Land und Meer*, XIV (Stuttgart, 1865), 491-4, 499, 515.
181. A. Kohut: "W. und sein Textdichter Friedrich KIND," *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, LXXIX (1912), 19-21.
182. H. A. Krüger: *Pseudoromantik. Friedrich KIND und der Dresdener Liederkreis* (Leipzig, 1904).
- 183a. J. C. LOBE: "Gespräche mit W.," in his *Fliegende Blätter für Musik. Wahrheit über Tonkunst und Tonkünstler. Von dem Verfasser der "Musikalischen Briefe"* (Leipzig, 1853), pt. 1, pp. 27-34; pt. 2, pp. 110-22.
[Conversations on *Der Freischütz*. Frequently reprinted, most conveniently in J. C. Lobe: *Consonanzen und Dissonanzen* (Leipzig, 1869), pp. 122-46.]

- 183b. J. C. LOBE: "Der Meister und der Jünger," *Die Gartenlaube* (Leipzig, 1864), pp. 676-9.
[Recollections of W. at Weimar. Reprinted in *Consonanzen und Dissonanzen* (no. 183 a), pp. 337-46, and in W. Bode, ed.: *Goethes Schauspieler und Musiker* (Berlin, 1912), pp. 182-91.]
184. M. Runze: "LOEWE und W.," in his *Loewe Redivivus* (Berlin, 1888), pp. 139-47.
185. M. Muche: "W. und MARSCHNER," *Signale für die musikalische Welt*, XCIV (1936), 746 f.
186. G. Münzer: *Heinrich MARSCHNER* (Berlin, 1901), pp. 13-18.
187. A. D. Coleridge, ed.: *Recent Music and Musicians as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignatz MOSCHELES* (New York, 1879).
188. Wilhelm MÜLLER: *Diary and Letters*, ed. P. S. Allen and J. T. Hatfield (Chicago, 1903).
189. J. R. PLANCHÉ: *Recollections and Reflections* (London, 1872), I.
190. L. RELLSTAB: *Aus meinem Leben* (Berlin, 1861), II.
191. L. RELLSTAB: "W.," *Caecilia, Eine Zeitschrift für die musikalische Welt*, VII (Mainz, 1828), 1-20.
192. W. Schulze: *Peter RITTER* (Berlin, 1895).
193. H. Ehinger: *Friedrich ROCHLITZ als Musikschriftsteller* (Basel & Leipzig, 1929).
194. Friedrich Ludwig SCHMIDT: *Denkwürdigkeiten*, ed. H. Uhde (Stuttgart, 1878), II.
[Excerpts in an otherwise unimportant article in *Der Schatzgräber. Zeitschrift der Gesellschaft Deutscher Literaturfreunde*, IX, no. 4 (Jan., 1930).]
195. A. v. Wolzogen: *Wilhelmine SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT* (Leipzig, 1863). [pp. 41-4.]
196. C. v. Glümer: *Erinnerungen an Wilhelmine SCHRÖDER-DEVRIENT* (Leipzig, 1862). [ch. i.]
197. H. Kreissle v. Hellborn: *Franz SCHUBERT* (Vienna, 1865), pp. 243-6. [See also no. 162.]
198. E. H. Müller: "W. und Amalie SEBALD," *Deutsche Tonkünstlerzeitung*, XXIV (1926), 29 f.
199. H. B. and C. L. E. Cox, eds.: *Leaves from the Journals of Sir George SMART* (London, 1907).
[Very important. See also no. 157.]
200. *Louis SPOHR'S Autobiography* (London, 1865).
201. K. Huschke: "SPOHR und W.," *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, LXI (1934), 190 f.
202. W. H. Riehl: "SPOHR, W. und MEYERBEER," in his *Musikalische Charakterköpfe* (3d ed., Stuttgart, 1859), II, 132-226.
[Adds little.]
203. W. J. TOMASCHEK: "Autobiography," in P. A. Klar, ed.: *Libussa, Jahrbuch für 1846* [vol. V] (Prague, 1846), pp. 321-76.

204. K. E. v. Schaffhäutl: *Abt Georg Joseph VOGLER* (Augsburg, 1888).

[*Richard Wagner* (See also no. 33.)]

205. R. WAGNER: *My Life* (New York, 1911), I.
206. W. A. Ellis, transl.: *Richard WAGNER's Prose Works*, VII (London, 1898).
207. E. Newman: *The Life of Richard WAGNER*, I (New York, 1933). [Invaluable.]
208. Gottfried WEBER: "Autobiography," in H. E. Scriba: *Biographisch-literarisches Lexikon der Schriftsteller des Grossherzogthums Hessen* (Darmstadt, 1831-43), I, 416-23; II, 765 f.
[A shorter biography in G. Weber: *Versuch einer geordneten Theorie der Tonkunst*, 3d ed., IV (Mainz, 1832), 199-205.]
209. F. W. Riemer, ed.: *Briefwechsel zwischen Goethe und ZELTER in den Jahren 1796 bis 1832* (6 vols., Berlin, 1833-4). [See also no. 172.]

Weber's widow and descendants (See also nos. 130, 199, 218. Chart in no. 104, p. 16).

210. F. Herzfeld: "W.'s Nachkommen," *Allgemeine Musikzeitung*, LXIV (1937), 406-8.
210a. M. Jähns: "Max Maria Freiherr von Weber," in M. v. Wildenbruch, ed.: *Aus der Welt der Arbeit. Gesammelte Schriften von Max Maria von Weber* (Berlin, 1907), pp. xiv-xlv.
211. G. Kaiser: "Caroline von Weber. Ein Gedenkblatt zu W.'s 125. Geburtstag," *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, LXXVIII (1911), 705-7.
212. H. Pönicke: "Max Maria von Weber," in *Sächsische Lebensbilder*, II (Leipzig: Sächsische Kommission für Geschichte, 1938), 408-15. [With bibliography.]
213. R. Prölss: *Beiträge zur Geschichte des Hoftheaters zu Dresden* (Erfurt, n. d.), pp. 1-7.
214. H. Schiffrers: "Wie Berlin sich W.'s Witwe annahm," *Zeitschrift für Musikwissenschaft*, XIII (Jan., 1931), 225-8.
215. Caroline v. Weber: Letters to Gottfried Weber, published by W. Altmann in *Sammelbände der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft*, X (1908-9), 503 f.
216. [M. v. Wildenbruch:] "W.'s Enkelin. Mit Erinnerungen an Max Maria von Weber," *Neue Freie Presse*, Vienna, Aug. 14, 1921.

Miscellaneous

217. A. Maecklenburg: "W.'s Stellung zur italienischen Musik," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CIII (1936), 1445-52.
218. L. Schmidt: "Briefe von und über W.," *Zeitschrift der Internationalen Musik-Gesellschaft*, III (1901-2), 93-9.

219. R. P. Stebbins: "Romantic Nationalism in Germany. The Case of W.," *South Atlantic Quarterly*, XXXIX (1940). [Forthcoming. See also nos. 9, 217.]
220. Same: "W. the Unknown," and "W. a Musical Administrator," *The Musician*, XLIV (May, June, 1939), 94, 98, 110.
221. W. Thomas: "W. als Musikpolitiker," *Zeitschrift für Musik*, CIII (Dec., 1936), 1443-5. [Concerns the "Harmonic Society," etc. See also no. 43.]
222. L. M. Vauzanges: *L'écriture des musiciens célèbres* (Paris, 1913), pp. 141-4. [Specimens in no. 22, suppl.]

G. PICTORIAL

Numerous interesting illustrations are given in nos. 92a, 104, 105, 129, 142. See further

223. W. Kleefeld: *W.* (Bielefeld & Leipzig, 1926; "Velhagen & Klasings Volksbücher," no. 167).
224. E. Kroll: "W. Ein Meister der deutschen Tonkunst," [*Leipziger Illustrirte Zeitung*, CLXXXVII (Dec. 17, 1936), 1145-53.
225. Same: *W., 1786-1826. Sein Leben in Bildern* (Leipzig, 1936; "Meyers Bild-Bändchen," no. 29).
226. Franz Rapp: *Ein unbekanntes Bildnis W.'s* (Stuttgart, 1937). [Includes an admirable dissertation on W.'s portraits.]

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